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Romola.

CHAPTER VI.

DAWNING HOPES.



WHEN Maso opened the door again, and ushered in the two visitors, Nello, first making a deep reverence to Romola, gently pushed Tito before him, and advanced with him towards her father.

"Messer Bardo," he said, in a more measured and respectful tone than was usual with him, "I have the honour of presenting to you the Greek scholar, who has been eager to have speech of you, not less from the report I made to him of your learning and your priceless collections, than because of the furtherance your patronage may give him under the transient need to which he has been reduced by shipwreck. His name is Tito Melema, at your service."

Romola's astonishment could hardly have been greater if the stranger had worn a panther-skin and carried a thyrsus; for the cunning barber had said nothing of the Greek's age or appearance; and among her father's scholarly visitors, she had hardly ever seen any but middle-aged or grey-headed men. There was only one masculine face, at once youthful and

beautiful, the image of which remained deeply impressed on her mind : it was that of her brother, who long years ago had taken her on his knee, kissed her, and never come back again : a fair face, with sunny hair, like her own. But the habitual attitude of her mind towards strangers—a proud self-dependence and determination to ask for nothing even by a smile—confirmed in her by her father's complaints against the world's injustice, was like a snowy embankment hemming in the rush of admiring surprise. Tito's bright face showed its rich-tinted beauty without any rivalry of colour above his black *sajo* or tunic reaching to the knees. It seemed like a wreath of spring, dropped suddenly into Romola's young but wintry life, which had inherited nothing but memories—memories of a dead mother, of a lost brother, of a blind father's happier time—memories of far-off light, love, and beauty, that lay embedded in dark mines of books, and could hardly give out their brightness again until they were kindled for her by the torch of some known joy. Nevertheless, she returned Tito's bow, made to her on entering, with the same pale proud face as ever ; but, as he approached, the snow melted, and when he ventured to look towards her again, while Nello was speaking, a pink flush overspread her face, to vanish again almost immediately, as if her imperious will had recalled it. Tito's glance, on the contrary, had that gentle, beseeching admiration in it which is the most propitiating of appeals to a proud, shy woman, and is perhaps the only atonement a man can make for being too handsome. The finished fascination of his air came chiefly from the absence of demand and assumption. It was that of a fleet, soft-coated, dark-eyed animal that delights you by not bounding away in indifference from you, and unexpectedly pillows its chin on your palm, and looks up at you desiring to be stroked—as if it loved you.

"Messere, I give you welcome," said Bardo, with some condescension ; "misfortune wedded to learning, and especially to Greek learning, is a letter of credit that should win the ear of every instructed Florentine ; for, as you are doubtless aware, since the period when your countryman, Manuello Crisolora, diffused the light of his teaching in the chief cities of Italy, now nearly a century ago, no man is held worthy of the name of scholar who has acquired merely the transplanted and derivative literature of the Latins ; rather, such inert students are stigmatized as *opici* or barbarians, according to the phrase of the Romans themselves, who frankly replenished their urns at the fountain-head. I am, as you perceive, and as Nello has doubtless forewarned you, totally blind : a calamity to which we Florentines are held especially liable, whether owing to the cold winds which rush upon us in spring from the passes of the Apennines, or to that sudden transition from the cool gloom of our houses to the dazzling brightness of our summer sun, by which the *lippi* are said to have been made so numerous among the ancient Romans ; or, in fine, to some occult cause which eludes our superficial surmises. But I pray you be seated : Nello, my friend, be seated."

Bardo paused until his fine ear had assured him that the visitors were

seating themselves, and that Romola was taking her usual chair at his right hand. Then he said :

"From what part of Greece do you come, Messere? I had thought that your unhappy country had been almost exhausted of those sons who could cherish in their minds any image of her original glory, though indeed the barbarous Sultans have of late shown themselves not indisposed to engraft on their wild stock the precious vine which their own fierce bands have hewn down and trampled under foot. From what part of Greece do you come?"

"I sailed last from Nauplia," said Tito; "but I have resided both at Constantinople and Thessalonica, and have travelled in various parts little visited by Western Christians since the triumph of the Turkish arms. I should tell you, however, Messere, that I was not born in Greece, but at Bari. I spent the first sixteen years of my life in Southern Italy and Sicily."

While Tito was speaking, some emotion passed, like a breath on the waters, across Bardo's delicate features; he leaned forward, put out his right hand towards Romola, and turned his head as if about to speak to her; but then, correcting himself, turned away again, and said, in a subdued voice,—

"Excuse me; is it not true—you are young?"

"I am three and twenty," said Tito.

"Ah," said Bardo, still in a tone of subdued excitement, "and you had, doubtless, a father who cared for your early instruction—who, perhaps, was himself a scholar?"

There was a slight pause before Tito's answer came to the ear of Bardo; but for Romola and Nello it commenced with a slight shock that seemed to pass through him, and cause a momentary quivering of the lip; doubtless at the revival of a supremely painful remembrance.

"Yes," he replied; "at least, a father by adoption. He was a Neapolitan, and of accomplished scholarship both Latin and Greek. But," added Tito, after another slight pause, "he is lost to me—was lost on a voyage he too rashly undertook to Delos."

Bardo sank backward again, too delicate to ask another question that might probe a sorrow which he divined to be recent. Romola, who knew well what were the fibres that Tito's voice had stirred in her father, felt that this new acquaintance had with wonderful suddenness got within the barrier that lay between them and the alien world. Nello, thinking that the evident check given to the conversation offered a graceful opportunity for relieving himself from silence, said—

"In truth, it is as clear as Venetian glass that this *bel giovane* has had the finest training; for the two Cennini have set him to work at their Greek sheets already, and they are not men to begin cutting before they have felt the edge of their tools, *mi pare*; they tested him well beforehand, we may be sure, and if there are two things not to be hidden—love and a cough—I say there is a third, and that is ignorance, when once a man is obliged to do something besides wagging his head. The *tonsor inequalis* is inevitably betrayed when he takes the shears in his hand; is

it not true, Messer Bardo? I speak after the fashion of a barber, but, as Luigi Pulci says—

“Perdonimi s'io fallo: chi m'ascolta
Intenda il mio volgar col suo latino.”

“Nay, my good Nello,” said Bardo, with an air of friendly severity, “you are not altogether illiterate, and might doubtless have made a more respectable progress in learning if you had abstained somewhat from the *cicalata* and gossip of the street-corner, to which our Florentines are excessively addicted; but still more if you had not clogged your memory with those frivolous productions of which Luigi Pulci has furnished the most peccant exemplar—a compendium of extravagancies and incongruities the farthest removed from the models of a pure age, and resembling rather the *grylli* or conceits of a period when mystic meaning was held a warrant for monstrosity of form; with this difference, that while the monstrosity is retained, the mystic meaning is absent; in contemptible contrast with the great poem of Virgil, who, as I long held with Filelfo, before Landino had taken upon him to expound the same opinion, embodied the deepest lessons of philosophy in a graceful and well-knit fable. And I cannot but regard the multiplication of these babbling, lawless productions, albeit countenanced by the patronage, and in some degree the example of Lorenzo himself, otherwise a friend to true learning, as a sign that the glorious hopes of this century are to be quenched in gloom; nay, that they have been the delusive prologue to an age worse than that of iron—the age of tinsel and gossamer, in which no thought has substance enough to be moulded into consistent and lasting form.”

“Once more, pardon,” said Nello, opening his palms outward, and shrugging his shoulders, “I find myself knowing so many things in good Tuscan before I have time to think of the Latin for them; and Messer Luigi’s rhymes are always slipping off the lips of my customers:—that is what corrupts me. And, indeed, talking of customers, I have left my shop and my reputation too long in the custody of my slow Sandro, who does not deserve even to be called a *tonsor inequalis*, but rather to be pronounced simply a bungler in the vulgar tongue. So with your permission, Messer Bardo, I will take my leave—well understood that I am at your service whenever Maso calls upon me. It seems a thousand years till I dress and perfume the damigella’s hair, which deserves to shine in the heavens as a constellation, though indeed it were a pity for it ever to go so far out of reach.”

Three voices made a fugue of friendly farewells to Nello, as he retreated with a bow to Romola and a beck to Tito. The acute barber saw that the pretty youngster, who had crept into his liking by some strong magic, was well launched in Bardo’s favourable regard; and satisfied that his introduction had not miscarried so far, he felt the propriety of retiring.

The little burst of wrath, called forth by Nello’s unlucky quotation, had diverted Bardo’s mind from the feelings which had just before been

hemming in further speech, and he now addressed Tito again with his ordinary calmness.

"Ah! young man, you are happy in having been able to unite the advantages of travel with those of study, and you will be welcome among us as a bringer of fresh tidings from a land which has become sadly strange to us, except through the agents of a now restricted commerce and the reports of hasty pilgrims. For those days are in the far distance which I myself witnessed, when men like Aurispa and Guarino went out to Greece as to a storehouse, and came back laden with manuscripts which every scholar was eager to borrow—and, be it owned with shame, not always willing to restore; nay, even the days when erudite Greeks flocked to our shores for a refuge, seem far off now—farther off than the on-coming of my blindness. But, doubtless, young man, research after the treasures of antiquity was not alien to the purpose of your travels?"

"Assuredly not," said Tito. "On the contrary, my companion—my father—was willing to risk his life in his zeal for the discovery of inscriptions and other traces of ancient civilization."

"And I trust there is a record of his researches and their results," said Bardo, eagerly, "since they must be even more precious than those of Ciriaco, which I have diligently availed myself of, though they are not always illuminated by adequate learning."

"There *was* such a record," said Tito, "but it was lost, like everything else, in the shipwreck I suffered below Ancona. The only record left is such as remains in our—in my memory."

"You must lose no time in committing it to paper, young man," said Bardo, with growing interest. "Doubtless you remember much, if you aided in transcription; for when I was your age, words wrought themselves into my mind as if they had been fixed by the tool of the graver; wherefore I constantly marvel at the capriciousness of my daughter's memory, which grasps certain objects with tenacity, and lets fall all those minutiae whereon depends accuracy, the very soul of scholarship. But I apprehend no such danger with you, young man, if your will has seconded the advantages of your training."

When Bardo made this reference to his daughter, Tito ventured to turn his eyes towards her, and at the accusation against her memory his face broke into its brightest smile, which was reflected as inevitably as sudden sunbeams in Romola's. Conceive the soothing delight of that smile to her! Romola had never dreamed that there was a scholar in the world who would smile at her for a deficiency for which she was constantly made to feel herself a culprit. It was like the dawn of a new sense to her—the sense of comradeship. They did not look away from each other immediately, as if the smile had been a stolen one; they looked and smiled with frank enjoyment.

"She is not really so cold and proud," thought Tito.

"Does *he* forget, too, I wonder?" thought Romola. "But I hope not, else he will vex my father."

But Tito was obliged to turn away, and answer Bardo's question.

"I have had much practice in transcription," he said, "but in the case of inscriptions copied in memorable scenes, rendered doubly impressive by the sense of risk and adventure, it may have happened that my retention of written characters has been weakened. On the plain of the Eurotas, or among the gigantic stones of Mycenæ and Tyrins—especially when the fear of the Turk hovers over one like a vulture—the mind wanders, even though the hand writes faithfully what the eye dictates. But something doubtless I have retained," added Tito, with a modesty which was not false, though he was conscious that it was politic, "something that might be of service if illustrated and corrected by a wider learning than my own."

"That is well-spoken, young man," said Bardo, delighted. "And I will not withhold from you such aid as I can give, if you like to communicate with me concerning your recollections. I foresee a work which will be a useful supplement to the *Isolario* of Cristoforo Buon-delmonte, and which may take rank with the *Itineraria* of Ciriaco and the admirable Ambrogio Traversari. But we must prepare ourselves for calumny, young man," Bardo went on with energy, as if the work were already growing so fast that the time of trial was near; "if your book contains novelties you will be charged with forgery; if my elucidations should clash with any principles of interpretation adopted by another scholar, our personal characters will be attacked, we shall be impeached with foul actions; you must prepare yourself to be told that your mother was a fish-woman, and that your father was a renegade priest or a hanged malefactor. I myself, for having shown error in a single preposition, had an invective written against me wherein I was taxed with treachery, fraud, indecency, and even hideous crimes. Such, my young friend—such are the flowers with which the glorious path of scholarship is strewn! But tell me, then: I have learned much concerning Byzantium and Thessalonica long ago from Demetrio Calcondila, who has but lately departed from Florence; but you, it seems, have visited less familiar scenes?"

"Yes; we made what I may call a pilgrimage full of danger, for the sake of visiting places which have almost died out of the memory of the West, for they lie away from the track of pilgrims; and my father used to say that scholars themselves hardly imagine them to have any existence out of books. He was of opinion that a new and more glorious era would open for learning when men should begin to look for their commentaries on the ancient writers in the remains of cities and temples, nay, in the paths of the rivers, and on the face of the valleys and mountains."

"Ah!" said Bardo, fervidly, "your father, then, was not a common man. Was he fortunate, may I ask? Had he many friends?" These last words were uttered in a tone charged with meaning.

"No; he made enemies—chiefly, I believe, by a certain impetuous candour; and they hindered his advancement, so that he lived in

obscurity. And he would never stoop to conciliate: he could never forget an injury."

"Ah!" said Bardo again, with a long, deep intonation.

"Among our hazardous expeditions," continued Tito, willing to prevent further questions on a point so personal, "I remember with particular vividness a visit we snatched to Athens. Our haste, and the double danger of being seized as prisoners by the Turks, and of our galley raising anchor before we could return, made it seem like a severed vision of the night—the wide plain, the girdling mountains, the ruined porticos and columns, either standing far aloof, as if receding from our hurried footsteps, or else jammed in confusedly among the dwellings of Christians degraded into servitude, or among the forts and turrets of their Moslem conquerors, who have their stronghold on the Acropolis."

"You fill me with surprise," said Bardo. "Athens, then, is not utterly destroyed and swept away, as I had imagined?"

"No wonder you should be under that mistake, for few even of the Greeks themselves, who live beyond the mountain boundary of Attica, know anything about the present condition of Athens, or *Setine*, as the sailors call it. I remember, as we were rounding the promontory of Sunium, the Greek pilot we had on board our Venetian galley pointed to the mighty columns that stand on the summit of the rock—the remains, as you know well, of the great temple erected to the goddess Athena, who looked down from that high shrine with triumph at her conquered rival Poseidon;—well, our Greek pilot, pointing to those columns, said, 'That was the school of the great philosopher Aristotle.' And at Athens itself, the monk who acted as our guide in the hasty view we snatched, insisted most on showing us the spot where St. Philip baptized the Ethiopian eunuch, or some such legend."

"Talk not of monks and their legends, young man!" said Bardo, interrupting Tito impetuously. "It is enough to overlay human hope and enterprise with an eternal frost to think that the ground which was trodden by philosophers and poets is crawled over by those insect-swarms of besotted fanatics or howling hypocrites."

"*Perdio*, I have no affection for them," said Tito, with a shrug; "servitude agrees well with a religion like theirs, which lies in the renunciation of all that makes life precious to other men. And they carry the yoke that befits them: their matin chant is drowned by the voice of the muezzin, who, from the gallery of the high tower on the Acropolis, calls every Mussulman to his prayers. That tower springs from the Parthenon itself; and every time we paused and directed our eyes toward it, our guide set up a wail, that a temple which had once been won from the diabolical uses of the Pagans to become the temple of another virgin than Pallas—the Virgin-Mother of God—was now again perverted to the accursed ends of the Moslem. It was the sight of those walls of the Acropolis, which disclosed themselves in the distance as we leaned over the side of our galley when it was forced by contrary winds to

anchor in the Piræus, that fired my father's mind with the determination to see Athens at all risks, and in spite of the sailors' warnings that if we lingered till a change of wind they would depart without us: but after all, it was impossible for us to venture near the Acropolis, for the sight of men eager in examining 'old stones' raised the suspicion that we were Venetian spies, and we had to hurry back to the harbour."

"We will talk more of these things," said Bardo, eagerly. "You must recal everything, to the minutest trace left in your memory. You will win the gratitude of after-times by leaving a record of the aspect Greece bore while yet the barbarians had not swept away every trace of the structures that Pausanias and Pliny described: you will take those great writers as your models; and such contribution of criticism and suggestion as my ripper mind can supply shall not be wanting to you. There will be much to tell; for you have travelled, you said, in the Peloponnesus?"

"Yes; and in Bœotia also: I have rested in the groves of Helicon, and tasted of the fountain Hippocrene. But on every memorable spot in Greece conquest after conquest has set its seal, till there is a confusion of ownership even in ruins, that only close study and comparison could unravel. High over every fastness, from the plains of Lacedæmon to the Straits of Thermopylæ, there towers some huge Frankish fortress, once inhabited by a French or Italian marquis, now either abandoned or held by Turkish bands."

"Stay!" cried Bardo, whose mind was now too thoroughly pre-occupied by the idea of the future book to attend to Tito's further narration. "Do you think of writing in Latin or Greek? Doubtless Greek is the more ready clothing for your thoughts, and it is the nobler language. But, on the other hand, Latin is the tongue in which we shall measure ourselves with the larger and more famous number of modern rivals. And if you are less at ease in it, I will aid you—yes, I will spend on you that long-accumulated study which was to have been thrown into the channel of another work—a work in which I myself was to have had a helpmate."

Bardo paused a moment, and then added,—

"But who knows whether that work may not be executed yet? For you, too, young man, have been brought up by a father who poured into your mind all the long-gathered stream of his knowledge and experience. Our aid might be mutual."

Romola, who had watched her father's growing excitement, and divined well the invisible currents of feeling that determined every question and remark, felt herself in a glow of strange anxiety: she turned her eyes on Tito continually, to watch the impression her father's words made on him, afraid lest he should be inclined to dispel these visions of co-operation which were lighting up her father's face with a new hope. But no! He looked so bright and gentle: he must feel, as she did, that in this eagerness of blind age there was piteousness enough to call forth

inexhaustible patience. How much more strongly he would feel this if he knew about her brother! A girl of eighteen imagines the feelings behind the face that has moved her with its sympathetic youth, as easily as primitive people imagined the humours of the gods in fair weather: what is she to believe in, if not in this vision woven from within?

And Tito was really very far from feeling impatient. He delighted in sitting there with the sense that Romola's attention was fixed on him, and that he could occasionally look at her. He was pleased that Bardo should take an interest in him; and he did not dwell with enough seriousness on the prospect of the work in which he was to be aided, to feel moved by it to anything else than that easy, good-humoured acquiescence which was natural to him.

"I shall be proud and happy," he said, in answer to Bardo's last words, "if my services can be held a meet offering to the matured scholarship of Messere. But doubtless"—here he looked towards Romola—"the lovely damigella, your daughter, makes all other aid superfluous; for I have learned from Nello that she has been nourished on the highest studies from her earliest years."

"You are mistaken," said Romola; "I am by no means sufficient to my father: I have not the gifts that are necessary for scholarship."

Romola did not make this self-depreciatory statement in a tone of anxious humility, but with a proud gravity.

"Nay, my Romola," said her father, not willing that the stranger should have too low a conception of his daughter's powers; "thou art not destitute of gifts; rather, thou art endowed beyond the measure of women; but thou hast withal the woman's delicate frame, which ever craves repose and variety, and so begets a wandering imagination. My daughter"—turning to Tito—"has been very precious to me, filling up to the best of her power the place of a son. For I had once a son. . . ."

Bardo checked himself: he did not wish to assume an attitude of complaint in the presence of a stranger, and he remembered that this young man, in whom he had unexpectedly become so much interested, was still a stranger, towards whom it became him rather to keep the position of a patron. His pride was roused to double activity by the fear that he had forgotten his dignity.

"But," he resumed, in his original tone of condescension, "we are departing from what I believe is to you the most important business. Nello informed me that you had certain gems which you would fain dispose of, and that you desired a passport to some man of wealth and taste who would be likely to become a purchaser."

"It is true; for, though I have obtained employment as a corrector with the Cennini, my payment leaves little margin beyond the provision of necessaries, and would leave less but that my good friend Nello insists on my hiring a lodging from him, and saying nothing about the rent till better days."

"Nello is a good-hearted prodigal," said Bardo; "and though, with

that ready ear and ready tongue of his, he is too much like the ill-famed Margites—knowing many things and knowing them all badly, as I hinted to him but now—he is nevertheless ‘*abnormis sapiens*,’ after the manner of our born Florentines. But have you the gems with you? I would willingly know what they are—yet it is useless: no, it might only deepen regret. I cannot add to my store.”

“I have one or two *intagli* of much beauty,” said Tito, proceeding to draw from his wallet a small case.

But Romola no sooner saw the movement than she looked at him with significant gravity, and placed her finger on her lips,

“Con viso che tacendo dicea, Taci.”

If Bardo were made aware that the gems were within reach, she knew well he would want a minute description of them, and it would become pain to him that they should go away from him, even if he did not insist on some device for purchasing them in spite of poverty. But she had no sooner made this sign than she felt rather guilty and ashamed at having virtually confessed a weakness of her father's to a stranger. It seemed that she was destined to a sudden confidence and familiarity with this young Greek, strangely at variance with her deeply-seated pride and reserve; and this consciousness again brought the unwonted colour to her cheeks.

Tito understood her look and sign, and immediately withdrew his hand from the case, saying, in a careless tone, so as to make it appear that he was merely following up his last words, “But they are usually in the keeping of Messer Domenico Cennini, who has strong and safe places for these things. He estimates them as worth at least five hundred ducats.

“Ah, then, they are fine *intagli*,” said Bardo. “Five hundred ducats! Ah, more than a man's ransom!”

Tito gave a slight, almost imperceptible start, and opened his long dark eyes with questioning surprise at Bardo's blind face, as if his words—a mere phrase of common parlance, at a time when men were often being ransomed from slavery or imprisonment—had had some special meaning for him. But the next moment he looked towards Romola, as if her eyes must be her father's interpreters. She, intensely pre-occupied with what related to her father, imagined that Tito was looking to her again for some guidance, and immediately spoke.

“Alessandra Scala delights in gems, you know, father; she calls them her winter flowers; and the Segretario would be almost sure to buy some of Messere's gems if she wished it. Besides, he himself sets great store by rings and sigils, which he wears as a defence against pains in the joints.”

“It is true,” said Bardo. “Bartolommeo has overmuch confidence in the efficacy of gems—a confidence wider than is sanctioned by Pliny, who clearly shows that he regards many beliefs of that sort as idle superstitions; though not to the utter denial of medicinal virtues in gems. Wherefore, I myself, as you observe, young man, wear certain rings, which the discreet Camillo Leonardi prescribed to me by letter when two

years ago I had a certain infirmity of sudden numbness. But thou hast spoken well, Romola. I will dictate a letter to Bartolommeo, which Maso shall carry. But it were well that Messere should notify to thee what the gems are, together with the intagli they bear, as a warrant to Bartolommeo that they will be worthy of his attention."

"Nay, father," said Romola, whose dread lest a paroxysm of the collector's mania should seize her father, gave her the courage to resist his proposal. "Your word will be sufficient that Messere is a scholar and has travelled much. The Segretario will need no further inducement to receive him."

"True, child," said Bardo, touched on a chord that was sure to respond. "I have no need to add proofs and arguments in confirmation of my word to Bartolommeo. And I doubt not that this young man's presence is in accord with the tones of his voice, so that, the door being once opened, he will be his own best advocate."

Bardo paused a few moments, but his silence was evidently charged with some idea that he was hesitating to express, for he once leaned forward a little as if he were going to speak, then turned his head aside towards Romola and sank backward again. At last, as if he had made up his mind, he said in a tone which might have become a prince giving the courteous signal of dismissal,—

"I am somewhat fatigued this morning, and shall prefer seeing you again to-morrow, when I shall be able to give you the secretary's answer, authorizing you to present yourself to him at some given time. But before you go—" here the old man, in spite of himself, fell into a more faltering tone—"you will perhaps permit me to touch your hand? It is long since I touched the hand of a young man."

Bardo had stretched out his aged white hand and Tito immediately placed his dark but delicate and supple fingers within it. Bardo's cramped fingers closed over them, and he held them for a few minutes in silence. Then he said,—

"Romola, has this young man the same complexion as thy brother—fair and pale?"

"No, father," Romola answered, with determined composure, though her heart began to beat violently with mingled emotions. "The hair of Messere is dark—his complexion is dark." Inwardly she said, "Will he mind it? will it be disagreeable? No, he looks so gentle and good-natured." Then aloud again,

"Would Messere permit my father to touch his hair and face?"

Her eyes inevitably made a timid entreating appeal while she asked this, and Tito's met them with soft brightness as he said, "Assuredly," and, leaning forward, raised Bardo's hand to his curls, with a readiness of assent which was the greater relief to her because it was unaccompanied by any sign of embarrassment.

Bardo passed his hand again and again over the long curls and grasped them a little, as if their spiral resistance made his inward vision

clearer; then he passed his hand over the brow and cheek, tracing the profile with the edge of his palm and fourth finger, and letting the breadth of his hand repose on the rich oval of the cheek.

"Ah!" he said, as his hand glided from the face and rested on the young man's shoulder. "He must be very unlike thy brother, Romola: and it is the better. You see no visions, I trust, my young friend?"

At this moment the door opened, and there entered, unannounced, a tall elderly man in a handsome black silk *lucco*, who, unwinding his *becchetto* from his neck and taking off his cap, disclosed a head as white as Bardo's. He cast a keen glance of surprise at the group before him—the young stranger leaning in that filial attitude, while Bardo's hand rested on his shoulder, and Romola sitting near with eyes dilated by anxiety and agitation. But there was an instantaneous change: Bardo let fall his hand, Tito raised himself from his stooping posture, and Romola rose to meet the visitor with an alacrity which implied all the greater intimacy, because it was unaccompanied by any smile.

"*Ebbene, figlioccina*," said the stately man, as he touched Romola's shoulder; "Maso said you had a visitor, but I came in nevertheless."

"It is thou, Bernardo," said Bardo. "Thou art come at a fortunate moment. This, young man," he continued, while Tito rose and bowed, "is one of the chief citizens of Florence, Messer Bernardo del Nero, my oldest, I had almost said my only friend—whose good opinion, if you can win it, may carry you far. He is but three-and-twenty, Bernardo, yet he can doubtless tell thee much which thou wilt care to hear; for though a scholar, he has already travelled far, and looked on other things besides the manuscripts for which thou hast too light an esteem."

"Ah, a Greek, as I augur," said Bernardo, returning Tito's reverence but slightly, and surveying him with that sort of glance which seems almost to cut like fine steel. "Newly arrived in Florence, it appears. The name of Messere—or part of it, for it is doubtless a long one?"

"On the contrary," said Tito, with perfect good humour, "it is most modestly free from polysyllabic pomp. My name is Tito Melema."

"*Davvero?* (Indeed?)" said Bernardo, rather scornfully, as he took a seat, "I had expected it to be at least as long as the names of a city, a river, a province and an empire all put together. We Florentines mostly use names as we do prawns, and strip them of all flourishes before we trust them to our throats."

"Well, Bardo," he continued, as if the stranger were not worth further notice, and changing his tone of sarcastic suspicion for one of sadness, "we have buried him!"

"Ah!" replied Bardo, with corresponding sadness, "and a new epoch has come for Florence—a dark one, I fear. Lorenzo has left behind him an inheritance that is but like the alchemist's laboratory when the wisdom of the alchemist is gone."

"Not altogether so," said Bernardo. "Piero de' Medici has abundant intelligence; his faults are only the faults of hot blood. I love the lad—

lad he will always be to me, as I have always been *padricciuolo* (little father) to him."

"Yet all who want a new order of things are likely to conceive new hopes," said Bardo. "We shall have the old strife of parties, I fear."

"If we could have a new order of things that was something else than knocking down one coat of arms to put up another," said Bernardo, "I should be ready to say, 'I belong to no party: I am a Florentine.' But as long as parties are in question, I am a Medicean, and will be a Medicean till I die. I am of the same mind as Farinata degli Uberti: if any man asks me what is meant by siding with a party, I say, as he did, 'To wish ill or well, for the sake of past wrongs or kindnesses.'"

During this short dialogue, Tito had been standing, and now took his leave.

"But come again at the same hour to-morrow," said Bardo, graciously, before Tito left the room, "that I may give you Bartolommeo's answer."

"From what quarter of the sky has this pretty Greek youngster alighted so close to thy chair, Bardo?" said Bernardo del Nero, as the door closed. He spoke with dry emphasis, evidently intended to convey something more to Bardo than was implied by the mere words.

"He is a scholar who has been shipwrecked and has saved a few gems, for which he wants to find a purchaser. I am going to send him to Bartolommeo Scala, for thou knowest it were more prudent in me to abstain from further purchases."

Bernardo shrugged his shoulders and said, "Romola, wilt thou see if my servant is without? I ordered him to wait for me here." Then, when Romola was at a sufficient distance, he leaned forward and said to Bardo in a low, emphatic tone:—

"Remember, Bardo, thou hast a rare gem of thy own; take care no man gets it who is not likely to pay a worthy price. That pretty Greek has a lithe sleekness about him, that seems marvellously fitted for slipping easily into any nest he fixes his mind on."

Bardo was startled: the association of Tito with the image of his lost son had excluded instead of suggesting the thought of Romola. But almost immediately there seemed to be a reaction which made him grasp the warning as if it had been a hope.

"But why not, Bernardo? If the young man approved himself worthy—he is a scholar—and—and there would be no difficulty about the dowry, which always makes thee gloomy."

CHAPTER VII.

A LEARNED SQUABBLE.

BARTOLOMMEO SCALA, secretary of the Florentine Republic, on whom Tito Melema had been thus led to anchor his hopes, lived in a handsome palace close to the Porta a Pinti, now known as the Casa Gherardesca. His arms—an azure ladder transverse on a golden field, with the motto *Gradatim* placed over the entrance—told all comers that the miller's son held his ascent to honours by his own efforts a fact to be proclaimed without wincing. The secretary was a vain and pompous man, but he was also an honest one: he was sincerely convinced of his own merit, and could see no reason for feigning. The topmost round of his azure ladder had been reached by this time: he had held his secretaryship these twenty years—had long since made his orations on the *ringhiera*, or platform, of the Old Palace, as the custom was, in the presence of princely visitors, while Marzocco, the republican lion, wore his gold crown on the occasion, and all the people cried, “Viva Messer Bartolommeo!”—had been on an embassy to Rome, and had there been made titular Senator, Apostolical Secretary, Knight of the Golden Spur; and had, eight years ago, been Gonfaloniere—last goal of the Florentine citizen's ambition. Meantime he had got richer and richer, and more and more gouty, after the manner of successful mortality; and the Knight of the Golden Spur had often to sit with helpless cushioned heel under the handsome loggia he had built for himself, overlooking the spacious gardens and lawn at the back of his palace.

He was in this position on the day when he had granted the desired interview to Tito Melema. The May afternoon sun was on the flowers and the grass beyond the pleasant shade of the loggia; the too stately silk *lucco* was cast aside, and a light loose mantle was thrown over his tunic; his beautiful daughter Alessandra and her husband, the Greek soldier-poet Marullo, were seated on one side of him: on the other, two friends, not oppressively illustrious, and, therefore, the better listeners. Yet, to say nothing of the gout, Messer Bartolommeo's felicity was far from perfect: it was embittered by the contents of certain papers that lay before him, consisting chiefly of a correspondence between himself and Politian. It was a human foible at that period (incredible as it may seem) to recite quarrels, and favour scholarly visitors with the communication of an entire and lengthy correspondence; and this was neither the first nor the second time that Scala had asked the candid opinion of his friends as to the balance of right and wrong in some half score Latin letters between himself and Politian, all springing out of certain epigrams written in the most playful tone in the world. It was the story of a very typical and pretty quarrel, in which we are interested, because it supplied precisely that thistle of hatred necessary, according to Nello, as a stimulus to the sluggish paces of the cautious steed, Friendship.

Politian, having been a rejected pretender to the love and the hand of Scala's daughter, kept a very sharp and learned tooth in readiness against the too prosperous and presumptuous secretary, who had declined the greatest scholar of the age for a son-in-law. Scala was a meritorious public servant, and, moreover, a lucky man—naturally exasperating to an offended scholar; but then—O beautiful balance of things!—he had an itch for authorship, and was a bad writer—one of those excellent people who, sitting in gouty slippers, “penned poetical trifles” entirely for their own amusement, without any view to an audience, and, consequently, sent them to their friends in letters, which were the literary periodicals of the fifteenth century. Now Scala had abundance of friends who were ready to praise his writings: friends like Ficino and Landino—amiable browsers in the Medicean park along with himself—who found his Latin prose style elegant and masculine; and the terrible Joseph Scaliger, who was to pronounce him totally ignorant of Latinity, was at a comfortable distance in the next century. But when was the fatal coquetry inherent in superfluous authorship ever quite contented with the ready praise of friends? That critical, supercilious Politian—a fellow-browser, who was far from amiable—must be made aware that the solid secretary showed, in his leisure hours, a pleasant fertility in verses, that indicated pretty clearly how much he might do in that way if he were not a man of affairs.

Ineffable moment! when the man you secretly hate sends you a Latin epigram with a false gender—hendecasyllables with a questionable elision, at least a toe too much—attempts at poetic figures which are manifest solecisms. That moment had come to Politian: the secretary had put forth his soft head from the official shell, and the terrible lurking crab was down upon him. Politian had used the freedom of a friend, and pleasantly, in the form of a Latin epigram, corrected the mistake of Scala in making the *culex* (an insect well known at the revival of learning) of the inferior or feminine gender. Scala replied by a bad joke, in suitable Latin verses, referring to Politian's unsuccessful suit. Better and better. Politian found the verses very pretty and highly facetious: the more was the pity that they were seriously incorrect, and inasmuch as Scala had alleged that he had written them in imitation of a certain Greek epigram, Politian, being on such friendly terms, would enclose a Greek epigram of his own, on the same interesting insect—not, we may presume, out of any wish to humble Scala, but rather to instruct him; said epigram containing a lively conceit about Venus, Cupid, and the *culex*, of a kind much tasted at that period, but unhappily founded partly on the zoological mistake that the flea, like the gnat, was born from the waters. Scala, in reply, begged to say that his verses were never intended for a scholar with such delicate olfactories as Politian, nearest of all living men to the perfection of the ancients, and of a taste so fastidious that sturgeon itself must seem insipid to him; defended his own verses, nevertheless, though indeed they were written hastily, without correction, and intended as an agreeable distrac-

tion during the summer heat to himself and such friends as were satisfied with mediocrity, he, Scala, not being like some other people, who courted publicity through the booksellers. For the rest, he had barely enough Greek to make out the sense of the epigram so graciously sent him, to say nothing of tasting its elegancies; but—the epigram was Politian's: what more need be said? Still, by way of postscript, he feared that his incomparable friend's comparison of the flea to Venus, on account of its origin from the waters, was in many ways ticklish. Venus might be offended, and that cold and damp origin seemed doubtful in the case of a creature so fond of warmth: a fish were perhaps the better comparison, or, when the power of flying was in question, an eagle, or, indeed, when the darkness was taken into consideration, a bat or an owl were a less obscure and more apposite parallel, &c. &c. Here was a great opportunity for Politian. He was not aware, he wrote, that when he had Scala's verses placed before him, there was any question of sturgeon, but rather of frogs and gudgeons: made short work with Scala's defence of his own Latin, and mangled him terribly on the score of the stupid criticisms he had ventured on the Greek epigram kindly forwarded to him as a model. Wretched cavils, indeed! for as to the damp origin of the flea, there was the authority of Virgil himself, who had called it the "*alumnus* of the waters;" and as to what his dear dull friend had to say about the fish, the eagle, and the rest, it was "*nihil ad rem*;" for, because the eagle could fly, it by no means followed that the flea could not fly, &c. &c. He was ashamed, however, to dwell on such trivialities, and thus to swell a flea into an elephant; but, for his own part, would only add that he had nothing deceitful and double about him, neither was he to be caught when present by the false blandishments of those who slandered him in his absence, agreeing rather with a Homeric sentiment on that head—which furnished a Greek quotation to serve as powder to his bullet.

The quarrel could not end there. The logic could hardly get worse, but the secretary got more pompously self-asserting, and the scholarly poet's temper more and more venomous. Politian had been generously willing to hold up a mirror, by which the too-inflated secretary, beholding his own likeness, might be induced to cease setting up his ignorant defences of bad Latin against ancient authorities whom the consent of centuries had placed beyond question,—unless, indeed, he had designed to sink in literature in proportion as he rose in honours, that by a sort of compensation men of letters might feel themselves his equals. In return, Politian was begged to examine Scala's writings: nowhere would he find a more devout admiration of antiquity. The secretary was ashamed of the age in which he lived, and blushed for it. *Some*, indeed, there were who wanted to have their own works praised and exalted to a level with the divine monuments of antiquity; but he, Scala, could not oblige them. And as to the honours which were offensive to the envious, they had been well earned: witness his whole life since he came in penury to Florence. The elegant scholar, in reply, was not surprised that Scala found the Age

distasteful to him, since he himself was so distasteful to the Age; nay, it was with perfect accuracy that he, the elegant scholar, had called Scala a branny monster, inasmuch as he was formed from the offscourings of monsters, born amidst the refuse of a mill, and eminently worthy the long-eared office of turning the paternal millstones (*in pistrini sordibus natus et quidem pistrino dignissimus*)!

It was not without reference to Tito's appointed visit that the papers containing this correspondence were brought out to-day. Here was a new Greek scholar whose accomplishments were to be tested; and on nothing did Scala more desire a dispassionate opinion from persons of superior knowledge than that Greek epigram of Politian's. After sufficient introductory talk concerning Tito's travels, after a survey and discussion of the gems, and an easy passage from the mention of the lamented Lorenzo's eagerness in collecting such specimens of ancient art, to the subject of classical tastes and studies in general, and their present condition in Florence, it was inevitable to mention Politian, a man of eminent ability indeed, but a little too arrogant—assuming to be a Hercules, whose office it was to destroy all the literary monstrosities of the age, and writing letters to his elders without signing them, as if they were miraculous revelations that could only have one source. And after all, were not his own criticisms often questionable and his tastes perverse? He was fond of saying pungent things about the men who thought they wrote like Cicero because they ended every sentence with "*esse videtur*:" but while he was boasting of his freedom from servile imitation, did he not fall into the other extreme, running after strange words and affected phrases? Even in his much-belauded *Miscellanea*, was every point tenable? And Tito, who had just been looking into the *Miscellanea*, found so much to say that was agreeable to the secretary—he would have done so from the mere disposition to please, without further motive—that he showed himself quite worthy to be made a judge in the notable correspondence concerning the *culex*. Here was the Greek epigram which Politian had doubtless thought the finest in the world, though he had pretended to believe that the "*transmarini*," the Greeks themselves, would make light of it: had he not been unintentionally speaking the truth in his false modesty?

Tito was ready, and scarified the epigram to Scala's content. O wise young judge! He could doubtless appreciate satire even in the vulgar tongue, and Scala—who, excellent man, not seeking publicity through the booksellers, was never unprovided with "*hasty uncorrected trifles*," as a sort of sherbet for a visitor on a hot day, or, if the weather were cold, why then as a cordial—had a few little matters in the shape of Sonnets, turning on well-known foibles of Politian's, which he would not like to go any farther, but which would, perhaps, amuse the company.

Enough: Tito took his leave under an urgent invitation to come again. His gems were interesting; especially the agate, with the *lusus naturæ* in it—a most wonderful semblance of Cupid riding on the lion; and the "*Jew's*

stone," with the lion-headed serpent enchased in it; both of which the secretary agreed to buy—the latter as a reinforcement of his preventives against the gout, which gave him such severe twinges that it was plain enough how intolerable it would be if he were not well supplied with rings of rare virtue, and with an amulet worn close under the right breast. But Tito was assured that he himself was more interesting than his gems. He had won his way to the Scala Palace by the recommendation of Bardo de' Bardi, who, to be sure, was Scala's old acquaintance and a worthy scholar, in spite of his overvaluing himself a little (a frequent foible in the secretary's friends); but he must come again on the ground of his own manifest accomplishments.

The interview could hardly have ended more auspiciously for Tito, and as he walked out at the Porta a Pinti that he might laugh a little at his ease at the affair of the *culex*, he felt that Fortune could hardly mean to turn her back on him again at present, since she had taken him by the hand in this decided way.

CHAPTER VIII.

A FACE IN THE CROWD.

It is easy to northern people to rise early on Midsummer morning, to see the dew on the grassy edge of the dusty pathway, to notice the fresh shoots among the darker green of the oak and fir in the coppice, and to look over the gate at the shorn meadow, without recollecting that it is the Nativity of Saint John the Baptist.

Not so to the Florentine—still less to the Florentine of the fifteenth century: to him on that particular morning the brightness of the eastern sun on the Arno had something special in it; the ringing of the bells was articulate, and declared it to be the great summer festival of Florence, the day of San Giovanni.

San Giovanni had been the patron saint of Florence for at least eight hundred years—ever since the time when the Lombard Queen Theodolinda had commanded her subjects to do him peculiar honour; nay, says old Villani, to the best of his knowledge, ever since the days of Constantine the Great and Pope Sylvester, when the Florentines deposed their idol Mars, whom they were nevertheless careful not to treat with contumely; for while they consecrated their beautiful and noble temple to the honour of God and of the "Beato Messere Santo Giovanni," they placed old Mars respectfully on a high tower near the River Arno, finding in certain ancient memorials that he had been elected as their tutelary deity under such astral influences that if he were broken, or otherwise treated with indignity, the city would suffer great damage and mutation. But in the fifteenth century that discreet regard to the feelings of the Man-destroyer had long vanished: the god of the spear and shield had ceased to frown by the side of the Arno, and the defences of the Republic were held to

lie in its craft and its coffers. For spear and shield could be hired by gold florins, and on the gold florins there had always been the image of San Giovanni.

Much good had come to Florence since the dim time of struggle between the old patron and the new: some quarrelling and bloodshed, doubtless, between Guelf and Ghibelline, between Black and White, between orthodox sons of the Church and heretic Paterini; some floods, famine, and pestilence; but still much wealth and glory. Florence had achieved conquests over walled cities once mightier than itself, and especially over hated Pisa, whose marble buildings were too high and beautiful, whose masts were too much honoured on Greek and Italian coasts. The name of Florence had been growing prouder and prouder in all the courts of Europe, nay, in Africa itself, on the strength of purest gold coinage, finest dyes and textures, pre-eminent scholarship and poetic genius, and wits of the most serviceable sort for statesmanship and banking: it was a name so omnipresent that a Pope with a turn for epigram had called Florentines "the fifth element." And for this high destiny, though it might partly depend on the stars and Madonna dell' Impruneta, and certainly depended on other higher Powers less often named, the praise was greatly due to San Giovanni, whose image was on the fair gold florins.

Therefore it was fitting that the day of San Giovanni—that ancient Church festival already venerable in the days of St. Augustine—should be a day of peculiar rejoicing to Florence, and should be ushered in by a vigil duly kept in strict old Florentine fashion, with much dancing, with much street jesting, and perhaps with not a little stone-throwing and window-breaking, but emphatically with certain street sights such as could only be provided by a city which held in its service a clever Cecca, engineer and architect, valuable alike in sieges and shows. By the help of Cecca, the very Saints, surrounded with their almond-shaped glory, and floating on clouds with their joyous companionship of winged cherubs, even as they may be seen to this day in the pictures of Perugino, seemed, on the eve of San Giovanni, to have brought their piece of the heavens down into the narrow streets, and to pass slowly through them; and, more wonderful still, saints of gigantic size, with attendant angels, might be seen, not seated, but moving in a slow mysterious manner along the streets, like a procession of colossal figures come down from the high domes and tribunes of the churches. The clouds were made of good woven stuff, the saints and cherubs were unglorified mortals supported by firm bars, and those mysterious giants were really men of very steady brain, balancing themselves on stilts, and enlarged, like Greek tragedians, by huge masks and stuffed shoulders; but he was a miserably unimaginative Florentine who thought only of that—nay, somewhat impious, for in the images of sacred things was there not some of the virtue of sacred things themselves? And if, after that, there came a company of merry black demons well-armed with claws and thongs, and other implements of sport, ready to perform impromptu farces of bastinadoing and clothes-

tearing, why, that was the demons' way of keeping a vigil, and they, too, might have descended from the domes and the tribunes. The Tuscan mind slipped from the devout to the burlesque, as readily as water round an angle; and the saints had already had their turn, had gone their way, and made their due pause before the gates of San Giovanni, to do him honour on the eve of his *festa*. And on the morrow, the great day thus ushered in, it was fitting that the tributary symbols paid to Florence by all its dependent cities, districts, and villages, whether conquered, protected, or of immemorial possession, should be offered at the shrine of San Giovanni in the old octagonal church, once the cathedral, and now the baptistery, where every Florentine had had the sign of the Cross made with the anointing chrism on his brow; that all the city, from the white-haired man to the stripling, and from the matron to the lisping child, should be clothed in its best to do honour to the great day, and see the great sight; and that again, when the sun was sloping and the streets were cool, there should be the glorious race or Corso, when the unsaddled horses, clothed in rich trappings, should run right across the city, from the Porta al Prato on the north-west, through the Mercato Vecchio, to the Porta Santa Croce on the south-east, where the richest of *Palii*, or velvet and brocade banners with silk linings and fringe of gold, such as became a city that half clothed the well-dressed world, were mounted on a triumphal car awaiting the winner or winner's owner.

And thereafter followed more dancing; nay, through the whole day, says an old chronicler at the beginning of that century, there were weddings and the grandest gatherings, with so much piping, music and song, with balls, and feasts, and gladness, and ornament, that this earth might have been mistaken for Paradise!

In this year of 1492, it was, perhaps, a little less easy to make that mistake. Lorenzo the magnificent and subtle was dead, and an arrogant, incautious Piero was come in his room; an evil change for Florence, unless, indeed, the wise horse prefers the bad rider, as more easily thrown from the saddle; and already the regrets for Lorenzo were getting less predominant over the murmured desire for government on a broader basis, in which corruption might be arrested, and there might be that free play for everybody's jealousy and ambition, which made the ideal liberty of the good old quarrelsome, struggling times, when Florence raised her great buildings, reared her own soldiers, drove out would-be tyrants at the sword's point, and was proud to keep faith at her own loss. Lorenzo was dead, Pope Innocent was dying, and a troublesome Neapolitan succession, with an intriguing, ambitious Milan, might set Italy by the ears before long: the times were likely to be difficult. Still, there was all the more reason that the Republic should keep its religious festivals.

And Midsummer morning, in this year 1492, was not less bright than usual. It was betimes in the morning that the symbolic offerings to be carried in grand procession were all assembled at their starting-point in

the Piazza della Signoria—that famous Piazza, where stood then, and stand now, the massive turreted Palace of the People, called the Palazzo Vecchio, and the spacious Loggia, built by Orcagna—the scene of all grand State ceremonial. The sky made the fairest blue tent, and under it the bells swung so vigorously that every evil spirit with sense enough to be formidable, must long since have taken his flight; windows and terraced roofs were alive with human faces; sombre stone houses were bright with hanging draperies; the boldly soaring palace tower, the yet older square tower of the Bargello, and the spire of the neighbouring Badia, seemed to keep watch above; and below, on the broad polygonal flags of the piazza, was the glorious show of banners and horses, with rich trappings and gigantic *ceri*, or tapers, that were fitly called towers—strangely aggrandized descendants of those torches by whose faint light the Church worshipped in the catacombs. Betimes in the morning all processions had need to move under the Midsummer sky of Florence, where the shelter of the narrow streets must every now and then be exchanged for the glare of wide spaces; and the sun would be high up in the heavens before the long pomp had ended its pilgrimage in the Piazza di San Giovanni.

But here, where the procession was to pause, the magnificent city, with its ingenious Cecca, had provided another tent than the sky; for the whole of the Piazza del Duomo, from the octagonal baptistery in the centre to the façade of the cathedral and the walls of the houses on the other sides of the quadrangle, was covered, at the height of forty feet or more, with blue drapery, adorned with well-stitched yellow lilies and the familiar coats of arms, while sheaves of many-coloured banners drooped at fit angles under this superincumbent blue—a gorgeous rainbow-lit shelter to the waiting spectators who leaned from the windows, and made a narrow border on the pavement, and wished for the coming of the show.

One of those spectators was Tito Melema. Bright, in the midst of brightness, he sat at the window of the room above Nello's shop, his right elbow resting on the red drapery hanging from the window-sill, and his head supported in a backward position by the right hand, which pressed the curls against his ear. His face wore that bland liveliness, as far removed from excitability as from heaviness or gloom, which marks the companion popular alike amongst men and women—the companion who is never obtrusive or noisy from uneasy vanity or excessive animal spirits, and whose brow is never contracted by resentment or indignation. He showed no other change from the two months and more that had passed since his first appearance in the weather-stained tunic and hose, than that added radiance of good fortune, which is like the just perceptible perfecting of a flower after it has drunk in a morning's sunbeams. Close behind him, ensconced in the narrow angle between his chair and the window-frame, stood the slim figure of Nello in holiday suit, and at his left the younger Cennini—Pietro, the erudite corrector of proof-sheets, not Domenico the practical. Tito was looking alternately down on the

scene below, and upward at the varied knot of gazers and talkers immediately around him, some of whom had come in after witnessing the commencement of the procession in the Piazza della Signoria. Piero di Cosimo was raising a laugh among them by his grimaces and anathemas at the noise of the bells, against which no kind of ear-stuffing was a sufficient barricade, since the more he stuffed his ears the more he felt the vibration of his skull, and declaring that he would bury himself in the most solitary spot of the Valdarno on a *fiesta*, if he were not condemned, as a painter, to lie in wait for the secrets of colour that were sometimes to be caught from the floating of banners and the chance grouping of the multitude.

Tito had just turned his laughing face away from the whimsical painter to look down at the small drama going on among the chequered border of spectators, when at the angle of the marble steps in front of the Duomo, nearly opposite Nello's shop, he saw a man's face upturned towards him, and fixing on him a gaze that seemed to have more meaning in it than the ordinary passing observation of a stranger. It was a face with tousured head, that rose above the black mantle and white tunic of a Dominican friar—a very common sight in Florence; but the glance had something peculiar in it for Tito. There was a faint suggestion in it, certainly not of an unpleasant kind. Yet what pleasant association had he ever had with monks? None. The glance and the suggestion were hardly longer than a flash of lightning.

"Nello!" said Tito, hastily, but immediately added in a tone of disappointment, "Ah, he has turned round. It was that tall, thin friar who is going up the steps. I wanted you to tell me if you knew aught of him?"

"One of the Frati Predicatori," said Nello, carelessly; "you don't expect me to know the private history of the crows."

"I seem to remember something about his face," said Tito. "It is an uncommon face."

"What? you thought it might be our Fra Girolamo? Too tall; and he never shows himself in that chance way."

"Besides, that loud-barking 'hound of the Lord'* is not in Florence just now," said Francesco Cei, the popular poet; "he has taken Piero de' Medici's hint, to carry his railing prophecies on a journey for a while."

"The Frate neither rails nor prophesies against any man," said a middle-aged personage seated at the other corner of the window; "he only prophesies against vice. If you think that an attack on your poems, Francesco, that is not the Frate's fault."

"Ah, he's gone into the Duomo now," said Tito, who had watched the figure eagerly. "No, I was not under that mistake, Nello. Your Fra

* A play on the name of the Dominicans (*Domini Canes*) which was accepted by themselves, and which is pictorially represented in a fresco painted for them by Simone Memmi.

Girolamo has a high nose and a large under-lip. I saw him once—he is not handsome; but this man”

“Truce to your descriptions!” said Cennini. “Hark! see! Here come the horsemen and the banners. That standard,” he continued, laying his hand familiarly on Tito’s shoulder,—“that carried on the horse with white trappings—that with the red eagle holding the green dragon between his talons, and the red lily over the eagle—is the gonfalon of the Guelph party, and those cavaliers close round it are the chief officers of the Guelph party. That is one of our proudest banners, grumble as we may; it means the triumph of the Guelphs, which means the triumph of Florentine will, which means triumph of the *popolani*.”

“Nay, go on, Cennini,” said the middle-aged man, seated at the window, “which means triumph of the fat *popolani* over the lean, which again means triumph of the fattest *popolano* over those who are less fat.”

“Cronaca, you are becoming sententious,” said the printer; “Fra Girolamo’s preaching will spoil you, and make you take life by the wrong handle. Trust me, your cornices will lose half their beauty if you begin to mingle bitterness with them; that is the *maniera Tedesca* which you used to declaim against when you came from Rome. The next palace you build we shall see you trying to put the Frate’s doctrine into stone.”

“That is a goodly show of cavaliers,” said Tito, who had learned by this time the best way to please Florentines; “but are there not strangers among them? I see foreign costumes.”

“Assuredly,” said Cennini; “you see there the Orators from France, Milan, and Venice, and behind them are English and German nobles; for it is customary that all foreign visitors of distinction pay their tribute to San Giovanni in the train of that gonfalon. For my part, I think our Florentine cavaliers sit their horses as well as any of those cut-and-thrust northerns, whose wits lie in their heels and saddles; and for yon Venetian, I fancy he would feel himself more at ease on the back of a dolphin. We ought to know something of horsemanship, for we excel all Italy in the sports of the *Giostra*, and the money we spend on them. But you will see a finer show of our chief men by and by, Melema; my brother himself will be among the officers of the Zecca.”

“The banners are the better sight,” said Piero di Cosimo, forgetting the noise in his delight at the winding stream of colour as the tributary standards advanced round the piazza. “The Florentine men are so-so; they make but a sorry show at this distance with their patch of fallow flesh-tint above the black garments; but those banners with their velvet, and satin, and minever, and brocade, and their endless play of delicate light and shadow!—*Va!* your human talk and doings are a tame jest; the only passionate life is in form and colour.”

“Ay, Piero, if Satanasso could paint, thou wouldst sell thy soul to learn his secrets,” said Nello. “But there is little likelihood of it, seeing the blessed angels themselves are such poor hands at chiaroscuro, if one may judge from their *capo-d’opera*, the Madonna Nunziata.”

"There go the banners of Pisa and Arezzo," said Cennini. "Ay, Messer Pisano, it is no use for you to look sullen; you may as well carry your banner to our San Giovanni with a good grace. 'Pisans false, Florentines blind'—the second half of that proverb will hold no longer. There come the ensigns of our subject towns and signories, Melema; they will all be suspended in San Giovanni until this day next year, when they will give place to new ones."

"They are a fair sight," said Tito; "and San Giovanni will surely be as well satisfied with that produce of Italian looms as Minerva with her peplos, especially as he contents himself with so little drapery. But my eyes are less delighted with those whirling towers, which would soon make me fall from the window in sympathetic vertigo."

The "towers" of which Tito spoke were a part of the procession esteemed very glorious by the Florentine populace, and having their origin, perhaps, in a confused combination of the tower-shaped triumphal car which the Romans borrowed from the Etruscans, with a kind of hyperbole for the all-efficacious wax taper, were also called *ceri*. But inasmuch as all hyperbole is impracticable in a real and literal fashion, these gigantic *ceri*, some of them so large as to be of necessity carried on wheels, were not solid but hollow, and had their surface made not solely of wax, but of wood and pasteboard, gilded, carved, and painted, as real sacred tapers often are, with successive circles of figures—warriors on horseback, foot soldiers with lance and shield, dancing maidens, animals, trees, and fruits, and in fine, says the old chronicler, "all things that could delight the eye and the heart;" the hollowness having the further advantage that men could stand inside these hyperbolic tapers and whirl them continually, so as to produce a phantasmagoric effect, which, considering the towers were numerous, must have been calculated to produce dizziness on a truly magnificent scale.

"*Pestilenza!*" said Piero di Cosimo, moving from the window, "those whirling circles one above the other are worse than the jangling of all the bells. Let me know when the last taper has passed."

"Nay, you will surely like to be called when the *contadini* come carrying their torches," said Nello; "you would not miss the men of the Mugello and the Casentino, of whom your favourite Lionardo would make a hundred grotesque sketches."

"No," said Piero resolutely; "I will see nothing till the car of the Zecca comes. I have seen clowns enough holding tapers aslant, both with and without cowls, to last me for my life."

"Here it comes, then, Piero—the car of the Zecca," called out Nello, after an interval during which towers and tapers in a descending scale of size had been making their slow transit.

"*Fediddio!*" exclaimed Francesco Cei, "that is a well-tanned San Giovanni! some sturdy Romagnole beggar-man, I'll warrant. Our Signory plays the host to all the Jewish and Christian scum that every other city shuts its gates against, and lets them fatten on us like Saint Anthony's swine."

To make clear this exclamation of Cei's, it must be understood that

the car of the Zecca, or Mint, was originally an immense wooden tower or *cero* adorned after the same fashion as the other tributary *ceri*, mounted on a splendid car, and drawn by two mouse-coloured oxen, whose mild heads looked out from rich trappings bearing the arms of the Zecca. But the latter half of the century was getting rather ashamed of the towers with their circular or spiral paintings, which had delighted the eyes and the hearts of the other half, so that they had become a contemptuous proverb, and any ill-painted figure looking, as will sometimes happen to figures in the best ages of art, as if it had been boned for a pie, was called a *fantoccio da cero*, a tower-puppet; consequently improved taste, with Cecca to help it, had devised for the magnificent Zecca a triumphal car like a pyramidal catafalque, with ingenious wheels warranted to turn all corners easily. Round the base were living figures of saints and angels arrayed in sculpturesque fashion; and on the summit, at the height of thirty feet, well bound to an iron rod and holding an iron cross also firmly infixed, stood a living representative of St. John the Baptist, with arms and legs bare, a garment of tiger-skins about his body, and a golden nimbus fastened on his head—as the Precursor was wont to appear in the cloisters and churches, not having yet revealed himself to painters as the brown and sturdy boy who made one of the Holy Family. For where could the image of the patron saint be more fitly placed than on the symbol of the Zecca? Was not the royal prerogative of coining money the surest token that a city had won its independence? and by the blessing of San Giovanni this “beautiful sheepfold” of his had shown that token earliest among the Italian cities. Nevertheless, the annual function of representing the patron saint was not among the high prizes of public life; it was paid for with ten *lire*, a cake weighing fourteen pounds, two bottles of wine, and a handsome supply of light eatables; the money being furnished by the magnificent Zecca, and the payment in kind being by peculiar “privilege” presented in a basket suspended on a pole from an upper window of a private house, whereupon the eidolon of the austere saint at once invigorated himself with a reasonable share of the sweets and wine, threw the remnants to the crowd, and embraced the mighty cake securely with his right arm through the remainder of his passage. This was the attitude in which the mimic San Giovanni presented himself as the tall car jerked and vibrated on its slow way round the piazza to the northern gate of the baptistery.

“There go the Masters of the Zecca, and there is my brother—you see him, Melema?” cried Cennini, with an agreeable stirring of pride at showing a stranger what was too familiar to be remarkable to fellow-citizens. “Behind come the members of the Corporation of Calimara,* the dealers in foreign cloth, to which we have given our Florentine finish; men of ripe years, you see, who were matriculated before you were born; and then comes the famous Art of Money-changers.”

* “Arte di Calimara,” “arte” being, in this use of it, equivalent to corporation.
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"Many of them matriculated also to the noble art of usury before you were born," interrupted Francesco Cei, "as you may discern by a certain fitful glare of the eye and sharp curve of the nose which manifest their descent from the ancient harpies, whose portraits you saw supporting the arms of the Zecca. Shaking off old prejudices now, such a procession as that of some four hundred passably ugly men carrying their tapers in open daylight, Diogenes-fashion, as if they were looking for a lost quattrino, would make a merry spectacle for the Feast of Fools."

"Blaspheme not against the usages of our city," said Pietro Cennini, much offended. "There are new wits who think they see things more truly because they stand on their heads to look at them, like tumblers and mountebanks, instead of keeping the attitude of rational men. Doubtless it makes little difference to Maestro Vaiano's monkeys whether they see our Donatello's statue of Judith with their heads or their tails uppermost."

"Your solemnity will allow some quarter to playful fancy, I hope," said Cei, with a shrug, "else what becomes of the ancients, whose example you scholars are bound to revere, Messer Pietro? Life was never anything but a perpetual see-saw between gravity and jest."

"Keep your jest then till your end of the pole is uppermost," said Cennini, still angry, "and that is not when the great bond of our republic is expressing itself in ancient symbols, without which the vulgar—the *popolo minuto*—would be conscious of nothing beyond their own petty wants of back and stomach, and never rise to the sense of community in religion and law. There has been no great people without processions, and the man who thinks himself too wise to be moved by them to anything but contempt is like the puddle that was proud of standing alone while the river hed by."

No one said anything after this indignant burst of Cennini's till he himself spoke again.

"Hark! the trumpets of the Signoria: now comes the last stage of the show, Melema. That is our Gonfaloniere in the middle, in the starred mantle, with the sword carried before him. Twenty years ago we used to see our foreign *Podesta*, who was our judge in civil causes, walking on his right hand; but our republic has been over-doctored by clever *medici*. That is the Proposto* of the *Priori* on the left; then come the other seven *Priori*; then all the other magistracies and officials of our republic. You see your patron the Segretario?"

"There is Messer Bernardo del Nero also," said Tito; "his visage is a fine and venerable one, though it has worn rather a petrifying look towards me."

"Ah," said Nello, "he is the dragon that guards the remnant of old Bardo's gold, which, I fancy, is chiefly that virgin gold that falls about the fair Romola's head and shoulders; eh, my Apollino?" he added, patting Tito's head.

* Spokesman or Moderator.

Tito had the youthful grace of blushing, but he had also the adroit and ready speech that prevents a blush from looking like embarrassment. He replied at once:—

“And a very Pactolus it is—a stream with golden ripples. If I were an alchemist —”

He was saved from the need for further speech by the sudden fortissimo of drums and trumpets and fifes, bursting into the breadth of the piazza in a grand storm of sound—a roar, a blast, and a whistling, well befitting a city famous for its musical instruments, and reducing the members of the closest group to a state of deaf isolation.

During this interval Nello observed Tito's fingers moving in recognition of some one in the crowd below, but not seeing the direction of his glance he failed to detect the object of this greeting—the sweet round blue-eyed face under a white hood—immediately lost in the narrow border of heads, where there was a continual eclipse of round contadina cheeks by the harsh-lined features or bent shoulders of an old spadesman, and where profiles turned as sharply from north to south as weathercocks under a shifting wind.

But when it was felt that the show was ended—when the twelve prisoners released in honour of the day, and the very *barberi* or race-horses, with the arms of their owners embroidered on their cloths, had followed up the Signoria, and been duly consecrated to San Giovanni, and every one was moving from the window—Nello, whose Florentine curiosity was of that lively canine sort which thinks no trifle too despicable for investigation, put his hand on Tito's shoulder and said,—

“What acquaintance was that you were making signals to, eh, giovane?”

“Some little contadina who probably mistook me for an acquaintance, for she had honoured me with a greeting.”

“Or who wished to begin an acquaintance,” said Nello. “But you are bound for the Via de' Bardi and the feast of the Muses: there is no counting on you for a frolic, else we might have gone in search of adventures together in the crowd, and had some pleasant fooling in honour of San Giovanni. But your high fortune has come on you too soon: I don't mean the professor's mantle—that is roomy enough to hide a few stolen chickens, but—Messer Endymion minded his manners after that singular good fortune of his; and what says our Luigi Pulci?

‘Da quel giorno in quà ch'amor m'accese
Per lei son fatto e gentile e cortese.’

“Nello, *amico mio*, thou hast an intolerable trick of making life stale by forestalling it with thy talk,” said Tito, shrugging his shoulders, with a look of patient resignation, which was his nearest approach to anger: “not to mention that such ill-founded babbling would be held a great offence by that same goddess whose humble worshipper you are always professing yourself.”

"I will be mute," said Nello, laying his finger on his lips, with a responding shrug. "But it is only under our four eyes that I talk any folly about her."

"Pardon! you were on the verge of it just now in the hearing of others. If you want to ruin me in the minds of Bardo and his daughter——"

"Enough, enough!" said Nello. "I am an absurd old barber. It all comes from that abstinence of mine, in not making bad verses in my youth: for want of letting my folly run out that way when I was eighteen, it runs out at my tongue's end now I am at the unseemly age of forty. But Nello has not got his head muffled for all that; he can see a buffalo in the snow. *Addio, giovane.*"

CHAPTER IX.

A MAN'S RANSOM.

TITO was soon down among the crowd, and, notwithstanding his indifferent reply to Nello's question about his chance acquaintance, he was not without a passing wish, as he made his way round the piazza to the Corso degli Adimari, that he might encounter the pair of blue eyes which had looked up towards him from under the square bit of white linen drapery that formed the ordinary hood of the contadina at *fiesta* time. He was perfectly well aware that that face was Tessa's; but he had not chosen to say so. What had Nello to do with the matter? Tito had an innate love of reticence—let us say a talent for it—which acted as other impulses do, without any conscious motive, and, like all people to whom concealment is easy, he would now and then conceal something which had as little the nature of a secret as the fact that he had seen a flight of crows.

But the passing wish about pretty Tessa was almost immediately eclipsed by the recurrent recollection of that friar whose face had some irrecoverable association for him. Why should a sickly fanatic, worn with fasting, have looked at *him* in particular, and where in all his travels could he remember encountering that face before? Folly! such vague memories hang about the mind like cobwebs, with tickling importunity—best to sweep them away at a dash: and Tito had pleasanter occupation for his thoughts. By the time he was turning out of the Corso degli Adimari into a side street he was caring only that the sun was high, and that the procession had kept him longer than he had intended from his visit to that room in the Via de' Bardi, where his coming, he knew, was anxiously awaited. He felt the scene of his entrance beforehand: the joy beaming diffusedly in the blind face like the light in a semi-transparent lamp; the transient pink flush on Romola's face and neck, which subtracted nothing from her majesty, but only gave it the exquisite charm of womanly sensitiveness, heightened still more by what

seemed the paradoxical boy-like frankness of her look and smile. They were the best comrades in the world during the hours they passed together round the blind man's chair: she was constantly appealing to Tito, and he was informing her, yet he felt himself strangely in subjection to Romola with that majestic simplicity of hers: he felt for the first time, without defining it to himself, that loving awe in the presence of noble womanhood, which is perhaps something like the worship paid of old to a great nature-goddess, who was not all-knowing, but whose life and power were something deeper and more primordial than knowledge. They had never been alone together, and he could frame to himself no probable image of love scenes between them: he could only fancy and wish wildly—what he knew was impossible—that Romola would some day tell him that she loved him. One day in Greece, as he was leaning over a wall in the sunshine, a little black-eyed peasant girl, who had rested her water-pot on the wall, crept gradually nearer and nearer to him, and at last shyly asked him to kiss her, putting up her round olive cheek very innocently. Tito was used to love that came in this unsought fashion. But Romola's love would never come in that way: would it ever come at all?—and yet it was that topmost apple on which he had set his mind. He was in his fresh youth—not passionate, but impressible: it was as inevitable that he should feel lovingly towards Romola as that the white irises should be reflected in the clear sun-lit stream; but he had no coxcombry, and he had an intimate sense that Romola was something very much above him. Many men have felt the same before a large-eyed, simple child.

Nevertheless, Tito had had the rapid success which would have made some men presuming, or would have warranted him in thinking that there would be no great presumption in entertaining an agreeable confidence that he might one day be the husband of Romola—nay, that her father himself was not without a vision of such a future for him. His first auspicious interview with Bartolommeo Scala had proved the commencement of a growing favour on the Secretary's part, and had led to an issue which would have been enough to make Tito decide on Florence as the place in which to establish himself, even if it had held no other magnet. Politian was professor of Greek as well as Latin at Florence, professorial chairs being maintained there, although the university had been removed to Pisa; but for a long time Demetrio Calcondila, one of the most eminent and respectable among the emigrant Greeks, had also held a Greek chair, simultaneously with the too predominant Italian. Calcondila was now gone to Milan, and there was no counterpoise or rival to Politian such as was desired for him by the friends who wished him to be taught a little propriety and humility. Scala was far from being the only friend of this class, and he found several who, if they were not among those thirsty admirers of mediocrity that were glad to be refreshed with his verses in hot weather, were yet quite willing to join him in doing that moral service to Politian. It was finally agreed that Tito should be supported in a

Greek chair, as Demetrio Calcondila had been by Lorenzo himself, who, being at the same time the affectionate patron of Politian, had shown by precedent that there was nothing invidious in such a measure, but only a zeal for true learning and the instruction of the Florentine youth.

Tito was thus sailing under the fairest breeze, and besides convincing fair judges that his talents squared with his good fortune, he wore that fortune so easily and unpretentiously that no one had yet been offended by it. He was not unlikely to get into the best Florentine society: society where there was much more plate than the circle of enamelled silver in the centre of the brass dishes, and where it was not forbidden by the Signory to wear the richest brocade. For where could a handsome young scholar not be welcome when he could touch the lute and troll a gay song? That bright face, that easy smile, that liquid voice, seemed to give life a holiday aspect; just as a strain of gay music and the hoisting of colours make the work-worn and the sad rather ashamed of showing themselves. Here was a professor likely to render the Greek classics amiable to the sons of great houses.

And that was not the whole of Tito's good fortune; for he had sold all his jewels, except the ring he did not choose to part with, and he was master of full five hundred gold florins.

Yet the moment when he first had this sum in his possession was the crisis of the first serious struggle his facile, good-humoured nature had known. An importunate thought, of which he had till now refused to see more than the shadow as it dogged his footsteps, at last rushed upon him and grasped him: he was obliged to pause and decide whether he would surrender and obey, or whether he would give the refusal that must carry irrevocable consequences. It was in the room above Nello's shop, which Tito had now hired as a lodging, that the elder Cennini handed him the last quota of the sum on behalf of Bernardo Rucellai, the purchaser of the Cleopatra.

"*Ecco, giovane mio!*" said the respectable printer and goldsmith, "you have now a pretty little fortune; and if you will take my advice, you will let me place your florins in a safe quarter, where they may increase and multiply, instead of slipping through your fingers for banquets and other follies which are rife among our Florentine youth. And it has been too much the fashion of scholars, especially when, like our Pietro Crinito, they think their scholarship needs to be scented and brodered, to squander with one hand till they have been fain to beg with the other. I have brought you the money, and you are free to make a wise choice or an unwise: I shall see on which side the balance dips. We Florentines hold no man a member of an Art till he has shown his skill and been matriculated; and no man is matriculated to the art of life till he has been well tempted. If you make up your mind to put your florins out to usury, you can let me know to-morrow. A scholar may marry, and should have something in readiness for the *morgen-cap*.* Addio."

* A sum given by the bridegroom to the bride the day after the marriage (*Morgengabe*).

As Cennini closed the door behind him, Tito turned round with the smile dying out of his face, and fixed his eyes on the table where the florins lay. He made no other movement, but stood with his thumbs in his belt, looking down, in that transfixed state which accompanies the concentration of consciousness on some inward image.

"A man's ransom!"—who was it that had said five hundred florins was more than a man's ransom? If now, under this mid-day sun, on some hot coast far away, a man somewhat stricken in years—a man not without high thoughts and with the most passionate heart—a man who long years ago had rescued a little boy from a life of beggary, filth, and cruel wrong, had reared him tenderly, and been to him as a father—if that man were now under this summer sun toiling as a slave, hewing wood and drawing water, perhaps being smitten and buffeted because he was not deft and active? If he were saying to himself, "Tito will find me: he had but to carry our manuscripts and gems to Venice; he will have raised money, and will never rest till he finds me out?" If that were certain, could he, Tito, see the price of the gems lying before him, and say, "I will stay at Florence, where I am fanned by soft airs of promised love and prosperity: I will not risk myself for his sake?" No, surely not, *if it were certain*. But nothing could be farther from certainty. The galley had been taken by a Turkish vessel on its way to Delos: *that* was known by the report of the companion galley, which had escaped. But there had been resistance, and probable bloodshed; a man had been seen falling overboard: who were the survivors, and what had befallen them amongst all the multitude of possibilities? Had not he, Tito, suffered shipwreck, and narrowly escaped drowning? He had good cause for feeling the omnipresence of casualties that threatened all projects with futility. The rumour that there were pirates who had a settlement in Delos was not to be depended on, or might be nothing to the purpose. What, probably enough, would be the result if he were to quit Florence and go to Venice; get authoritative letters—yes, he knew that might be done—and set out for the Archipelago? Why, that he should be himself seized, and spend all his florins on preliminaries, and be again a destitute wanderer—with no more gems to sell.

Tito had a clearer vision of that result than of the possible moment when he might find his father again, and carry him deliverance. It would surely be an unfairness that he, in his full ripe youth, to whom life had hitherto had some of the stint and subjection of a school, should turn his back on promised love and distinction, and perhaps never be visited by that promise again. "And yet," he said to himself, "if I were certain—yes, if I were certain that Baldassarre Calvo was alive, and that I could free him, by whatever exertions or perils, I would go now—now I have the money: it was useless to debate the matter before. I would go now to Bardo and Bartolommeo Scala, and tell them the whole truth." Tito did not say to himself so distinctly that if those two men had known the whole truth he was aware there would have been no alternative for him

but to go in search of his benefactor, who, if alive, was the rightful owner of the gems, and whom he had always equivocally spoken of as "lost;" he did not say to himself, what he was not ignorant of, that Greeks of distinction had made sacrifices, taken voyages again and again, and sought help from crowned and mitred heads for the sake of freeing relatives from slavery to the Turks. Public opinion did not regard *that* as an exceptional virtue.

This was his first real colloquy with himself: he had gone on following the impulses of the moment, and one of those impulses had been to conceal half the fact: he had never considered this part of his conduct long enough to face the consciousness of his motives for the concealment. What was the use of telling the whole? It was true, the thought had crossed his mind several times since he had quitted Nauplia that, after all, it was a great relief to be quit of Baldassarre, and he would have liked to know *who* it was that had fallen overboard. But such thoughts spring inevitably out of a relation that is irksome. Baldassarre was exacting, and had got stranger as he got older: he was constantly scrutinizing Tito's mind to see whether it answered to his own exaggerated expectations; and age—the age of a thick-set, heavy-browed, bald man beyond sixty, whose intensity and eagerness in the grasp of ideas have long taken the character of monotony and repetition, may be looked at from many points of view without being found attractive. Such a man, stranded among new acquaintances, unless he had the philosopher's stone, would hardly find rank, youth, and beauty at his feet. The feelings that gather fervour from novelty will be of little help towards making the world a home for dimmed and faded human beings; and if there is any love of which they are not widowed, it must be the love that is rooted in memories and distils perpetually the sweet balms of fidelity and forbearing tenderness.

But surely such memories were not absent from Tito's mind? Far in the backward vista of his remembered life, when he was only seven years old, Baldassarre had rescued him from blows, had taken him to a home that seemed like opened paradise, where there was sweet food and soothing caresses, all had on Baldassarre's knee; and from that time till the hour they had parted, Tito had been the one centre of Baldassarre's fatherly cares.

Well, he had been docile, pliable, quick of apprehension, ready to acquire: a very bright lovely boy, a youth of even splendid grace, who seemed quite without vices, as if that beautiful form represented a vitality so exquisitely poised and balanced that it could know no uneasy desires, no unrest—a radiant presence for a lonely man to have won for himself. If he were silent when his father expected some response, still he did not look moody; if he declined some labour—why, he flung himself down with such a charming, half-smiling, half-pleading air, that the pleasure of looking at him made amends to one who had watched his growth with a sense of claim and possession: the curves of Tito's mouth had ineffable

good humour in them. And then, the quick talent to which everything came readily, from philosophic systems to the rhymes of a street ballad caught up at a hearing! Would any one have said that Tito had not made due return to his benefactor, or that his gratitude and affection would fail on any great demand? He did not admit that his gratitude had failed; but *it was not certain* that Baldassarre was in slavery, not certain that he was living.

"Do I not owe something to myself?" said Tito, inwardly, with a slight movement of his shoulders, the first he had made since he had turned to look down at the florins. "Before I quit everything, and incur again all the risks of which I am even now weary, I must at least have a reasonable hope. Am I to spend my life in a wandering search? *I believe he is dead.* Cennini was right about my florins: I will place them in his hands to-morrow."

When, the next morning, Tito put this determination into act he had chosen his colour in the game, and had given an inevitable bent to his wishes. He had made it impossible that he should not from henceforth desire it to be the truth that his father was dead; impossible that he should not be tempted to baseness rather than that the precise facts of his conduct should not remain for ever concealed.

Under every guilty secret there is hidden a brood of guilty wishes, whose unwholesome infecting life is cherished by the darkness. The contaminating effect of deeds often lies less in the commission than in the consequent adjustment of our desires—the enlistment of our self-interest on the side of falsity; as, on the other hand, the purifying influence of public confession springs from the fact, that by it the hope in lies is for ever swept away, and the soul recovers the noble attitude of simplicity.

Besides, in this first distinct colloquy with himself the ideas which had previously been scattered and interrupted had now concentrated themselves: the little rills of selfishness had united and made a channel, so that they could never again meet with the same resistance. Hitherto Tito had left in vague indecision the question whether, with the means in his power, he would not return, and ascertain his father's fate; he had now made a definite excuse to himself for not taking that course; he had avowed to himself a choice which he would have been ashamed to avow to others, and which would have made him ashamed in the resurgent presence of his father. But the inward shame, the reflex of that outward law which the great heart of mankind makes for every individual man, a reflex which will exist even in the absence of the sympathetic impulses that need no law, but rush to the deed of fidelity and pity as inevitably as the brute mother shields her young from the attack of the hereditary enemy—that inward shame was showing its blushes in Tito's determined assertion to himself that his father was dead, or that at least search was hopeless.

CHAPTER X.

UNDER THE PLANE-TREE.

ON the day of San Giovanni it was already three weeks ago that Tito had handed his florins to Cennini, and we have seen that as he set out towards the Via de' Bardi he showed all the outward signs of a mind at ease. How should it be otherwise? He never jarred with what was immediately around him, and his nature was too joyous, too unapprehensive, for the hidden and the distant to grasp him in the shape of a dread. As he turned out of the hot sunshine into the shelter of a narrow street, took off the black cloth *berretta*, or simple cap with upturned lappet, which just crowned his brown curls, pushing his hair and tossing his head backward to court the cooler air, there was no brand of duplicity on his brow, neither was there any stamp of candour: it was simply a finely formed, square, smooth young brow; and the slow absent glance he cast round at the upper windows of the houses had neither more dissimulation in it, nor more ingenuousness, than belongs to a youthful well-opened eyelid with its unwearied breadth of gaze; to perfectly pellucid lenses; to the undimmed dark of a rich brown iris; and to a pure cerulean-tinted angle of whiteness streaked with the delicate shadows of long eyelashes. Was it that Tito's face attracted or repelled according to the mental attitude of the observer? Was it a cipher with more than one key? The strong, unmistakable expression in his whole air and person was a negative one, and it was perfectly veracious; it declared the absence of any uneasy claim, any restless vanity, and it made the admiration that followed him as he passed among the troop of holiday-makers a thoroughly willing tribute.

For by this time the stir of the Festa was felt even in the narrowest side streets; the throng which had at one time been concentrated in the lines through which the procession had to pass, was now streaming out in all directions in pursuit of a new object. Such intervals of a Festa are precisely the moments when the vaguely active animal spirits of a crowd are likely to be the most petulant and most ready to sacrifice a stray individual to the greater happiness of the greater number. As Tito entered the neighbourhood of San Martino, he found the throng rather denser; and near the hostelry of the *Bertucce*, or Baboons, there was evidently some object which was arresting the passengers and forming them into a knot. It needed nothing of great interest to draw aside passengers unfreighted with a purpose, and Tito was preparing to turn aside into an adjoining street, when, amidst the loud laughter, his ear discerned a distressed childish voice crying, "Loose me! Holy Virgin, help me!" which at once determined him to push his way into the knot of gazers. He had just had time to perceive that the distressed voice came from a young contadina, whose white hood had fallen off in the struggle to get her hands free from the grasp of a man in the parti-coloured dress of a *cerretano*, or conjuror, who was making laughing

attempts to soothe and cajole her, evidently carrying with him the amused sympathy of the spectators, who by a persuasive variety of words, signifying simpleton, for which the Florentine dialect is rich in equivalents, seemed to be arguing with the contadina against her obstinacy. At the first moment the girl's face was turned away, and he saw only her light brown hair plaited and fastened with a long silver pin; but in the next, the struggle brought her face opposite to Tito's, and he saw the baby features of Tessa, her blue eyes filled with tears, and her under-lip quivering. Tessa, too, saw *him*, and through the mist of her swelling tears there beamed a sudden hope, like that in the face of a little child, when, held by a stranger against its will, it sees a familiar hand stretched out.

In an instant Tito had pushed his way through the barrier of bystanders, whose curiosity made them ready to turn aside at the sudden interference of this handsome young signor, had grasped Tessa's waist, and had said, "Loose this maiden! What right have you to hold her against her will?"

The conjuror—a man with one of those faces in which the angles of the eyes and eyebrows, of the nostrils, mouth, and sharply defined jaw, all tend upward—showed his small regular teeth in an impish but not ill-natured grin, as he let go Tessa's hands, and stretched out his own backward, shrugging his shoulders, and bending them forward a little in a half apologetic, half protesting manner.

"I meant the *ragazza* no evil in the world, Messere: ask this respectable company. I was only going to show them a few samples of my skill, in which this little damsel might have helped me the better because of her kitten face, which would have assured them of open dealing; and I had promised her a lapful of *confetti* as a reward. But what then? Messer has doubtless better *confetti* at hand, and she knows it."

A general laugh among the bystanders accompanied these last words of the conjuror, raised, probably, by the look of relief and confidence with which Tessa clung to Tito's arm, as he drew it from her waist and placed her hand within it. She only cared about the laugh as she might have cared about the roar of wild beasts from which she was escaping, not attaching any meaning to it; but Tito, who had no sooner got her on his arm than he foresaw some embarrassment in the situation, hastened to get clear of observers, who, having been despoiled of an expected amusement, were sure to re-establish the balance by jests.

"See, see, little one! here is your hood," said the conjuror, throwing the bit of white drapery over Tessa's head. "*Orsù*, bear me no malice; come back to me when Messere can spare you."

"Ah! Maestro Vaiano, she'll come back presently, as the toad said to the harrow," called out one of the spectators, seeing how Tessa started and shrank at the action of the conjuror.

Tito pushed his way vigorously towards the corner of a side street, a little vexed at this delay in his progress to the Via de' Bardi, and intending

to get rid of the poor little contadina as soon as possible. The next street, too, had its passengers inclined to make holiday remarks at so unusual a pair; but they had no sooner entered it than he said, in a kind but hurried manner, "Now, little one, where were you going? Are you come by yourself to the Festa?"

"Ah, no!" said Tessa, looking frightened and distressed again; "I have lost my mother in the crowd—her and my father-in-law. They will be angry—he will beat me. It was in the crowd in San Pulinari—somebody pushed me along and I couldn't stop myself, so I got away from them. Oh, I don't know where they're gone! Please, don't leave me!"

Her eyes had been swelling with tears again, and she ended with a sob.

Tito hurried along again: the Church of the Badia was not far off. They could enter it by the cloister that opened at the back, and in the church he could talk to Tessa—perhaps leave her. No! it was an hour at which the church was not open; but they paused under the shelter of the cloister, and he said, "Have you no cousin or friend in Florence, my little Tessa, whose house you could find; or are you afraid of walking by yourself since you have been frightened by the conjuror? I am in a hurry to get to Oltrarno, but if I could take you anywhere near——"

"Oh, I am frightened: he was the devil—I know he was. And I don't know where to go—I have nobody: and my mother meant to have her dinner somewhere, and I don't know where. Holy Madonna! I shall be beaten."

The corners of the pouting mouth went down piteously, and the poor little bosom with the beads on it above the green serge gamurra heaved so, that there was no longer any help for it: a loud sob *would* come, and the big tears fell as if they were making up for lost time. Here was a situation! It would have been brutal to leave her, and Tito's nature was all gentleness. He wished at that moment that he had not been expected in the Via de' Bardi. As he saw her lifting up her holiday apron to catch the hurrying tears, he laid his hand, too, on the apron, and rubbed one of the cheeks and kissed the baby-like roundness.

"My poor little Tessa! leave off crying. Let us see what can be done. Where is your home—where do you live?"

There was no answer, but the sobs began to subside a little and the drops to fall less quickly.

"Come! I'll take you a little way, if you'll tell me where you want to go."

The apron fell, and Tessa's face began to look as contented as a cherub's budding from a cloud. The diabolical conjuror, the anger and the beating seemed a long way off.

"I think I'll go home, if you'll take me," she said, in a half whisper, looking up at Tito with wide blue eyes, and with something sweeter than a smile—with a child-like calm.

"Come, then, little one," said Tito, in a caressing tone, putting her arm within his again. "Which way is it?"

"Beyond Peretola—where the large pear-tree is."

"Peretola? Out at which gate, *pazzarella*? I am a stranger, you must remember.

"Out at the Por del Prato," said Tessa, moving along with a very fast hold on Tito's arm.

He did not know all the turnings well enough to venture on an attempt at choosing the quietest streets; and besides, it occurred to him that where the passengers were most numerous there was, perhaps, the most chance of meeting with Monna Ghita and finding an end to his knight-errantship. So he made straight for Porta Rossa, and on to Ognissanti, showing his usual bright propitiatory face to the mixed observers who threw their jests at him and his little heavy-shod maiden with much liberality. Mingled with the more decent holiday-makers there were frolicsome apprentices, rather envious of his good fortune; bold-eyed women with the badge of the yellow veil; beggars who thrust forward their caps for alms, in derision at Tito's evident haste; dicers, sharpers, and loungers of the worst sort; boys whose tongues were used to wag in concert at the most brutal street games: for the streets of Florence were not always a moral spectacle in those times, and Tessa's terror at being lost in the crowd was not wholly unreasonable.

When they reached the Piazza d'Ognissanti, Tito slackened his pace: they were both heated with their hurried walk, and here was a wider space where they could take breath. They sat down on one of the stone *panche* or benches which were frequent against the walls of old Florentine houses.

"*Vergine santissima!*" said Tessa; "I am glad we have got away from those women and boys; but I was not frightened, because you could take care of me."

"Pretty little Tessa!" said Tito, smiling at her. "What makes you feel so safe with me?"

"Because you are so beautiful—like the people going into Paradise—they are all good."

"It is a long while since you had your breakfast, Tessa," said Tito, seeing some stalls near, with fruit and sweetmeats upon them. "Are you hungry?"

"Yes, I think I am—if you will have some too."

Tito bought some apricots, and cakes, and comfits, and put them into her apron.

"Come," he said, "let us walk on to the Prato, and then perhaps you will not be afraid to go the rest of the way alone."

"But you will have some of the apricots and things," said Tessa, rising obediently and gathering up her apron as a bag for her store.

"We will see," said Tito aloud; and to himself he said, "Here is a little contadina who might inspire a better idyl than Lorenzo de' Medici's *Nencia da Barberino*, that Nello's friends rave about; if I were only a Theocritus, or had time to cultivate the necessary experience by unseasonable walks of this sort! However, the mischief is done now: I am so

late already that another half hour will make no difference. Pretty little pigeon!"

"We have a garden and plenty of pears," said Tessa, "and two cows, besides the mules; and I'm very fond of them. But the *patrigno* is a cross man: I wish my mother had not married him. I think he is wicked; he is very ugly."

"And does your mother let him beat you, *poverina*? You said you were afraid of being beaten."

"Ah, my mother herself scolds me: she loves my young sister better, and thinks I don't do work enough. Nobody speaks kindly to me, only the Pievano (parish priest) when I go to confession. And the men in the Mercato laugh at me and make fun of me. Nobody ever kissed me and spoke to me as you do; just as I talk to my little black-faced kid, because I'm very fond of it."

It seemed not to have entered Tessa's mind that there was any change in Tito's appearance since the morning he begged the milk from her, and that he looked now like a personage for whom she must summon her little stock of reverent words and signs. He had impressed her too differently from any human being who had ever come near her before, for her to make any comparison of details: she took no note of his dress; he was simply a voice and a face to her, something come from Paradise into a world where most things seemed hard and angry; and she prattled with as little restraint as if he had been an imaginary companion born of her own loveliness and the sunshine.

They had now reached the *Prato*, which at that time was a large open space within the walls, where the Florentine youth played at their favourite *Calcio*—a peculiar kind of foot-ball—and otherwise exercised themselves. At this midday time it was forsaken and quiet to the very gates, where a tent had been erected in preparation for the race. On the border of this wide meadow Tito paused and said,

"Now, Tessa, you will not be frightened if I leave you to walk the rest of the way by yourself. Addio. Shall I come and buy a cup of milk from you in the Mercato to-morrow morning, to see that you are quite safe?"

He added this question in a soothing tone, as he saw her eyes widening sorrowfully, and the corners of her mouth falling. She said nothing at first; she only opened her apron and looked down at her apricots and sweetmeats. Then she looked up at him again, and said complainingly,—

"I thought you would have come, and we could sit down under a tree outside the gate, and eat them together."

"Tessa, Tessa, you little siren, you would ruin me," said Tito, laughing and kissing both her cheeks. "I ought to have been in the Via de' Bardi long ago. No! I must go back now; you are in no danger. There—I'll take an apricot. Addio!"

He had already stepped two yards from her when he said the last word. Tessa could not have spoken; she was pale, and a great sob was

rising ; but she turned round as if she felt there was no hope for her, and stepped on, holding her apron so forgetfully that the apricots began to roll out on the grass.

Tito could not help looking after her, and seeing her shoulders rise to the bursting sob, and the apricots fall—could not help going after her and picking them up. It was very hard upon him : he was a long way off the Via de' Bardi, and very near to Tessa.

"See, my silly one," he said, picking up the apricots. "Come, leave off crying, I will go with you, and we'll sit down under the tree. Come, I don't like to see you cry ; but you know I must go back some time."

So it came to pass that they found a great plane-tree not far outside the gates, and they sat down under it, and all the feast was spread out on Tessa's lap, she leaning with her back against the trunk of the tree, and he stretched opposite to her, resting his elbows on the rough green growth cherished by the shade, while the sunlight stole through the boughs and played about them like a winged thing. Tessa's face was all contentment again, and the taste of the apricots and sweetmeats seemed very good.

"You pretty bird !" said Tito, looking at her as she sat eyeing the remains of the feast with an evident mental debate about saving them, since he had said he would not have any more. "To think of any one scolding you ! What sins do you tell of at confession, Tessa ?"

"Oh, a great many. I am often naughty. I don't like work, and I can't help being idle, though I know I shall be beaten and scolded ; and I give the mules the best fodder when nobody sees me, and then when the *madre* is angry I say I didn't do it, and that makes me frightened at the devil. I think the conjuror was the devil. I am not so frightened after I've been to confession. And see, I've got a *Breve* here that a good father who came to Prato preaching this Easter blessed and gave us all." Here Tessa drew from her bosom a tiny bag carefully fastened up. "And I think the Holy Madonna will take care of me ; she looks as if she would ; and perhaps if I wasn't idle, she wouldn't let me be beaten."

"If they are so cruel to you, Tessa, shouldn't you like to leave them, and go and live with a beautiful lady who would be kind to you, if she would have you to wait upon her ?"

Tessa seemed to hold her breath for a moment or two. Then she said doubtfully, "I don't know."

"Then should you like to be *my* little servant, and live with me ?" said Tito, smiling. He meant no more than to see what sort of pretty look and answer she would give.

There was a flush of joy immediately. "Will you take me with you now ? Ah ! I shouldn't go home and be beaten then." She paused a little while, and then added more doubtfully, "But I should like to fetch my black-faced kid."

"Yes, you must go back to your kid, my Tessa," said Tito, rising, "and I must go the other way."

"By Jupiter !" he added, as he went from under the shade of the tree,

"it is not a pleasant time of day to walk from here to the Via de' Bardi ; I am more inclined to lie down and sleep in this shade."

It ended so. Tito had an unconquerable aversion to anything unpleasant, even when an object very much loved and desired was on the other side of it. He had risen early ; had waited ; had seen sights, and had been already walking in the sun : he was inclined for a siesta, and inclined all the more because little Tessa was there, and seemed to make the air softer. He lay down on the grass again, putting his cap under his head on a green tuft by the side of Tessa. That was not quite comfortable ; so he moved again, and asked Tessa to let him rest his head against her lap ; and in that way he soon fell asleep. Tessa sat quiet as a dove on its nest, just venturing, when he was fast asleep, to touch the wonderful dark curls that fell backward from his ear. She was too happy to go to sleep—too happy to think that Tito would wake up, and that then he would leave her, and she must go home. It takes very little water to make a perfect pool for a tiny fish, where it will find its world and paradise all in one, and never have a presentiment of the dry bank. The fretted summer shade, and stillness, and the gentle breathing of some loved life near—it would be paradise to us all, if eager thought, the strong angel with the implacable brow, had not long since closed the gates.

It really was a long while before the waking came—before the long dark eyes opened at Tessa, at first with a little surprise, and then with a smile, which was soon quenched by some pre-occupying thought. Tito's deeper sleep had broken into a doze, in which he felt himself in the Via de' Bardi, explaining his failure to appear at the appointed time. The clear images of that doze urged him to start up at once to a sitting posture, and as he stretched his arms and shook his cap he said,—

"Tessa, little one, you have let me sleep too long. My hunger and the shadows together tell me that the sun has done much travel since I fell asleep. I must lose no more time. Addio," he ended, patting her cheek with one hand, and settling his cap with the other.

She said nothing, but there were signs in her face which made him speak again in as serious and chiding a tone as he could command,—

"Now, Tessa, you must not cry. I shall be angry ; I shall not love you if you cry. You must go home to your black-faced kid, or if you like you may go back to the gate and see the horses start. But I can stay with you no longer, and if you cry, I shall think you are troublesome to me."

The rising tears were checked by terror at this change in Tito's voice. Tessa turned very pale, and sat in trembling silence, with her blue eyes widened by arrested tears.

"Look now," Tito went on, soothingly, opening the wallet that hung at his belt, "here is a pretty charm that I have had a long while—ever since I was in Sicily, a country a long way off."

His wallet had many little matters in it mingled with small coins, and he had the usual difficulty in laying his finger on the right thing.



UNDER THE PLANE-TREE.

He unhooked his wallet, and turned out the contents on Tessa's lap. Among them was his onyx ring.

"Ah, my ring!" he exclaimed, slipping it on the forefinger of his right hand. "I forgot to put it on again this morning. Strange, I never missed it! See, Tessa," he added, as he spread out the smaller articles, and selected the one he was in search of. "See this pretty little pointed bit of red coral—like your goat's horn, is it not? and here is a hole in it, so you can put it on the cord round your neck along with your *Breve*, and then the evil spirits can't hurt you: if you ever see them coming in the shadow round the corner, point this little coral horn at them, and they will run away. It is a 'buon fortuna,' and will keep you from harm when I am not with you. Come, undo the cord."

Tessa obeyed with a tranquillizing sense that life was going to be something quite new, and that Tito would be with her often. All who remember their childhood remember the strange vague sense, when some new experience came, that everything else was going to be changed, and that there would be no lapse into the old monotony. So the bit of coral was hung beside the tiny bag with the scrap of scrawled parchment in it, and Tessa felt braver.

"And now you will give me a kiss," said Tito, economizing time by speaking while he swept in the contents of the wallet and hung it at his waist again, "and look happy, like a good girl, and then——"

But Tessa had obediently put forward her lips in a moment, and kissed his cheek as he hung down his head.

"Oh, you pretty pigeon!" cried Tito, laughing, pressing her round cheeks with his hands and crushing her features together so as to give them a general impartial kiss.

Then he started up and walked away, not looking round till he was ten yards from her, when he just turned and gave a parting beck. Tessa was looking after him, but he could see that she was making no signs of distress. It was enough for Tito if she did not cry while he was present. The softness of his nature required that all sorrow should be hidden away from him.

"I wonder when Romola will kiss my cheek in that way?" thought Tito, as he walked along. It seemed a tiresome distance now, and he almost wished he had not been so soft-hearted, or so tempted to linger in the shade. No other excuse was needed to Bardo and Romola than saying simply that he had been unexpectedly hindered; he felt confident their proud delicacy would inquire no farther. He lost no time in getting to Ognissanti, and hastily taking some food there, he crossed the Arno by the Ponte alla Carraja, and made his way as directly as possible towards the Via de' Bardi.

But it was the hour when all the world who meant to be in particularly good time to see the *Corso* were returning from the *Borghi*, or villages just outside the gates, where they had dined and reposed themselves; and the thoroughfares leading to the bridges were of course the

issues towards which the stream of sightseers tended. Just as Tito reached the Ponte Vecchio and the entrance of the Via de' Bardi, he was suddenly urged back towards the angle of the intersecting streets. A company on horseback, coming from the Via Guicciardini, and turning up the Via de' Bardi, had compelled the foot passengers to recede hurriedly. Tito had been walking, as his manner was, with the thumb of his right hand resting in his belt; and as he was thus forced to pause, and was looking carelessly at the passing cavaliers, he felt a very thin cold hand laid on his. He started round, and saw the Dominican friar whose upturned face had so struck him in the morning. Seen closer, the face looked more evidently worn by sickness and not by age; and again it brought some strong but indefinite reminiscences to Tito.

"Pardon me, but—from your face and your ring,"—said the friar, in a faint voice, "is not your name Tito Melema?"

"Yes," said Tito, also speaking faintly, doubly jarred by the cold touch and the mystery. He was not apprehensive or timid through his imagination, but through his sensations and perceptions he could easily be made to shrink and turn pale like a maiden.

"Then I shall fulfil my commission."

The friar put his hand under his scapulary, and drawing out a small linen bag which hung round his neck, took from it a bit of parchment, doubled and stuck firmly together with some black adhesive substance, and placed it in Tito's hand. On the outside was written in Italian, in a small but distinct character—

"Tito Melema, aged twenty-three, with a dark, beautiful face, long dark curls, the brightest smile, and a large onyx ring on his right forefinger."

Tito did not look at the friar, but tremblingly broke open the bit of parchment. Inside, the words were—

"I am sold for a slave: I think they are going to take me to Antioch. The gems alone will serve to ransom me."

Tito looked round at the friar, but could only ask a question with his eyes.

"I had it at Corinth," the friar said, speaking with difficulty, like one whose small strength had been sorely taxed, "I had it from a man who was dying."

"He is dead, then?" said Tito, with a bounding of the heart.

"Not the writer. The man who gave it me was a pilgrim, like myself, to whom the writer had entrusted it, because he was journeying to Italy."

"You know the contents?"

"I know them not, but I conjecture them. Your friend is in slavery—you will go and release him. But I cannot say more at present." The friar, whose voice had become feebler and feebler, sank down on the stone bench against the wall from which he had risen to touch Tito's hand.

"I am at San Marco; my name is Fra Luca."

The Cruise of the Confederate Ship "*Sumter*."

(From the Private Journal of an Officer.)

NEW ORLEANS.—June 3, 1861.—This morning the *Sumter* went into commission. The Confederate tricolour with its eleven stars, each star representing a sovereign state, was raised at the peak of the vessel, and duly honoured by a salute from her guns. For the past fortnight strenuous exertions have been used to get her ready to receive her armament, ammunition, stores, coals, &c., in order that she may get to sea before the mouths of the Mississippi are sealed by the blockading fleet of the United States Government. Already reports reach New Orleans that two ships of the enemy—the *Brooklyn* and the *Powhatan*, both steamers, and represented as having powerful batteries and being uncommonly swift—are lying off the mouths of the Mississippi. In the face of these discouraging rumours, the commander of the naval station and his subordinates have at length completed the repairs on the *Habana*, and christened her the *Sumter*—a cherished name to every Southron. Who knows but that this little steamer may bear the Southern flag to distant seas, and win for herself an immortal name? Much is expected of her. Her model is perfectly symmetrical, her masts are long and raking, her spars slender and nicely proportioned. She is a propeller, barque-rigged, carrying five guns—four 32's, and one 68 on a pivot. Her complement of men is 114. She is to be commanded by Captain Semmes, a veteran officer of the old navy. All who know him represent him as being a skilful seaman, a good tactician, an excellent diplomatist, and a brave man.

June 13.—The *Sumter's* trial trip took place to-day. As the ship was cast loose from her moorings and steamed out into the stream, the river's banks were crowded by an applauding multitude. When about ten miles above the city, the guns were tested, with satisfactory results.

June 17.—Sailing orders are momentarily expected. We may sail to-night. How the people flock to see her as the time draws near for her departure!

June 18.—The ship is under sailing orders, and the executive officer is instructed to permit no one to go ashore.

June 19.—Arrived here (opposite Forts St. Philip and Jackson) to-day. On the way to this place stopped at the Barracks to take in powder. Will remain here awhile to perfect the men in their exercises at the guns. After which—why, probably an attempt will be made to run the blockade!

June 24.—(Head of the Passes.)—After remaining anchored a week

between the forts, the welcome order was at length given to heave anchor and get under way. Never was an order more cheerfully obeyed! It is a matter of wonder how human beings can live there. The mosquitoes are greater torments than the ten plagues of Egypt combined! Here, at the Head of the Passes, it is a comparative elysium. The gentle breezes from the Gulf are most refreshing. The mastheads of the ships composing the blockading squadron, can be distinctly seen from aloft. How the *Sumter* will ever get out is a mystery.

June 25.—An officer was sent to-day to reconnoitre the position of the enemy. He and his commander afterwards landed at the light-houses at Pass-à-l'Outre and South Point, destroyed the buildings, and turned adrift all the oil. This daring feat was accomplished under the very eyes of the enemy—the *Brooklyn* and *Powhatan* lying not more than two miles off.

June 28.—Since the *Sumter* left New Orleans the little steamer *Ivy* has acted as her tender. This morning she went down the river to reconnoitre, and soon returned and reported that the coast was clear. Immediately the vessel's anchor was hove up and she was got under way. In less than half an hour she was at the bar. Before crossing it the huge hull of the *Brooklyn* was seen just behind a point of land not far off, with her top-gallant-masts housed. She being too close to render the attempt to run the blockade safe, the *Sumter's* prow was turned in the direction whence she came, and soon afterwards anchored at the Head of the Passes. Here she will wait, as did Micawber, for something to turn up. After all, who knows but that the wicked little *Ivy* brought a false report on purpose to create a little excitement—merely to prevent the boys dying of ennui?

June 29.—To-day a field howitzer—12-pounder—was brought down by the *Ivy* from Fort Jackson, and added to the armament of the *Sumter*.

June 30. 4½ p.m.—The *Sumter* has run the blockade at last! She is now bounding over the blue waters of the Gulf of Mexico; and if she does not soon slacken speed, she will ere many days be in the Caribbean Sea. Everything was managed admirably. At two o'clock in the morning the steamer *Empire Parish* dropped alongside, laden with coal, 200 barrels of which were transferred to the *Sumter's* bunkers before daylight. The *Empire Parish* then steamed down the river, returning about eleven o'clock—just as all hands had been piped to muster—with the welcome intelligence that the blockading squadron had disappeared. The *Sumter* was got under way in double quick time. Directly after crossing the bar, the *Brooklyn* was seen in chase of a sailing vessel, which chase she soon abandoned, and shaped her course for the *Sumter*. At this time the latter ship had no sail on, but soon a favourable breeze sprung up, and the order was given to unfurl. The *Brooklyn* followed her example, spreading every yard of canvas that would draw. The speed of the two ships seemed to be about equal, and for more than two hours it was doubtful whether the little "rebel" would come out victor or vanquished. She was sadly out of trim, being too much down by the head, which caused her to plunge greatly, keeping the fore-castle con-

tinually covered with spray. To remedy this, the field howitzer, and about 1,500 gallons of water, were thrown overboard. Up to this time the *Sumter* carried only 18 pounds of steam; suddenly the hand of the steam-gauge indicated that it had been increased to 27 pounds. It soon became evident that the *Sumter* was gaining on the Yankee. The *Brooklyn's* hull gradually sank beneath the horizon, but she still continued the chase, until nothing could be seen of her save her white sails—of which she carried a huge quantity. After a chase of four hours her commander saved the credit of his ship as a fast sailer by turning back! As soon as the enemy wore ship, the *Sumter's* crew manned the rigging and cheered ship most heartily.

July 2.—The *Sumter* has steadily continued on her course southward. It is a great relief to be rid of all bustle, and be thus quietly cruising along.

July 3.—This afternoon, about three o'clock, the look-out reported a sail. As it was the first one seen, her appearance was greeted with pleasure. Chase was given; but she proved to be, not a Yankee, but a Spaniard. Her papers were found correct, and she was permitted to continue on her course. Immediately afterwards another sail was descried—the American ship *Golden Rocket*—a fine vessel of about 1,000 tons burden, bound from Havana to Cienfuegos, in ballast. She being a lawful prize, her crew was transferred to the *Sumter*: her spare sails, and a portion of her stores, were taken out of her; and then she was consigned to the flames. The *Rocket's* sails were all set, and the flames leaped into them, dancing a wild fantastic dance from rope to rope. As the fire spread, and took a firmer hold of the doomed ship, the heavens were illumined gloriously. But it was indeed a sad sight to witness the destruction of such a splendid vessel. When last seen she was a mass of flame from bowsprit to taffrail—enveloped in a winding-sheet of fire.

July 4.—This is the anniversary of the birth of freedom in the Western World; and on this day we, seamen of the Confederate States, captured the American brig *Cuba*. First sending on board a prize crew, we took her in tow. Soon afterwards, however, the tow-line parted, when instructions were given to the prize-master to permit none of his men to go aloft, lest an attempt might be made to recapture her, the old crew being still on board. Late this afternoon another vessel—the brig *Machias*—was captured, and given in charge of a prize crew.

July 5.—The sound "Sail ho!" is becoming familiar to our ears. It was heard twice to-day, and each sail was a prize. The names of the vessels are the *Ben Dunning* and *Alibert Adams*, both brigs, and both from Cuban ports, laden with the productions of the tropics. If the *Sumter* continues capturing at this rate, she will soon be compelled to go into port to leave her prizes and get back her men who are in charge of them. It is likely she will put into some Cuban port, near which coast she now is.

July 6.—Success still attends us. Yesterday the bark *Louisa Kilham*.

and the brigs *West Wind* and *Naiad*, were captured. This is doing a wholesale business. The *Sumter* is as attractive to Yankee ships, as the light of a candle is to the fire-fly, and equally as fatal. After the capture of the last-named vessel, we shaped our course for Cienfuegos, Cuba, and anchored near the outer fort, about four o'clock this afternoon. We waited outside until all our prizes, except the brig *Cuba*, which has not yet made her appearance, sailed in; the *Sumter* then followed in their wake, like a mother watchfully protecting her children. All the prizes brought into this port will be taken charge of by the Cuban authorities, subject to the order of the commander of the *Sumter*. This is cheering. The Northerners predicted that no nation with which they were on terms of amity would permit any vessel belonging to the Confederate States to enter their ports.

July 7.—Finished taking in water and coal, and sailed this morning.

July 17.—Arrived off the harbour of St. Anne, island of Curaçoa, yesterday evening, and this morning steamed in—the men attired in their best clothes, the officers in full uniform, the Confederate flag flying, and the commander's whip-like pennant gaily fluttering at her main. Thousands of people are assembled on the quays to see the little stranger. Amicable relations have been established, and the *Sumter* is quite "a lion." She is in need of a few repairs, which will be made before we sail again.

July 24.—The *Sumter* sailed from St. Anne this morning. As she passed the guard-ship cheers were given, which were caught up by the multitudes assembled on either side of the inlet. Not the least gratifying part of this ovation was the waving of handkerchiefs by some of earth's fairest daughters. These friendly manifestations were duly appreciated, as we proved at the time.

July 25.—The old, familiar sound, "Sail ho!" is heard once more. "Star-spangled banner, long may it wave!" Francis Key never uttered this prayer more fervently than do the *Sumter* "rebels;" for they know that wherever "floats that standard sheet" they are sure of a prize. This one is the *Abby Bradford*, a pretty little schooner, hailing from Portland, State of Maine. As she has a full cargo, a prize crew has been put on board, who will take her into the nearest port, the *Sumter* accompanying her.

July 26.—Anchored to-day outside the harbour of Porto Cabello, Republic of Venezuela. Owing to the commander's refusal to comply with a certain port regulation, the authorities would not grant either the *Sumter* or her prize permission to enter the harbour.

July 27.—Being still unable to gain admission into the harbour, the *Sumter* and her prize left Porto Cabello this morning. Not long afterwards, the barque *Joseph Maxwell*, of Philadelphia, was captured. Her cargo being very valuable, and selected with a view to its sale in the West Indies, or the Spanish Main, the *Sumter* returned with her to Porto Cabello. The authorities refused to admit either vessel, but a portion of the crew of the *Maxwell* was allowed to land, being taken charge of by the

United States consul. Thereupon the *Sumter* and the *Maxwell* left the port; and when out at sea, a prize crew was sent on board, with orders to sail for Cienfuegos. At the same time the *Abby Bradford* was despatched to New Orleans, by way of Berwick's Bay.

July 30.—Arrived about noon at Port of Spain, Island of Trinidad.

August 1.—A great number of persons have visited the *Sumter* here. They cannot conceive how it was possible for her to have run the blockade at New Orleans. They had read all the proclamations of the silly President of the Northern Republic, and believed he would make good his threats; and again, they believed that the Northern navy was sufficiently numerous to sweep from the seas every ship of the Southern Confederacy.

August 3.—The British steamer *Cadmus* arrived to-day. She is a staunch-looking vessel, carrying twelve guns. The most friendly intercourse exists between the two commanders and their officers. The remark was made, "The English here treat us more like princes than plain Republican Americans." No tidings have been received of the prize brig *Cuba*, captured off Cienfuegos. Late journals make no mention of her arrival there; and fears are entertained that ill has befallen her.

August 5.—Sailed from Port of Spain.

August 16.—Arrived off the harbour of Cayenne, French Guiana. The commander being unwilling to comply with one of the port laws relative to war vessels, the *Sumter* left during the afternoon. Some of her officers, however, went ashore, and learned that two days before an United States gunboat had been there looking for the *Sumter*.

August 18.—After leaving Cayenne, the vessel's course was shaped for Paramaribo, Dutch Guiana, off which port she signalled for a pilot until sundown; none having arrived at that hour, she came to anchor. About twilight a sail was seen in the distance, approaching the *Sumter*. It was soon apparent that she was a steam war-vessel. Steam was raised, the anchor hove up, all hands beat to quarters, the guns manned, the old charges drawn, and fresh ones put in their places. By the time all these preliminaries had been arranged, it was ascertained by the aid of the night telescope that the strange vessel had anchored. The *Sumter* followed suit; but a vigilant look-out is kept upon the movements of our supposed enemy.

August 19.—Early this morning the look-outs had reported that the steamer outside was under way. Slowly she steamed towards the *Sumter*, seeming to have made every preparation for attack. She had not yet hoisted her flag, neither had the *Sumter*—each commander being apparently desirous of learning the nationality of the other first, and of letting him know, by a death-dealing broadside, that an enemy was at hand. The stranger looked like an American-built vessel, having long mastheads and a sharp overhanging bow. Yes, there was no mistaking her—she must be one of the gunboats sent in search of the *Sumter*. When she was near enough for the number of her guns to be determined, we found that she

carried one gun more than the *Sumter*, and were glad that the disparity was no greater. Slowly and cautiously the vessels neared each other. When not more than a cable's length off, our first lieutenant hailed her in a loud voice, "Ship ahoy!" "Hallo!" was promptly answered. "This is the Confederate States steamer *Sumter*—what vessel is that?" After waiting about half a minute, which seemed an age, the *enemy* replied: "The French steamer *Abbeville*!" Here was a disappointment—after all this preparation for mortal combat, to find, at last, that the supposed enemy was a friend! There was not a single man who would not freely have relinquished all the prize money then due to him, could he have transformed the Frenchman into a Yankee. She was nearer the equal of the *Sumter* than they ever expected to meet again, and the *Sumter* had captured so many merchantmen that it might be said she did not care to meet any other class of vessels. After the Frenchman had given his name, he was asked if he had a pilot. He answered in the negative; and added that it was his intention to go in without one, as he knew the channel well. He did so, and we followed him. Soon after the *Sumter* anchored, one of the Governor's aids came on board to welcome our commander. Several Yankee vessels in port, as soon as the *Sumter* arrived, ran up the stars and stripes.

August 28.—No one belonging to the *Sumter* has cause to complain of the treatment he has received here. Not a day has passed since her arrival but what some demonstration of sympathy for the cause of the South, or of respect and friendship for the commander of the *Sumter*, has taken place. . . . Late advices from Cuba announce that the crew of a small vessel, previously captured by a Southern man-of-war—name not given—had overpowered and murdered the prize crew. It is feared that the "small vessel" alluded to is the brig *Cuba*.

August 29.—We received intelligence this morning that a gunboat, bearing the flag of the United States, had been seen cruising off the mouth of the Surinam—the river on which Paramaribo is situated. If this is true, this vessel is no doubt one of the fleet of cruisers sent in search of the *Sumter*.

August 30.—The *Sumter* steamed out of the harbour, followed by the most cheering evidences of the friendship of the people.

September 5.—(Maranham.)—After five days' pleasant sailing from Paramaribo, the *Sumter* arrived, without anything having occurred worthy of note, in the domains of the Emperor of Brazil. Found in port two Brazilian men-of-war—between which, and right abreast of an immense fort, she is now at anchor.

September 14.—The *Sumter* has been ready to sail for several days, but has been detained on account of the non-arrival of the mail, which was received yesterday. Its advices confirm the recapture of the brig *Cuba*. The prize crew consisted of two sailors and two marines, the prize-master being Midshipman Hudgins. One of the sailors, Davidson, informed the captain of the brig, who, although a prisoner, was allowed to

remain on board the *Cuba*, that he and the other sailor, Spencer, were willing to lay down their arms and surrender the vessel to him, provided he would guarantee them pardon from the President of the United States. Captain Stroud promised to use his influence to that end, whereupon the sailors delivered up their arms, and tried to persuade the marines to follow their example. They refused, and informed Mr. Hudgins of the treachery of the two sailors. By this time Captain Stroud, having taken measures for regaining possession of the brig, ordered Mr. Hudgins to give up his weapons. He declined to do so, whereupon Captain Stroud made a signal, which was answered by his own men and the renegades. In the meantime, Mr. Hudgins climbed a mast, from which he fired repeatedly at the party on deck, wounding several men, one fatally; however, he himself was wounded in turn, and thus compelled to descend. The two marines gallantly seconded their commander, but were soon overpowered and put in irons—a punishment that was afterwards accorded to the two traitors.

September 15.—Sailed from San Juan de Maranham, Brazil.

September 25.—The *Sumter* has now ceased to exercise her vocation so long that the Yankee shippers doubtless think she has bidden farewell to the Spanish Main. If Captain Briggs, of the *Joseph Park*, entertained any such opinion, he was undeceived to-day. About three o'clock this afternoon a rakish-looking little barque hove in sight; it was Briggs's brigantine. We were soon alongside of her. When her first-mate made the unpleasant discovery that his neighbour was an armed Confederate vessel, he attempted to give his barque more sea-room; but his efforts availed him not, though he handled his vessel in a very seamanlike manner. The *Joseph Park*, too, was remarkably swift. However, the captain thought it best to heave-to, and haul down the once glorious Stars and Stripes.

September 27.—For the past two days the *Sumter* and her prize have been cruising along under easy sail, both vessels displaying lights at night, and keeping within sight of each other during the day. To-day, however, the *Sumter* dropped alongside of the *Park*, and after the transfer of the prize crew and a portion of her stores to the steamer, she was first used as a target, and then made a bonfire of.

October 22.—Nearly one month has elapsed since the capture of the *Joseph Park*, and not a single sail has been seen during that time. We think of the Yankees' boast, that their sails whiten the ocean!

October 24.—A sail at last! It is a pleasure to see one occasionally, though it may not be one of the kind we are in quest of. To-day a French brig was boarded. The captain being asked the news from the States, replied, "Before I left home I heard they were fighting in America, but I did not learn who were the belligerents, what they were fighting for, or which was the victorious party!" This Gaul certainly takes very little interest in other people's affairs.

October 28.—The cruise of the *Sumter*, during the last month, has been attended with so little success that it seemed her guardian angel had

flown; but to-day she has shown her face again. The blessing she has bestowed on us this time is a pretty little schooner, the *Daniel Trowbridge*, crammed with everything in the eating line we could desire.

October 29.—Early this morning a boat was sent off to the prize for a supply of fresh provisions, and returned with sheep, pigs, potatoes, and an abundance of fowl—luxuries we had not indulged in for a long time. During the excellent dinner we enjoyed to-day, many thanks were expressed for the kindness of Uncle Abe, in thus remembering us in our hour of need—of fresh provisions.

October 31.—Since the capture of the *Trowbridge* everybody has been busy. A portion of the crew has been employed on the prize, breaking out in the hold, to get the provisions required for the ship's use; while another gang has been making room for the reception of new stores. During this time her decks have looked like a compromise between a provision wareroom and a slaughter-house. Such was the condition of the *Sumter* when, this morning, at eight o'clock, a sail was descried. Preparation was immediately made for the chase. The prize crew was recalled from the schooner, with instructions to fire her before they left. We had become tired of the routine of the past three days, and were glad of the opportunity for a change. What a pleasure it is to be in chase of a ship, especially if her captain is a plucky fellow and a good seaman, as was he of the Danish brigantine *Eliza*? After boarding this ship we proceeded on our course.

November 1.—At half-past three o'clock this morning a very large and brilliant light was seen from the deck of the *Sumter*. On nearing it, it was discovered to be the burning wreck of the *Trowbridge*. The *Sumter's* course had been changed since she left the schooner in the morning, which accounts for the second meeting of the two vessels—one trim and rakish in appearance, her decks crowded with happy devil-may-care fellows, to whom it mattered not in what direction the prow of their craft was turned; the other a miserable wreck, abandoned to the mercy of the wind and wave, and sending up to heaven masses of smoke and sheets of flame.

November 2.—No fewer than three sail have been overhauled to-day, all carrying the flag of Great Britain. One of them reported the capture of the "pirate" *Sumter*, off Charleston Harbour, after a most determined resistance, in which she was dismasted, and lost more than half her crew.

November 5.—We meet so many vessels under British colours that the question arises—Are not many of them Yankees in disguise? When we were at San Juan de Maranham it was positively asserted that many Yankee skippers had effected, at that port, a bogus sale of their vessels to English merchants, so that when they sailed they would be under the protection of the British flag! How humiliating it must be to be compelled to resort to these shifts! To-day we boarded the British brigantine *Rothsay*, the French brig *Hélène*, and the British ship *Plover*. The captain of the *Plover* asked the boarding officer if he was in search of the *Sumter*—having mistaken her for a Yankee gunboat. The officer, be-

lieving the skipper to be in jest, replied affirmatively. "Then," said the skipper, "it will take a smarter looking craft than yours to catch the *Sumter*; and even if you find her you can't take her!"

November 7.—Boarded another vessel bearing the British flag—no evidence, now-a-days, that she is owned by British subjects: also a French brig.

November 8.—Still another Britisher! The shipbuilders of Albion must have been busy lately.

November 9.—This morning the *Sumter* arrived at Port Royal, island of Martinique. Astern of us is the French gunboat *Achéron*, whose captain paid his respects to the commander of the *Sumter* soon after she anchored.

November 10.—We have learned, since our arrival here, that the United States gunboat reported cruising off the mouth of the Surinam river was the *Keystone State*. The commander made diligent inquiries respecting the whereabouts of the *Sumter*. On learning from one of the pilots that she was up the river at Paramaribo, he immediately put to sea. He acted wisely: for the *Keystone State* is not more than a match for the *Sumter*. In trying to capture her he might have lost his own ship.

November 12.—Our stay in Port Royal will be an era in the cruise of the *Sumter*. The crew were permitted to go ashore, and seemed to have enjoyed themselves in the style peculiar to old salts. It has been hinted that the *Sumter* boys are strong advocates of temperance, inasmuch as they strove to *put down* every beverage that would intoxicate. They had many furious encounters in endeavouring to enforce their abstemious principles; for several came aboard minus various very necessary articles of wearing apparel. One of them, to show his love of pure cold water, jumped off the wharf and attempted to *wade* to the ship. Had not a boat been promptly sent to his assistance, he would never more have answered to the muster-roll. After being fished out of the water and deposited in the boat, he attempted to jump out of it, and it required the combined efforts of the crew to prevent it. Seeing that there was danger of the boat being capsized, the commander of the *Achéron* kindly sent his gig to tow the boat alongside of the *Sumter*.

November 13.—(St. Pierre.)—We arrived here about noon, having left Port Royal in the morning. Being unable to procure coal at the latter port, it was necessary to come hither. As there are so many Yankee cruisers around the West Indies the *Sumter* will not prolong her stay here. A few days before the *Sumter* reached Port Royal the United States war steamer *Iroquoise* put in there, but stayed only long enough to inquire after the *Sumter*. She was described as a gunboat of the largest class, carrying guns of the heaviest calibre.

November 14.—The *Iroquoise* has arrived! When first opening the harbour she was disguised; her yards were braced every way, the Danish flag flying at her peak. But this ruse did not deceive us, for many of us had seen her before. Having taken her position in front of the harbour she hoisted the Stars and Stripes; while some of her crew set to work at

something on her fore-castle—doubtless mounting the forward pivot gun, a 120-pounder. The *Iroquoise* is a magnificent-looking craft, bark rigged, carrying six heavy guns. As soon as she hoisted the United States flag, crowds of people collected on the quays, to get a good look at her, some of them even expecting that she would give us battle then and there. Preparations were immediately made for this event. Our ship was cleared for action. The carpenter's gang were set to work making shot plugs. At twilight, all hands were mustered on the quarter-deck, where small arms were served out; and look-outs were doubled fore and aft.

November 15.—Last night about 11 o'clock the *Iroquoise* was seen slowly approaching the *Sumter*. Immediately all hands were called with as little noise as possible. No drum beat to quarters; but "Boys, rouse up, the *Iroquoise* is alongside ready to grapple us!" was sufficient to clear the gun-deck of hammocks in a remarkably short space of time. The gun-deck, being already cleared for action, was properly lighted; the guns were manned, the magazine was opened, and the surgeon and his assistant "stood by." Our big pivot gun bore directly on the *Iroquoise*; and her crew (the picked men of the ship) made a picture not easily forgotten, as they stood about her, every man with a revolver in his belt and a cutlass at his side. It was thought that the *Iroquoise* would undertake to board us in boats. Had the attempt been made, the Yankees would have met with a warm reception. Captain Palmer went ashore directly after his arrival, and boasted that as he had been sent after the *Sumter*, he intended to take her. He even had the assurance to ask permission of the authorities to capture her in the harbour. To this modest request, he received for an answer: "The *Sumter* can remain in our port, and receive the protection of our flag, during the pleasure of her commander, but if she, or the *Iroquoise*, violates the neutrality of the port, the guns of our forts shall be turned against her." From this we inferred that Captain Palmer might endeavour to carry his point by stratagem. The boys knew that once in the hands of the Yankees they could not expect any other than the most brutal treatment, and, remembering the fate of the *Savannali's* crew, resolved never to give up the ship. Death is preferable to capture. . . . Seeing that the commander of the *Sumter* and his little crew were as wide awake as himself, Captain Palmer wisely concluded to defer the attack. As the *Iroquoise* wore round and stood out to sea, our men were ordered to leave their quarters. Some of them took their hammocks below, to finish their night's sleep, others turned into the hammock nettings, or lay upon the deck, all with their arms girded on them or within reach. A few loitered about, discussing the probability of another visit from our friends. The *Iroquoise* dropped alongside of us about one o'clock, and again at three o'clock in the morning, but attempted nothing.—The French gunboat *Achéron*, 8 guns, arrived to-day from Port Royal. The commander paid his respects to our captain, through one of his officers, soon after she came to anchor, which courtesy was reciprocated. It is understood that the *Achéron* will have no com-

munication with the *Iroquoise*, nor permit her to communicate with the shore, otherwise than by signals, until she anchors.

November 16.—The *Iroquoise* dropped anchor to-day. Thereupon the commander of the *Achéron* sent an officer aboard to confer with Captain Palmer. The result of the conference is that the *Iroquoise* must come to anchor, or else must go three miles outside of the harbour. Immediately after the departure of the officer the *Iroquoise* hove anchor for a cruise in the harbour.

November 17.—The time having arrived for the *Iroquoise* either to anchor or leave the harbour, she chose the latter alternative, and is now three miles outside.

November 19.—The *Iroquoise* still hovers about us. The harbour, like that of New Orleans, is crescent-shaped, but the points are more clearly defined than those of the Crescent City. Between these two points of land, about three miles apart, the *Iroquoise* has taken her position, and is continually steaming from one to the other. It reminds one of a big bully swaggering in front of a little man's door, and daring him to come out and fight.

November 22.—The *Sumter* raised steam late this afternoon to test the repairs that have been made on her machinery. Seeing the smoke, the *Iroquoise*, after dark, came in much nearer than usual. We learned to-day that several of the crew of the *Joseph Park* and *Daniel Trowbridge*, put ashore at Port Royal by the *Sumter*, but afterwards sent to this place by the United States Consul, are now serving on the *Iroquoise*. Before they left the *Sumter* they all spoke gratefully of the treatment they had received, and solemnly swore not to take up arms against the Confederate States during the present struggle.

November 23.—The *Sumter* is once more in blue water! Every preparation having been made, the ship being in good sailing trim, a portion of her stores placed on the spar deck, to be hove overboard to lighten her in case it was necessary, precisely as the eight o'clock gun was fired, she slipped her anchor and steamed slowly out to sea, keeping close under cover of the land. Scarcely had her propeller revolved a dozen times before a blue light appeared at the masthead of the only Yankee ship in port. Then a second signal was displayed on shore, and then another. The engine was stopped. The *Sumter* was now abreast of the French war steamer, which was under the guns of the fort, but nothing could be seen of the *Iroquoise*. The engine was again started; our ship moving very slowly, and still closely hugging the land. When nearly opposite the southern point, the *Iroquoise* was seen bearing down on us; but as we were so completely under cover of the land, it was not likely that she saw us. The *Sumter's* prow was turned in the direction of the other point, but afterwards she ran closer into the harbour, all the time watching every movement of the *Iroquoise*. Seeing that she was still watching the southern point, the *Sumter* shot across to the northern point at her fullest speed. Just before she reached the point a vessel was seen a little ahead

of her. The engine was again stopped to determine the character of this craft. The darkness was so intense that it was impossible to make her out at first. A blundering quartermaster pronounced her to be an armed steamer; after a minute of anxious suspense, she was transformed into a sailing frigate, lying broadside on; and finally, while we were in momentary expectation of attack, she proved to be a harmless little fore and aft schooner. About a quarter of an hour was lost in making out this vessel. The engine was again set in motion, and in a few minutes the *Sumter* was rounding the point. After she passed Diamond Rock she gave the land a wider berth, heading for the open sea. Even at this moment we could scarcely realize that the wide-awake Captain Palmer could be foiled so easily. Did he wait until morning watching the southern point? or did he give chase to an imaginary *Sumter*? It will be hard to convince him now that the rebels did not leave St. Pierre either by the overland or the underground route. . . . The *Sumter* passed the Island of Dominique at 10.35. Allowing for the detention at the point, she made the thirty miles in two hours; this is good time, considering that she encountered a head wind and a rough sea. The boys refuse to call this running the blockade; they say it was merely a little Saturday night's frolic, and it would be nothing but right to return and give Captain Palmer another chance of promotion. It should have been stated that a large and brilliant light, which was placed astern of the *Sumter*, in the window of a building near the Cathedral, every night after the arrival of the *Iroquoise*, was hauled down as soon as the former got under weigh. Four lights, seemingly on a flag-staff, were placed one above another, on a housetop, supposed to be that of the United States Consul; after being displayed about five minutes they were put out, one at a time. The vessel that raised a blue light to her masthead was the same one that hauled down the British flag, which she had flown ever since the *Sumter* had been in port, and hoisted her proper colours, the Stars and Stripes, as soon as the *Iroquoise* arrived.

November 25.—To-day we captured the ship *Montmorenci*, of Bath, Me., with a cargo of 1,800 tons of coal, consigned to British residents in St. Thomas. Her captain executed a bond to the value of the ship in favour of the commander of the *Sumter*. After taking from her her papers and colours, she was permitted to continue on her course.

November 26.—Captured and burned the schooner *Arcade*, of Portland, Me.

December 3.—Early this morning a large ship was overhauled—the *Vigilant*, bound to Sombrero Island for guano. Her crew, all blacks, were terribly frightened at seeing the *Sumter*. When the prize-crew boarded her the negroes could hardly be prevented from jumping overboard, and when they came aboard the *Sumter* they acted as though their hour had come. Some of them verily believed that they would have to walk a plank. The *Vigilant* was stripped of everything we wanted, and then fired. We took from her a nine-pounder rifle gun, which is mounted

on the forecastle, in place of the one hove overboard in running the blockade of the Mississippi.

December 8.—Maine has given us three ships this week; now it is the turn of the old Bay State. A bark, fitted out for a three years' whaling voyage, was made a bonfire of to-day. She was fourteen days out from New Bedford. She had sprung a leak, which kept the men continually at the pumps; some of them were in an almost exhausted condition. The approach of the *Sumter* was hailed with joy.

December 14.—For several days past we have had rough weather; and last night it blew a perfect hurricane. Early in the evening all the hatches were battened down, and the guns secured—precautions which were taken not a moment too soon. At midnight the gale raged with extraordinary violence. Winds and waves seemed to have entered into a league to destroy us. At one o'clock this morning a sea struck her forward, staving in the bulwarks on the starboard side of the gun-deck, and carrying away one of the stanchions to which the bow guns were partly secured. The gun, a thirty-two pounder, finding itself adrift, started off on a cruise on its own account. It was soon captured, however, and carried back to its old quarters. The hole in the ship's side was temporarily repaired, by which time the flying jibboom was sprung; however, we got it rigged in, and all the gear and the jib were saved in good condition. Just before daylight the storm began to abate, but even now (11 A.M.) the ship is pitching terribly, showing her keel to the skies and her decks to the fishes. The *Sumter*, in passing through this ordeal, proved herself a much better sea-boat than many of us even hoped to find her.

December 25.—Christmas! In the South, this year, Christmas is not likely to be celebrated as in the old days. It will probably be turned into a day of fasting and mourning, and prayers will ascend for the repose of the souls of those who have fallen in battle, and for the safety of the thousands of fathers, husbands, and brothers whose lives are staked for their country's cause. We, here in the Western Ocean, have passed a sad day—a miserable imitation of Christmas.

December 28.—The British bark *Rouchabuctoo*, of Aberdeen, was boarded to-day. She brought intelligence of the burning, in the British Channel, of the American packet-ship *Harvey Birch*, by a side-wheel steamer carrying the Confederate flag, and supposed to be the *Nashville*.

December 29.—In the track of vessels again. To-day the Southern flag exchanged courtesies with the shipping of many nations—British, French, Dutch, Prussian, &c.—twenty-seven sail in all. Out of this number not a single Yankee! If the terrible *Nashville* has captured them all on this side of the Atlantic, the *Sumter* will have to return to her old cruising ground in the Caribbean Sea.

December 30.—The *Sumter* has been half a year out from New Orleans to-day. Since that date she has run two blockades, and evaded the vigilance of the fleet of gunboats which have been searching for

her all over the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea. She has captured sixteen valuable prizes; visited ports in Cuba, Curaçoa, Trinidad, Martinique, Venezuela, Dutch and French Guiana, and Brazil. A still more creditable feat is that of crossing the Atlantic in the dead of winter; for the *Sumter* is anything but a staunch ship. What a reflection it is on the vaunted efficiency of the United States navy, that a little bark of less than 500 tons, with a crew of only 114 men, should for six months prey upon its shipping without having once to fight for it! Her success in running the blockade of St. Pierre may be attributed to a lack of vigilance on the part of Captain Palmer. In fact, it was the stupidity of his friends on shore that deceived him. He would have done well by imitating the *Sumter* in muffling his lights. He should have remembered how that mighty warrior of olden times, Gideon, with only 300 men, put to flight the hosts of Midian: it was merely by the judicious use of lights!

January 3, 1862.—Several vessels have been seen, but the sea was too rough to overhaul them.

January 4.—We have arrived at Cadiz. We steamed in without a pilot, though one towed astern, and gave directions as to the channel, not daring to venture on to her decks until she had been boarded by the health officers. These gentlemen have ordered the *Sumter* into quarantine for three days.

January 5.—This morning our commander was ordered to leave the port within twenty-four hours. He refused to obey this strange order. The *Sumter* is not in a seaworthy condition, being very leaky. It is a flagrant violation of international law to withhold succour from a distressed vessel, even though she belongs to an enemy, and in time of war. If any doubt existed as to whether an attempt would be made to enforce this mandate, it is now removed. Towards nightfall a large frigate steamed down from the inner bay—the rendezvous of the Spanish war vessels—and anchored near the *Sumter*. It is madness to expect that the *Sumter* would be the victor in an engagement with *her*. Notwithstanding this, our commander will not leave this port until his vessel is repaired.

January 6.—The hour fixed for our departure has come and gone. This morning the authorities informed us that the Spanish Cabinet had refused to sanction their action; and therefore the *Sumter* would be permitted to remain in the port of Cadiz. Soon afterwards the frigate hove anchor and left. Thus ends this miserable farce. Our commander is destined to be popular with the Spaniards: they invariably honour those whom they cannot bully.

January 7.—This afternoon the prisoners captured on board the *Arcade*, the *Vigilant*, and the *Eben Dodge*—forty-three in all—were sent ashore, the captains of the respective vessels having previously made arrangements with the United States Consul for sending them away. We heartily wish them a pleasant passage home.

January 12.—Steamed about fifteen miles up the inlet to the Government navy yard, where the *Sumter* is to be thoroughly overhauled, for repairs.

January 14.—The ship has been carefully inspected, and as she is not so much in need of repairs as was anticipated, she will haul out of dock to-morrow. She looks no less beautiful out of water than in it. Her great length, in proportion to her beam, gives her the appearance of a much larger vessel than she really is.

January 15.—Hauled out of dry dock and were towed down to the city.

January 16.—Seven of the crew have deserted here; and so the commander, hearing that much discontent existed in the ship, ordered all hands to be assembled and addressed them as follows:—"I have had you mustered to tell you that I have just received a despatch from our commissioner in London. He has sent us money and clothing, which are on the way, and will be here in a few days. When they come to hand you will get liberty and money, and will have your run on shore as heretofore. I have endeavoured to make you as comfortable as the circumstances of the ship would allow. I am deeply grieved that any of my crew should feel themselves so ill-treated or badly provided for as to desert their colours; not only desert, but to basely sell themselves to the enemy. I will now read to you the law of the Confederate States navy for the punishment of desertion." After reading the clause making desertion punishable with death, he continued, "If I catch any of those deserters I will execute them at the yard arm. The law leaves me no other alternative. I thought the *Sumter* had acquired some little reputation that would attach her crew to her. The enemy have been chasing you hither and thither. They have been searching for you all over the world; this fact alone should teach you the importance the enemy attach to your capture. You are well thought of by our own Government, and throughout Europe. Almost every newspaper I see contains some flattering notice of the *Sumter*; and the time will come when it will be thought no little credit to have served on her. Now, any of you who wish to leave can do so. I will not send officers in the boats to watch you. I do not wish to command a prison ship. I would much rather a man would desert our flag now, in port, than desert his gun in time of action. I will not have such men: I can dispense with all such dross." Then, after calling upon several of the men, upon whom he conferred rates for their good conduct, he ordered all hands to be piped down. The captain's address was delivered with deep emotion, and evidently had the effect of buoying up the spirits of those who were dispirited, if any there were. The United States Consul offers tempting inducements to all who will desert the *Sumter*. He has runners who besiege every boat we send ashore, and who employ every means (except force) to persuade the men to leave.

January 17.—Owing to our inability to procure what we required in Cadiz, we sailed thence to Gibraltar, only eighty miles distant, which we will reach to-morrow. The conduct of the Spaniards towards us has been so vacillating as to be the source of much annoyance. The day after the arrival of the *Sumter*, objection was made to her remaining longer

than twenty-four hours. To the order to leave, our commander answered that the Queen's proclamation did not apply to vessels in distress; that he would not endanger the lives of his command by going to sea in the condition his vessel was then in. In order to force him to respect this mandate a mammoth frigate was menacingly stationed near the *Sumter*. When the hour for our departure came, the Spaniards magnanimously granted us permission to remain. Next she was hauled into one of the Government docks, the officials as polite as Parisians, and seemingly fearful of their inability to pay sufficient deference to our commander. After undergoing slight repairs, the *Sumter* was towed down to the city. Here she procured a supply of water, but not a bucket of coal, the sale of it being positively forbidden. The commander was again ordered to leave within two hours. Six hours thereafter the authorities notified him verbally that he could remain and get everything he required. He replied that he desired nothing from the Spaniards, and would have no further intercourse with them. The written permission of the authorities was promised, and declined. Soon after the messenger had left the ship, we got under weigh. When abreast of the outer port the *Sumter* was hailed by a row boat, the oarsmen bending to their work as though their lives depended on the delivery of the huge papers held aloft by an official in the bow of the boat. Great must have been his astonishment on learning that this document was not worth stopping for!

January 18.—We are under the guns of Gibraltar the impregnable. We did not make the harbour until after nightfall, having been detained overhauling a couple of Yankees—the barques *Neapolitan* and *Investigator*. The crew of the former were transferred to the latter, when, after taking from her her papers and colours, she proceeded on her voyage. The *Investigator's* cargo was consigned to English merchants; hence her release. While we were taking from the *Neapolitan* what was necessary for the ship's use, we drifted within three miles of the coast of Morocco, where she was burned. Soon after we anchored, the senior naval officer of this station sent off a boat, tendering his respects, and inquiring if he could be of any service to the commander of the *Sumter*.

January 19.—We have received numerous visitors from the British steam frigate *Scylla*. They expressed surprise that so small a craft should create such a noise in the world. The old saying, that birds of a feather will flock together, is well exemplified in the visits of men-of-war's men to each other.

January 21.—The barque *Investigator*, after she was released by the *Sumter*, on the 18th, put into this port, and landed the crew of the *Neapolitan*. She sailed to-day for Liverpool. As soon as the *Sumter* arrived, the commander was notified that he would not be permitted to land any prisoners of war. As *passengers*, however, there was no objection to landing them from the barque!

February 12.—The United States gunboat *Tuscarora*, which, for several weeks, has been watching the Confederate States steamer *Nash-*

ville at Southampton, made her appearance here about noon. She is sent hither to watch the *Sumter*, and is now at anchor about half a mile astern of us. She is a new vessel, nearly three times the size of the *Sumter*, and carries nine guns, two of them of the heaviest calibre known to the Northern navy. However, she is not too big to be eluded.

February 13.—The *Tuscarora* has steamed over to the Spanish side. This Captain Craven no doubt considers a shrewd move, for, being in Spanish waters, he will have the right to leave at the same hour that the *Sumter* does.

February 21.—The paymaster of the *Sumter* left here in a French steamer, on the 18th, for Cadiz. He was accompanied by a Southerner, who was formerly United States Vice-Consul at Cadiz, but resigned on the inauguration of the rail-splitting President of the Northern Confederacy. The steamer stopped at Tangiers, in Morocco, and these two gentlemen went ashore, when they were arrested by a *posse* of soldier-policemen, and dragged to the residence of the United States Consul, where they were incarcerated in irons, as though they were guilty of a heinous crime. With Morocco, as with most Mahommedan countries, Christian powers have stipulated that their citizens and subjects shall not be amenable to the laws of the Moslem, but remain under the jurisdiction of the representatives of their respective Governments. These gentlemen had, of course, no suspicion that such an act could be perpetrated in the territory of a neutral power, notwithstanding the existence of this custom, or they never would have exposed themselves to the treatment they have experienced.

February 22.—A letter has been received from the paymaster, announcing that he had made his escape, but was afterwards recaptured. He states that his treatment is of the harshest kind, and is rendered still more unendurable by many indignities.

February 23.—We raised steam to-day to go alongside of a coal-ship. While the vessel was being unmoored an accident occurred to one of the boilers, of so serious a nature as to compel us to postpone taking in our supply of coals for a few days. The boilers are well nigh worn out.

February 24.—By the last steamer from England we are in receipt of the London *Times* of a recent date, containing statements made by Captains Smith, Minott, and Hoxie, whose vessels,—the *Arcade*, *Vigilant*, and *Eben Dodge*,—were captured and destroyed at sea on the *Sumter's* passage across the Atlantic. They complain of the filthy condition of the vessel, and of their being messed with the petty officers. Now the truth is that they messed with the warrant officers, whose mess-room, although situated forward, on the orlop deck, was as comfortable and commodious as the size of the ship would allow. For obvious reasons they were not quartered in the cabin or ward-room. When the *Eben Dodge*, Captain Hoxie's ship, was captured, she was in a sinking condition. Her men were so worn at the pump that half of them were helpless, and their health was as carefully attended to by our surgeon and his assistant as that of our own men.

Captain Hoxie also complained that his crew were robbed of all their clothing, except one suit. The *Eben Dodge* had an outfit of clothing for three years. This clothing was the property of the owners of the ship, put aboard to be served out to the crew as they might require it, and to be charged to their respective accounts. The *Dodge*, when captured, became the property of the Confederate States, with all her tackle and stores; nevertheless, the crew were permitted to retain two suits besides those they wore at the time of capture.

February 28.—Several days ago a large sailing war-vessel made her appearance off this harbour. She bears the Stars and Stripes, and appears to be heavily armed. She sailed to-day.

March 1.—The unknown war-vessel spoken of above is the United States sloop-of-war *Ino*, 23 guns. When she left yesterday, she sailed across the strait to Tangiers, and took aboard the paymaster of the *Sumter*. She afterwards returned and anchored in Spanish waters, off Algeciras, whence she sailed to-day for the States, leaving to the *Tuscarora* the pleasant duty of looking after the *Sumter*. The *Ino* is said to be a merchantman transformed into a war-vessel. The intention of the shrewd secretary of the Northern navy was to send her into the Mediterranean, where she would be likely to encounter the *Sumter*. The *Sumter*, of course, would drop alongside of her, thinking her an ordinary merchant ship, when the batteries of the *Ino* would open on her, and, with a single broadside, blow the *Sumter* into a million of pieces.

March 10.—There has been considerable movement among the Northern war-vessels in these and adjacent waters during the past few days. The *Kearsarge*, Commander Pickering, seven guns, which arrived at Algeciras on the 7th, steamed over and anchored astern of us on the following day. Being ordered to leave yesterday, she returned to the Spanish side. Her guns were all run in, and the ports closed, but at every air and light-port a dozen heads could be seen, every eye strained to catch a glimpse of the little blockade-runner. The *Kearsarge* may be a stronger ship, and better armed and more numerous manned than the *Sumter*, but we can beat the Yankees singing. Our old friend the *Tuscarora* now lies just outside the neutral ground in Spanish waters, having been ordered away from this side. The *Flambeau* is at Tangiers, and another Northern war-vessel, name unknown, is reported cruising about the mouth of the Mediterranean.

March 14.—After nightfall yesterday an armed sailing-vessel, flying the Stars and Stripes, in attempting to enter the harbour of Algeciras, was fired at twice. She then wore ship, and stood over to this side of the bay and anchored near the neutral ground. This morning she sailed over to Algeciras. The supposed cause of her being fired on is her violation of the port regulation forbidding the entry of vessels after sundown.

April 3.—By late advices from the United States, we learn that a general naval court-martial had been convened in the Federal capital, and among the cases tried were those of the commanders of the *Brooklyn* and

Keystone State, the offence of the first being his permitting the *Sumter* to leave the Mississippi river and go to sea, while his vessel was stationed there to blockade one of the mouths of that river. It was proved in evidence that the *Brooklyn* was in an unseaworthy condition; that her boilers were unsafe under a full head of steam; and that she was in chase of another vessel at the time the *Sumter* made her escape. If the *Brooklyn* was not seaworthy, why was she retained as one of the blockading fleet? It is a well-known fact that the *Brooklyn* was one of the strongest and fleetest vessels belonging to the Northern navy, and was, on the 30th of last June, in complete order in every respect. The commander of the *Keystone State* was not so fortunate. It was proved that he was in possession of authentic information respecting the whereabouts of the *Sumter*; that she was at the time lying at anchor in the Surinam river, near Paramaribo, Dutch Guiana; that she was poorly armed, and not fully manned; and that there was no excuse whatever for his not meeting her and giving her battle. The commander of the *Keystone State* was sentenced to be cashiered accordingly.

April 8.—Owing to the *Sumter's* boilers being completely worn out—they having been patched so often that no reliance can be placed in them—our commander has determined to disband and pay off his crew, and lay up the old ship until the expiration of the war. This news is received on all hands with great joy. We are heartily sick of the life of inactivity we have been leading for the past three months, though much regret will be felt at leaving the old ship which has carried us over so many miles of ocean, and through so many perils.

April 9.—Paying off and disbanding the crew was commenced to-day. A portion of the crew was sent ashore this afternoon, and the balance will follow them to-morrow. In leaving the *Sumter*, many pleasant associations are broken up—many cherished friends are separated. There is not a single man on her but who entertains for our old commander a sincere respect, and would be willing to follow him anywhere.

April 10.—Yesterday the paymaster finished paying off the crew, with the exception of eleven men who remain on board to take care of the ship.

The Art of Alpine Travel.

MOUNTAINEERING is now so completely established as one of our national sports, that the words of an eminent authority on another and older sport may fairly be made use of in treating of it. In Roger Ascham's *Schole or Partitions of Shootinge*, Toxophilus says, "Learning to shoote is little regarded in Englande, for this consideration, because men be so apte by nature they have a greate ready forwardnesse and will to use it, although no man teache them, although no man bidde them, and so of their own courage they runne hedlynge on it, and shoote they ill, shoote they well, greate heede they take not." It is very much in this spirit that many pedestrians set about mountain excursions in Switzerland. In the full enjoyment of their holiday, exhilarated by that potent stimulant, pure mountain air, conscious that "they be apte by nature," they run "hedlynge," and "greate heede they take not." Not that great heed, in the strict sense of the words, is required, or that a regular course of instruction in mountaineering is necessary to enable a man to enjoy thoroughly a mountain ramble. Still there are certain little precautions to be taken, the neglect of which will as certainly entail discomfort and even risk, as the adoption of them will ensure comfort and safety.

But there is another and perhaps even more numerous class of Alpine tourist; that which goes into the other extreme, and gives itself unheard of trouble in imagining and providing against a host of possible wants. Albert Smith, in his "Mont Blanc," used to give a caricature of this kind of tourist, in the description of the young gentleman who carried a stone jar for hot water in his knapsack, because he sometimes suffered from cold feet at night; and most travellers in Switzerland have overtaken a specimen of the class toiling painfully up the Col de Balme, or the St. Nicholas Valley, or some other approach to one of the great pedestrian centres, Chamouni or Zermatt. He is a remarkable object. From the sole of his boots—which are sure to be laced or otherwise secured on some ingeniously inconvenient principle, involving a great loss of time and temper—to the crown of his hat, which is full of contrivances for ventilation, he is an elaborate work of art, a result of long and deep study. His coat is a nest of pockets, to what end it would be hard to say, for he carries his dram-flask, telescope, and everything he can, slung over his shoulder. His knapsack is a mass of straps and buckles, and takes as long to adjust as a diving dress, besides being of such dimensions that, when he is seen from the rear ascending a hill, he reminds one of the old Bible prints of Samson carrying off the gates of Gaza. Nevertheless he looks

upon it as a master-piece of ingenuity, and, if you subsequently fraternize with him, will point out with no small pride what he playfully calls his "dodges" for preventing it from misbehaving in any way. He is a most undesirable companion for a glacier expedition, causing delay with his complicated gear, which is always giving way somewhere, and mentally cursed by the guides, upon whom, sooner or later, the burden falls, and who take a malicious pleasure in disregarding his elegant straps and buckles, and carry his pack in a rough-and-ready fashion, with a rope run through some of the fastenings, to their utter destruction.

The mistake which he has fallen into is trying to make a knapsack do the duty of a portmanteau. He has not sufficiently studied the question propounded by an excellent little religious work, "Is it possible to make the best of both worlds?" We think decidedly not, at least within the limits of a knapsack, the worlds being the valley and the mountain-top, the world of large hotels and table-d'hôtes and carriage tourists, and the upper region of chalet-inns and cow-houses and hay-lofts, and in other queer lodgings with which the mountaineer must content himself. It is true that attention to dress is not so rigorously exacted in Switzerland as in Hyde Park, and (especially of late years) the most lordly of hotel-keepers and the most serene of waiters will behave quite kindly to the Alpine tramp, let him be ever so tattered and torn. He has, in fact, become a power in Switzerland, and they respect his sunburnt face, and weather-beaten wide-awake and shabby shooting-coat, because they know that these things mean possible ascents of the Mont Blanc, or Monte Rosa, or Jungfrau of the neighbourhood, and consequently large orders for meats and wines, and, for all his insolvent appearance, a handsomer bill than that of milor who comes with half a dozen portmanteaus. Nevertheless there is a certain *gêne* in sitting down to a great table-d'hôte in a coat from which no amount of furbishing will remove the traces of bivouacs in the rocks and sojourns in leaky chalets, and which perhaps has been only made presentable half an hour before by the village tailor, in whose atelier you sat in your shirt-sleeves while he tried by means of fine-drawing to make you fit for Society. Besides, there is the return home to be considered. Although you may be perfectly understood at Interlachen or Chamouni, you will be liable to misinterpretation at Paris or Baden; nor is it a pleasant thing to enter a restaurant (and ah! how good is that little dinner at Philippe's after six weeks of flinty cheese and granitic bread and fibrous Alpine mutton!) with a consciousness that you present somewhat the appearance of a rat-catcher in reduced circumstances; or to be hailed at Boulogne as a fellow-bankrupt by some of the dilapidated craft lying in that harbour of refuge for insolvency. Those who are not strong-minded enough to make light of little difficulties of this sort will naturally try to avoid them by sundry additions to the mere pedestrian's outfit, which additions, if the traveller insists on making it literally a knapsack tour, compel him to carry a knapsack far too large and too heavy for the mountains. It is much better to take a small portmanteau,

which can be either left at some town which he is sure to revisit, or sent on, according to his plans. This can always be done in Switzerland or the Tyrol, at a very trifling cost and with perfect safety, by depositing the package, securely and legibly labelled, at the post office. All he requires for the mountains will go into a very small and light knapsack, not an abomination covered with sealskin, like those which look so effective in a shop window, but one made of macintosh and with as few straps and buckles as possible. In packing this knapsack the traveller should remember the advice of that eminent authority Palliser, "The Solitary Hunter," "Do not burden yourself uselessly by trying to forestall a thousand imaginary necessities,"—advice just as applicable to Alpine travel as to a campaign on the Prairies. A very little experience will show how few things are really required for excursions on the High Alps.

We have known expeditions to have been made with perfect success and comfort on a toothbrush and a spare pair of stockings, and if to these you add a second shirt, a pair of flannel trowsers, to be worn while those in ordinary use are drying, a comb, and a sponge, which is a great comfort when you take a bath in a mountain stream, you have all that even luxury demands. Sydney Smith recommended young authors who wished to attain simplicity of style, to strike out every second word when they came to read over their compositions, and something of the same sort might be done with advantage by the intending mountaineer, when arranging his kit. If he were to make out a list of things he fancies he wants, and then to strike out every second article, it would give a wonderful compactness to his budget. It should be borne in mind that on anything like a difficult expedition, what with provisions, ropes, hatchets, and perhaps a ladder, the guides will generally have quite as much weight to carry as is good for them, and that porters are, as the experience of many an Alpine traveller has shown, very often serious incumbrances.

There are, however, one or two things required in addition to those already mentioned. Some travellers go on the principle of despising the chances of cold and wet, and indeed there is more fuss made about these evils than they are worth. Still it is well to make some sort of provision against them. For this purpose, we incline to a belief that nothing will be found so generally useful as a plaid. Properly adjusted, it will keep out a great deal of rain. It is invaluable in camping out, a most desirable addition to the luxuries of a hay bed in a chalet, a comfortable wrap in starting in the raw dark morning, and when not in use, easily carried. If anything more be required, one of those pocket siphonias, which do not weigh more than twelve ounces, or occupy more space than a penny roll, will be quite sufficient. Something in the way of a telescope will be wanted, especially if new routes are to be tried. Many eminent hands advocate the double opera-glass, and certainly it has its advantages, but there is one fatal objection to it, that it is bulky and heavy, and must be carried in a sling, which makes it an intolerable nuisance in mountain climbing, as it is always swinging round to the front, dealing its bearer

shrewd knocks, and damaging itself against the rocks. Everything considered, there is probably nothing better than one of Cary's little pocket telescopes. It is quite powerful enough for examining the side of a distant mountain or picking out the way among the crevasses of a glacier, and does not take up more room than an ordinary pocket-knife. One or two points connected with the costume for the mountains may be touched upon here. There is no use in having boots made of that extravagant thickness one often sees in the Alps. A really well-made double sole is stout enough for any work, and thick enough to bear nails, of which, by the way, it is as well to bring a stock from England, for those to be had in Switzerland are apt to wear smooth in a very short time.* Spring-side boots are much more convenient for putting on and off than lace-up ones, but the elastic material suffers from the wet, and is likely to get cut by rocks; but whichever plan be adopted, they should be made broad in the sole, and if a strap be fixed over the broad part of the foot, it will be found a great protection against sharp stones. The ordinary shooting-coat, with a fair sprinkling of pockets, is for general purposes an admirable and a comfortable coat, but it does not do for constant and severe rock climbing. It is too long, and the flaps, especially if the pockets are heavily loaded, have an awkward knack of striking the middle of the thigh at each upward motion of the leg in ascending, while in descending, they have a way of remaining behind while you let yourself down, and then disgorging their contents over you. "A sweet thing in coats" for mountaineering would be a jacket reaching not lower than three or four inches below the hips, made of stout tweed, and lined, sleeves and back, with flannel. In any case, whatever the cut of the coat, this latter is a point worth consideration. Flannel dries soon, and never strikes a chill, while ordinary linings, when soaked with perspiration, remain cold and damp for a long time. The knickerbocker-versus-trowser question is as yet undecided, and until more facts have been accumulated it would be rash to venture an opinion. All that can be said is, that the former, with gaiters, would be very comfortable in a tramp through soft snow, but that somehow old mountaineers still cling to the latter.

To come back to the first class of tourist we spoke of, the advice they stand in need of is to "take it easy:" advice perhaps not very palatable to a holiday-seeker with a great deal to see and a bare month to see it in, but which, like many other unpalatable things, must be taken and digested. If you wish to avoid breaking down, being knocked up, getting blistered feet, not to mention the risk of more serious accidents, do not attempt to do too much at first. It may be provoking to a man, who has a soul for higher things, to spend the early days of his holiday upon hackneyed excursions—to-day to the Montanvert, to-morrow to the

* Moseley and Son, of King Street, Covent Garden, make boot nails expressly intended for glacier excursions. They are of steel, double-headed, and made to screw into the sole, so that they can be fixed or removed in a few seconds. Three or four of these screwed into each sole give a firmer hold on ice than any crampon.

Flegère, the day after to the Breven—but it is in most cases a necessity, and, in the long run, a saving of time. Of course there are many who stand in no need of this hint. The practised mountaineer will know from experience what he can do in his first day out; and the man who has been steadily rowing or cricketing during the season will require little or no probationary work, though even he is not proof against blisters, those plagues of pedestrian travel. But with many a Londoner who goes to Switzerland—and it is especially to the Londoner we address these hints—it is very different. The chances are, that any exercise which he has taken on the river in the season is not of a character to improve his wind, and he must get that whitebait out of his system before he attempts excursions in the high Alps. The injunction is all the more necessary because the air of the mountains has a peculiarly invigorating effect, and makes the traveller almost fancy that fatigue is a sensation he is never again to experience. It will do a great deal, but it will not give suppleness to limbs that have not for some time past undergone any severer gymnastics than the London streets afford; it will not harden feet that have not done an honest day's walking for the last nine months; it will not supply the necessary power of inflation to lungs that have had of late no harder work than that entailed by the ascent of a staircase. Therefore let the untrained beware how he yields to the influence of that treacherous stimulant, and when, on some such height as the Col de Balme, he gets his first unadulterated whiff of mountain air, and his first fair glimpse of the snow-world, 'and his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,' let him not decide upon starting for the top of Mont Blanc the next day, but rather make up his mind to go up the Breven instead. The chances are, he will have reason to be glad of having adopted the amendment. For the first hour or so, perhaps, he will spin along merrily. Too merrily most likely, as is the way generally with young mountaineers. Old guides and chamois-hunters take to the mountain-side in a very different style; they plod steadily upwards, with steps short and slow, and as regular as the beats of a pendulum, the toes turned rather outwards, and the weight of the body thrown well forwards. But this kind of pace will not suit the impatience of the newly arrived tourist, and consequently before long he will begin to be very much impressed by the scenery. In other words, he will be slightly blown, and if he is not ingenuous enough to admit the fact, will exhibit a tendency to stop every now and then, and allude in panting raptures to the glories of the view. Presently there will come on a dull aching sensation about the knees and thighs unused to "such a getting upstairs" as this: a feeling as if those parts had been severely thrashed with a bamboo cane. Then thirst, and frequent halts at every stream and rivulet that crosses the path; and perhaps by the time he gets to the top of the Cheminée he will even have come to taking furtive pulls at his dram-flask, if he carries one. At this stage of the proceedings, let him pause and ask himself how he would like to be, in his present condition, spread out against a wall of ice, like

an owl against a barn-door, his feet in two holes about the size of watch-pockets, his hands in two others, below him a crevasse of indefinite depth, and above a guide adjuring him to "monter."* And yet such a position



does occur sometimes in the passage of the Glacier des Bossons yonder, and might at this very moment be his, if he had started this morning according to his first impulse. Let him not be discouraged, however, or fancy that he has not in him the materials of which a good mountaineer is made. Many a traveller has begun worse who has afterwards made some of the most difficult excursions in the Alps with ease and enjoyment. He cannot expect to pass from a life of inactivity to one of violent exercise at one step. After one or two excursions of the same sort, always adhering to the golden rule, "take it easy," he will find himself a different being—that he has reformed himself altogether, and that he can do at a good steady pace, without calling a single halt or turning a hair, far more than he did a couple of days before with considerable distress. It will be

* There can be little doubt that fatigue from insufficient training was, if not the principal, one of the causes of the sad accident which happened on the Col du Géant, in 1860. The statement of the two surviving guides, the length of time taken in reaching the top of the pass, the unfavourable state of the snow, and the fact that the unfortunate travellers had been but a short time among the mountains, all make it more than probable that they were very much distressed when they commenced their descent; and if there is one kind of place that more than another demands the full exercise of every muscle, it is the kind of place where that fatal slip took place.

as well, too, on these excursions, to ascertain whether he is sufficiently sure-footed on ice, and free from giddiness, for the more difficult glacier expeditions. In this respect, as in every other, practice is everything. A man constitutionally liable to giddiness ought not, of course, to attempt any feat in which a seizure would be attended with danger, but with most persons the feeling wears off after a few days among the mountains.

We have already spoken of blistered feet among the evils arising from want of due preparation. There is, however, another precaution which every writer recommends, but which cannot be recommended too often. Avoid hard walking in new boots, or, at least, in boots that have not had time to adapt themselves to the shape of the foot. Prevention is better than cure, but if blisters do make their appearance to any extent it is better to lie by and cure them at once than to fight against them. A day spent in doctoring your blisters is often a wise economy, for a bad one may rub itself into an ugly sore, and put an end to your walking for the vacation. As an ointment there is, after all, nothing better than the old-fashioned application of common white soap made into a thin paste with brandy, and rubbed in night and morning. Against the other ills that Alpine flesh is heir to, sun-blisters and snow-blindness, no amount of training will give security. So often as you have to encounter a long tramp over snow-fields, more especially over freshly-fallen snow, so often do you run the risk of an attack of one or both. A veil and green or neutral tint spectacles will give a good deal of protection, but unfortunately the places where you require veil and spectacles most are just the places where you cannot afford to part with a particle of your natural clearness of vision, and where, if you had a spare pair of eyes, you would find them uncommonly useful. Glycerine has been recommended as a prophylactic for sun-blisters, but we never found it of any use, and very much prefer the more homely lubricant, fresh butter. For preventing snow-blindness there is nothing except wearing the spectacles as much as possible while on the snow. You must not conclude that you are going to escape because you do not happen to feel any inconvenience on the march. The attack always comes like a thief in the night. You go to bed without any unusual sensation, except, perhaps, a slight heat about the eyeball, but in the night-watches you wake up weeping plentifully, and feeling exactly as if some enemy had flung a shovelful of red-hot sand into your eyes. Almost every innkeeper and guide has his own nostrum to recommend, and you will be told to apply white of eggs, to wear goggles of raw meat, and to adopt other inconvenient remedies. But, though bathing with lukewarm milk and water may ease the smarting a little, the best plan is simply to "grin and bear it," and abstain from reading, writing, or drawing until it goes off, which it generally does in a few hours.

Old hands at Alpine travel, especially when two or three go together, may now and then dispense with guides. But the inexperienced traveller

would make a sorry figure in the Alps without them. If, in the course of his rambles, he meets with a trustworthy and willing guide (and he will be unusually unfortunate if he does not), he will find it the best and cheapest plan in the end to take him on for the rest of his tour at a fixed daily rate, making, if necessary, a special arrangement for expeditions of extra difficulty. It is not by any means so much a matter of importance that he should know the country which is to be travelled, as that he should be generally experienced in mountaineering, and a good fellow; the latter especially, because, besides serving you in the capacities of guide, valet, and courier, he will be also your comrade, your messmate, and the sharer in your bivouac, and all its discomforts and enjoyments. The Chamouni guides are generally rather more travelled than those of the Oberland, and as they, most of them, speak the Piedmontese patois of the upper valleys, are perhaps more useful on the Italian side of the Alps. On the other hand, they seldom know a word of German, while most of the Oberlanders understand at least enough French to get on with in the Chamouni district. The Oberlanders seem to have become of late more popular as guides with eminent mountain climbers than the Chamouni men, which very possibly may be owing to that travesty on protection, the Chamouni guide-regulations. These, though much less troublesome than they used to be, are still vexatious enough, and no matter how much of a *bon enfant* he may be, one cannot help regarding the man as a part of the system, while the Oberlander has all the attractions of an untaxed commodity secured to you by Free Trade. But it is with a guide as to locality very much as it is with a horse as to colour: if he is willing, obliging, good-humoured, and knows his business, it matters little where he hails from. A first-rate guide will be all this, and, if you are fortunate enough to secure a first-rate guide, rule the roast as much as you like in the valley, but on the mountain let his word be law. With a second-rate guide*—and it may be your fortune to have to cross a difficult pass with guides who do not inspire confidence—it is safer to adopt a different tone, and carry things with rather a high hand. Men of this class are often ignorant, stupid, pig-headed, and of little value, except for their thews and sinews, and mere local knowledge. Nevertheless, they are apt to give themselves great airs, and, if you let them have their own way, not unfrequently to lead you into scrapes. One of their leading failings is that, not from caution, but from their ignorance of the proper precautions, they have a great horror of glacier travelling, and, if you allow them, will lead you a dance over rocks to avoid it, thereby adding perhaps hours to your march, and putting the skulls of the party in danger from falling

* By second-rate guides we mean those men at places like Chamouni and Zermatt, who, though professed guides, are not in the habit of going on high glacier expeditions, and generally the men one picks up at the out-of-the-way places where there is no great demand for guides. A glance at the man's book will generally determine to which species he belongs.

stones. In a case of this sort your only resources are a little judicious snubbing, and your own judgment. Travelling along a glacier, even when



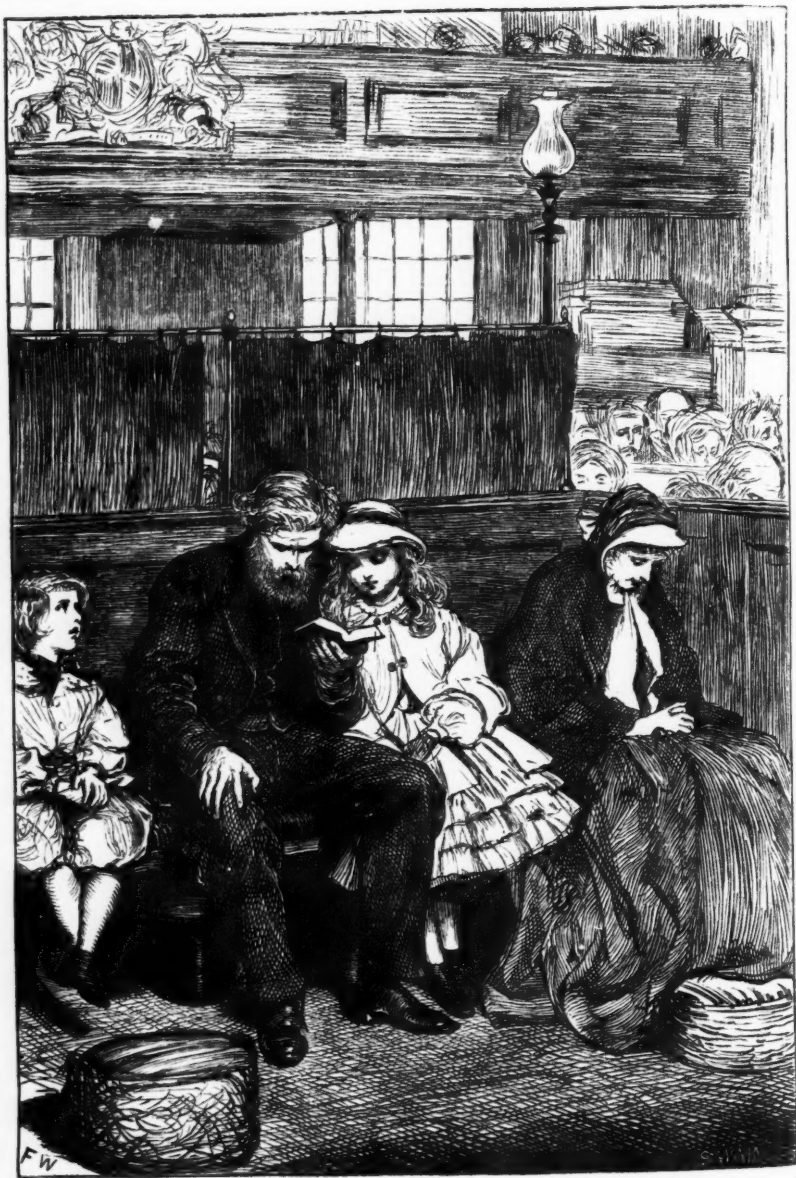
there are concealed crevasses, is not such a very formidable feat, if you bear in mind a few simple rules, namely, always to make the party go in Indian file, never abreast, which is simply to multiply the chances of some one falling in; always to keep the rope taut, for the more slack it is the farther a man falls, if the snow gives way; and the farther he falls the greater the chance of his pulling in some one after him: to take care that the guide or guides have the rope tied round their waists, not looped on their arms after the slovenly fashion they are so fond of; and, finally, to make the leading man probe every foot of the way with his alpenstock. Practised eyes will generally detect a lurking crevasse, unless the snow is fresh, but it would not be easy to describe the signs. If, however, you perceive ahead a streak of snow of greater purity than the rest, you may be pretty sure the enemy is there.

A paper on mountaineering would not be complete without a few words on camping-out, and they are the more necessary because camping-out is a bugbear to many Alpine travellers, who think nothing of encountering all other forms of hardship. There is, to some minds, something absurd about the notion of passing a night *sub Jove frigido*, except in case of dire necessity. Those good old-wives' fables about lumbago and sciatica, catching your death of cold, and being rheumatic for the rest of your life, are still believed in to a very great extent, and many a tourist has either given up a noble excursion, or else pushed on vehemently to gain some musty, stuffy, flea-haunted chalet, acting under the superstition that it is necessary to go through the form of going to bed under a roof, when with a little dexterity he might have passed a sufficiently comfortable, not to say enjoyable, night among the rocks. We speak from experience and in grateful remembrance of nights of sound and refreshing sleep which

might have been nights of sleepless torment. It is quite possible for a man in good health, with fair weather, to sleep night after night on the mountain side, just as well and as safely as in the best hotel in the valley, and far better than in most of the *châlet* inns. The first thing to be considered, of course, is the place for camping, and the great desideratum is a spot sheltered from the wind then blowing, and from that likely to blow during the night. Shelter over head is a minor point compared with this. Rain, if it comes, comes with the wind, and if you are protected from the one you are protected to a great extent from the other; besides, it is a much smaller evil to be wet through than to be pierced through and through by the nipping and eager air of morning in the Alps. The lighting of a fire and fetching water belong to the guides' department, but it is as well to see that they collect a good supply of firewood when an opportunity occurs on the march, and if you leave a little behind in your camp some future traveller will bless you. While these operations are going on, pick out your sleeping place and make it comfortable, levelling the floor and building up as much shelter for your head and the upper part of your body as possible. This done, adjust your knapsack for a pillow, and lie down provisionally in order to ascertain whether any further improvements are possible; for it will not be pleasant to have to rise in the dark, destroying your own rest and disturbing your neighbours, because some forgotten stone is working its way in between two of your ribs. If you can find any grass, hay, pine or rhododendron twigs within half an hour's walk, a couple of arms' full will materially add to your comfort. One of those sleeping bags, recommended by Mr. Galton, would be, of course, a complete protection against cold and damp; but it would also be a serious addition to the weight to be carried, weighing at least 10lbs., and, we imagine, on anything of a warm night, must be intolerably hot. The only substitute we have ever tried is a light waterproof sheet with loops at the end and sides, so that it can be laced up into a kind of bag if required. This is equally good as a protection against damp, and when used with a plaid, very nearly as warm, but has the advantages of not being close and stuffy, and of not weighing above a pound-and-a-half or two pounds. Besides, it serves for a variety of purposes. It will make a screen against the wind, a diminutive but still useful tent, a carpet to spread over a damp floor, and even a pretty good fortification against the enemies that lurk in the hay of a *châlet*. Your bed being made to your mind, take off your boots and put on dry stockings if you wish to avoid cold feet during the night. By this time the fire will be burning brightly, and it will be time to see about supper. It is by no means a bad provision to bring a small tin casserole for making soup. Soup is peculiarly grateful after a hard day's tramp, besides which, meat goes farther in this way than in any other, and you can turn the bones to some account. The same utensil washed out will do for coffee or tea. The latter is more refreshing, and also more easily made if you adopt Mr. Galton's plan, *i.e.* to tie up the requisite quantity

with sugar *quant. suff.* in a muslin bag, which is to be put in when the water boils and allowed to stand according to taste. Then comes what is perhaps the pleasantest hour of the twenty-four—that happy digestive interval between supper and turning in, when full, not of Bacchus and fat venison, but of soup and lean mutton and red wine, you stretch yourself out, and raising the incense of the soothing weed, discuss the events of to-day and the plans of to-morrow. Fresh fuel is heaped on the fire, and the little flames run up the twigs like fiery lizards, lighting up for an instant the black rocks behind and the bronzed faces of the guides. Then some one starts a song, and soon the music of the distant waterfall is drowned in a torrent of quaint old German *Lieder* poured forth from sturdy lungs. If you have a song sing it, no matter about its being understood. We have known “Vilikins and his Dinah” to have been produced with great effect in a mountain bivouac, though perhaps the success in that instance was due to the universal intelligibility of the “too-ral-li-day” which enters so largely into the composition of that popular lyric. Then succeeds another kind of music, more monotonous and nasal, and finding talk and song at an end for the night, you put up the collar of your coat, tie a handkerchief round your neck, and turn over on your face, not on your side or back, which are by no means positions to be adopted when lying on a hard surface. A tyro in camping-out generally finds it very hard to get to sleep on his first night in the open air. The novelty of the thing, the chill night air blowing across his cheek, the snoring of the guides, the sight, when he opens his eyes, of the solemn stars looking down on him, the moon sailing away through the heavens over his head, the pale forms of the mountains standing round him like the ghosts of the brawny giants he has been gazing on all day—all these things tend to make his first night on the mountains one of fitful slumber. He will soon get used to it, and after one or two bivouacs will sleep as soundly with a knapsack for his pillow, and the sky for his bed-curtain, as ever he did on the four-poster of civilization, and feel just as reluctant in the morning to rise from his mountain lair as if it had been a bed of down. But even with a sleep broken in this way, he is far better off than he would be if he attempted to pass the night in some foul-smelling, flea-swarming chalet. For the horrors of such a night, see the volumes of *Peaks and Passes* passim, and he who has endured them will readily believe that ghastly legend of the Oberland which relates how a young chamois-hunter, healthy and juicy, once lay down on the hay in a deserted chalet, and returned no more to his native village. Next spring, as the herdsmen led their charge up to the Alp, they found a gruesome skeleton. It was the hunter's. Maddened by a long fast, the fleas had fallen on him in a body, and devoured him. If these hints of ours save one Alpine traveller from one flea-bite, not to speak of a fate like this, we shall feel,—to use the words of the old-fashioned preface writers—that we have not written in vain.

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THANKSGIVING.

Philip.

CHAPTER XL.

IN WHICH WE REACH THE LAST STAGE BUT ONE OF THIS JOURNEY.



ALTHOUGH poverty was knocking at Philip's humble door, little Charlotte in all her trouble never knew how menacing the grim visitor had been. She did not quite understand that her husband in his last necessity sent to her mother for his due, and that the mother turned away and refused him. "Ah," thought poor Philip, groaning in his despair, "I wonder whether the thieves who attacked the man in the parable were robbers of his own family, who knew that he carried money with him to Jerusalem, and waylaid him on the journey?" But again and again he has thanked God, with grateful heart, for the Samaritans whom he has

met on life's road, and if he has not forgiven, it must be owned he has never done any wrong to those who robbed him.

Charlotte did not know that her husband was at his last guinea, and a prey to dreadful anxiety for her dear sake, for after the birth of her child a fever came upon her; in the delirium consequent upon which the poor thing was ignorant of all that happened round her. A fortnight with a wife in extremity, with crying infants, with hunger menacing at the door, passed for Philip somehow. The young man became an old man in this time. Indeed, his fair hair was streaked with white at the temples afterwards. But it must not be imagined that he had not friends during his affliction, and he always can gratefully count up the names of many persons to whom

he might have applied had he been in need. He did not look or ask for these succours from his relatives. Aunt and uncle Twysden shrieked and cried out at his extravagance, imprudence, and folly. Sir John Ringwood said he must really wash his hands of a young man who menaced the life of his own son. Grenville Woolcomb, with many oaths, in which brother-in-law Ringwood joined chorus, cursed Philip, and said he didn't care, and the beggar ought to be hung, and his father ought to be hung. But I think I know half-a-dozen good men and true who told a different tale, and who were ready with their sympathy and succour. Did not Mrs. Flanagan, the Irish laundress, in a voice broken by sobs and gin, offer to go and chare at Philip's house for nothing, and nurse the dear children? Did not Goodenough say, "If you are in need, my dear fellow, of course you know where to come;" and did he not actually give two prescriptions, one for poor Charlotte, one for fifty pounds to be taken immediately, which he handed to the nurse by mistake? You may be sure she did not appropriate the money, for of course you know that the nurse was Mrs. Brandon. Charlotte has one remorse in her life. She owns she was jealous of the Little Sister. And now when that gentle life is over, when Philip's poverty trials are ended, when the children go sometimes and look wistfully at the grave of their dear Caroline, friend Charlotte leans her head against her husband's shoulder, and owns humbly how good, how brave, how generous a friend heaven sent them in that humble defender.

Have you ever felt the pinch of poverty? In many cases it is like the dentist's chair, more dreadful in the contemplation than in the actual suffering. Philip says he never was fairly beaten, but on that day when, in reply to his solicitation to have his due, Mrs. Baynes's friend, Captain Swang, brought him the open ten-pound note. It was not much of a blow; the hand which dealt it made the hurt so keen. "I remember," says he, "bursting out crying at school, because a big boy hit me a slight tap, and other boys said, 'Oh, you coward.' It was that I knew the boy at home, and my parents had been kind to him. It seemed to me a wrong that Bumps should strike me," said Philip; and he looked, while telling the story, as if he could cry about this injury now. I hope he has revenged himself by presenting coals of fire to his wife's relations. But this day, when he is enjoying good health, and competence, it is not safe to mention mothers-in-law in his presence. He fumes, shouts, and rages against them, as if all were like his; and his, I have been told, is a lady perfectly well satisfied with herself and her conduct in this world; and as for the next——but our story does not dare to point so far. It only interests itself about a little clique of people here below—their griefs, their trials, their weaknesses, their kindly hearts.

People there are in our history who do not seem to me to have kindly hearts at all; and yet, perhaps, if a biography could be written from their point of view, some other novelist might show how Philip and *his* biographer were a pair of selfish worldlings unworthy of credit: how uncle and aunt Twysden were most exemplary people, and so forth.

Have I not told you how many people at New York shook their heads when Philip's name was mentioned, and intimated a strong opinion that he used his father very ill? When he fell wounded and bleeding, patron Tregarvan dropped him off his horse, and cousin Ringwood did not look behind to see how he fared. But these, again, may have had their opinion regarding our friend, who may have been misrepresented to them—I protest as I look back at the nineteen past portions of this history, I begin to have qualms, and ask myself whether the folks of whom we have been prattling have had justice done to them; whether Agnes Twysden is not a suffering martyr justly offended by Philip's turbulent behaviour, and whether Philip deserves any particular attention or kindness at all. He is not transcendently clever; he is not gloriously beautiful. He is not about to illuminate the darkness in which the peoples grovel, with the flashing emanations of his truth. He sometimes owes money, which he cannot pay. He slips, stumbles, blunders, brags. Ah! he sins and repents—pray heaven—of faults, of vanities, of pride, of a thousand shortcomings! This I say—*Ego*—as my friend's biographer. Perhaps I do not understand the other characters round about him so well, and have overlooked a number of their merits, and caricatured and exaggerated their little defects.

Among the Samaritans who came to Philip's help in these his straits, he loves to remember the name of J. J., the painter, whom he found sitting with the children one day making drawings for them, which the good painter never tired to sketch.

Now if those children would but have kept Ridley's sketches, and waited for a good season at Christy's, I have no doubt they might have got scores of pounds for the drawings, but then, you see, they chose to improve the drawings with their own hands. They painted the soldiers yellow, the horses blue, and so forth. On the horses they put soldiers of their own construction. Ridley's landscapes were enriched with representations of "Omnibuses," which the children saw and admired in the neighbouring New Road. I dare say, as the fever left her, and as she came to see things as they were, Charlotte's eyes dwelt fondly on the pictures of the omnibuses inserted in Mr. Ridley's sketches, and she put some aside and showed them to her friends, and said, "Doesn't our darling show extraordinary talent for drawing? Mr. Ridley says he does. He did a great part of this etching."

But, besides the drawings, what do you think Master Ridley offered to draw for his friends? Besides the prescriptions of medicine, what drafts did Dr. Goodenough prescribe? When nurse Brandon came to Mrs. Philip in her anxious time, we know what sort of payment she proposed for her services. Who says the world is all cold? There is the sun and the shadows. And the heaven which ordains poverty and sickness sends pity, and love, and succour.

During Charlotte's fever and illness, the Little Sister had left her but for one day, when her patient was quiet, and pronounced to be mending. It

appears that Mrs. Charlotte was very ill indeed on this occasion ; so ill that Dr. Goodenough thought she might have given us all the slip : so ill that, but for Brandon, she would, in all probability, have escaped out of this troublous world and left Philip and her orphaned little ones. Charlotte mended then : could take food, and liked it, and was specially pleased with some chickens which her nurse informed her were "from the country." "From Sir John Ringwood, no doubt?" said Mrs. Firmin, remembering the presents sent from Berkeley Square, and the mutton and the turnips.

"Well, eat and be thankful !" says the Little Sister, who was as gay as a little sister could be, and who had prepared a beautiful bread sauce for the fowl ; and who had tossed the baby, and who showed it to its admiring brother and sister ever so many times ; and who saw that Mr. Philip had his dinner comfortable ; and who never took so much as a drop of porter—at home a little glass sometimes was comfortable, but on duty, never, never ! No, not if Dr. Goodenough ordered it ! she vowed. And the doctor wished he could say as much, or believe as much, of all his nurses.

Milman Street is such a quiet little street that our friends had not carpeted it in the usual way ; and three days after her temporary absence, as nurse Brandon sits by her patient's bed, powdering the back of a small pink infant that makes believe to swim upon her apron, a rattle of wheels is heard in the quiet street—of four wheels, of one horse, of a jingling carriage, which stops before Philip's door. "It's the trap," says nurse Brandon, delighted. "It must be those kind Ringwoods," says Mrs. Philip. "But stop, Brandon. Did not they, did not we?—oh, how kind of them !" She was trying to recal the past. Past and present for days had been strangely mingled in her fevered brain. "Hush, my dear ! you are to be kep' quite still," says the nurse—and then proceeded to finish the polishing and powdering of the pink frog on her lap.

The bedroom window was open towards the sunny street : but Mrs. Philip did not hear a female voice say, "'Old the 'orse's 'ead, Jim," or she might have been agitated. The horse's head was held, and a gentleman and a lady with a great basket containing pease, butter, greens, flowers, and other rural produce, descended from the vehicle and rang at the bell.

Philip opened it ; with his little ones, as usual, trotting at his knees.

"Why, my darlings, how you air grown !" cries the lady.

"Bygones be bygones. Give us your 'and, Firmin : here's mine. My missus has brought some country butter and things for your dear good lady. And we hope you liked the chickens. And God bless you, old fellow, how are you ?" The tears were rolling down the good man's cheeks as he spoke. And Mrs. Mugford was likewise exceedingly hot, and very much affected. And the children said to her, "Mamma is better now : and we have a little brother, and he is crying now upstairs."

"Bless you, my darlings !" Mrs. Mugford was off by this time. She put down her peace-offering of carrots, chickens, bacon, butter. She

cried plentifully. "It was Brandon came and told us," she said; "and when she told us how all your great people had flung you over, and you'd been quarrelling again, you naughty fellar, I says to Mugford, 'Let's go and see after that dear thing, Mugford,' I says. And here we are. And year's two nice cakes for your children" (after a forage in the cornucopia), "and, 'lor, how they are grown!"

A little nurse from the upstairs regions here makes her appearance, holding a bundle of cashmere shawls, part of which is removed, and discloses a being pronounced to be ravishingly beautiful, and "jest like Mrs. Mugford's Emaly!"

"I say," says Mugford, "the 'old shop's still open to you. T'other chap wouldn't do at all. He was wild when he got the drink on board. H Irish. Pitched into Bickerton, and black'd 'is eye. It was Bickerton who told you lies about that poor lady. Don't see 'im no more now. Borrowed some money of me; haven't seen him since. We were both wrong, and we must make it up—the missus says we must."

"Amen!" said Philip, with a grasp of the honest fellow's hand. And next Sunday he and a trim little sister, and two children, went to an old church in Queen Square, Bloomsbury, which was fashionable in the reign of Queen Anne, when Richard Steele kept house, and did not pay rent, hard by. And when the clergyman in the Thanksgiving particularized those who desired now to "offer up their praises and thanksgiving for late mercies vouchsafed to them," once more Philip Firmin said "Amen," on his knees, and with all his heart.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE REALMS OF BLISS.



YOU know—all good boys and girls at Christmas know—that, before the last scene of the pantomime, when the Good Fairy ascends in a blaze of glory, and Harlequin and Columbine take hands, having danced through all their tricks and troubles and tumbles, there is a dark, brief, seemingly meaningless penultimate scene, in which the performers appear to grope about perplexed, whilst the music of bassoons and trombones, and the like, groans tragically. As the actors, with gestures of dismay and outstretched arms, move hither and thither, the wary frequenter of pantomimes sees the illuminators of the Abode of Bliss and Hall of Prismatic Splendour nimbly moving behind the canvas, and streaking the darkness with twinkling fires—fires which shall blaze out

presently in a thousand colours round the Good Fairy in the Revolving Temple of Blinding Bliss. Be happy, Harlequin! Love and be happy and dance, pretty Columbine! Children, mamma bids you put your shawls on. And Jack and Mary (who are young and love pantomimes,) look lingeringly still over the ledge of the box, whilst the fairy temple yet revolves, whilst the fireworks play, and ere the Great Dark Curtain descends.

My dear young people, who have sate kindly through the scenes during which our entertainment has lasted, be it known to you that last chapter was the dark scene. Look to your cloaks, and tie up your little throats, for I tell you the great baize will soon fall down. Have I had any secrets from you all through the piece? I tell you the house will be empty and you will be in the cold air. When the boxes have got their nightgowns on, and you are all gone, and I have turned off the gas, and am in the empty theatre alone in the darkness, I promise you I shall not be merry. Never mind! We can make jokes though we are ever so sad. We can jump over head and heels, though I declare the pit is half

emptied already, and the last orange-woman has slunk away. Encore une pirouette, Colombine ! Saute, Arlequin, mon ami ! Though there are but five bars more of the music, my good people, we must jump over them briskly, and then go home to supper and bed.

Philip Firmin, then, was immensely moved by this magnanimity and kindness on the part of his old employer, and has always considered Mugford's arrival and friendliness as a special interposition in his favour. He owes it all to Brandon, he says. It was she who bethought herself of his condition, represented it to Mugford, and reconciled him to his enemy. Others were most ready with their money. It was Brandon who brought him work rather than alms, and enabled him to face fortune cheerfully. His interval of poverty was so short, that he actually had not occasion to borrow. A week more, and he could not have held out, and poor Brandon's little marriage present must have gone to the cenotaph of sovereigns—the dear Little Sister's gift which Philip's family cherish to this hour.

So Philip, with a humbled heart and demeanour, clambered up on his sub-editorial stool once more at the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and again brandished the paste pot and the scissors. I forget whether Bickerton still remained in command at the *Pall Mall Gazette*, or was more kind to Philip than before, or was afraid of him, having heard of his exploits as a fire-eater ; but certain it is, the two did not come to a quarrel, giving each other a wide berth, as the saying is, and each doing his own duty. Good-by, Monsieur Bickerton. Except, mayhap, in the final group round the FAIRY CHARIOT (when, I promise you, there will be such a blaze of glory that he will be invisible), we shall never see the little spiteful envious creature more. Let him pop down his appointed trap-door ; and, quick fiddles ! let the brisk music jig on.

Owing to the coolness which had arisen between Philip and his father on account of their different views regarding the use to be made of Philip's signature, the old gentleman drew no further bills in his son's name, and our friend was spared from the unpleasant persecution. Mr. Hunt loved Dr. Firmin so ardently that he could not bear to be separated from the doctor long. Without the doctor, London was a dreary wilderness to Hunt. Unfortunate remembrances of past pecuniary transactions haunted him here. We were all of us glad when he finally retired from the Covent Garden taverns and betook himself to the Bowery once more.

And now friend Philip was at work again, hardly earning a scanty meal for self, wife, servant, children. It was indeed a meagre meal, and a small wage. Charlotte's illness, and other mishaps, had swept away poor Philip's little savings. It was determined that we would let the elegantly furnished apartments on the first floor. You might have fancied the proud Mr. Firmin rather repugnant to such a measure. And so he was on the score of convenience, but of dignity, not a whit. To this day, if

necessity called, Philip would turn a mangle with perfect gravity. I believe the thought of Mrs. General Baynes's horror at the idea of her son-in-law letting lodgings greatly soothed and comforted Philip. The lodgings were absolutely taken by our country acquaintance, Miss Pybus, who was coming up for the May meetings, and whom we persuaded (heaven be good to us) that she would find a most desirable quiet residence in the house of a man with three squalling children. Miss P. came, then, with my wife to look at the apartments; and we allured her by describing to her the delightful musical services at the Foundling hard by; and she was very much pleased with Mrs. Philip, and did not even wince at the elder children, whose pretty faces won the kind old lady's heart: and I am ashamed to say we were mum about the baby: and Pybus was going to close for the lodgings, when Philip burst out of his little room, without his coat, I believe, and objurgated a little printer's boy, who was sitting in the hall, waiting for some "copy" regarding which he had made a blunder; and Philip used such violent language towards the little lazy boy, that Pybus said "she never could think of taking apartments in that house," and hurried thence in a panic. When Brandon heard of this project of letting lodgings, she was in a fury. *She* might let lodgin's, but it wasn't for Philip to do so. "Let lodgin's, indeed! Buy a broom, and sweep a crossin'!" Brandon always thought Charlotte a poor-spirited creature, and the way she scolded Mrs. Firmin about this transaction was not a little amusing. Charlotte was not angry. She liked the scheme as little as Brandon. No other person ever asked for lodgings in Charlotte's house. May and its meetings came to an end. The old ladies went back to their country towns. The missionaries returned to Caffraria. (Ah! where are the pleasant-looking Quakeresses of our youth, with their comely faces, and pretty dove-coloured robes? They say the goodly sect is dwindling—dwindling.) The Quakeresses went out of town: then the fashionable world began to move: the Parliament went out of town. In a word, everybody who could, made away for a holiday, whilst poor Philip remained at his work, snipping and pasting his paragraphs, and doing his humble drudgery.

A sojourn on the sea-shore was prescribed by Dr. Goodenough, as absolutely necessary for Charlotte and her young ones, and when Philip pleaded certain cogent reasons why the family could not take the medicine prescribed by the doctor, that eccentric physician had recourse to the same pocket-book which we have known him to produce on a former occasion; and took from it, for what I know, some of the very same notes which he had formerly given to the Little Sister. "I suppose you may as well have them as that rascal Hunt?" said the Doctor, scowling very fiercely. "Don't tell *me*. Stuff and nonsense. Pooh! Pay me when you are a rich man!" And this Samaritan had jumped into his carriage, and was gone, before Philip or Mrs. Philip could say a word of thanks. Look at him as he is going off. See the green brougham drive away, and turn westward, and mark it well. A shoe go

after thee, John Goodenough; we shall see thee no more in this story. You are not in the secret, good reader: but I, who have been living with certain people for many months past, and have a hearty liking for some of them, grow very soft when the hour for shaking hands comes, to think we are to meet no more. Go to! when this tale began, and for some months after, a pair of kind old eyes used to read these pages, which are now closed in the sleep appointed for all of us. And so page is turned after page, and behold *Finis* and the volume's end.

So Philip and his young folks came down to Periwinkle Bay, where we were staying, and the girls in the two families nursed the baby, and the child and mother got health and comfort from the fresh air, and Mr. Mugford—who believes himself to be the finest sub-editor in the world—and I can tell you there is a great art in sub-editing a paper—Mr. Mugford, I say, took Philip's scissors and paste pot, whilst the latter enjoyed his holiday. And J. J. Ridley, R.A., came and joined us presently, and we had many sketching parties, and my drawings of the various points about the bay, viz., Lobster Head, the Mollusc Rocks, &c. &c., are considered to be very spirited, though my little boy (who certainly has not his father's taste for art) mistook for the rock a really capital portrait of Philip, in a gray hat and paletot, sprawling on the sand.

Some twelve miles inland from the bay is the little town of Whipham Market, and Whipham skirts the park palings of that castle where Lord Ringwood had lived, and where Philip's mother was born and bred. There is a statue of the late lord in Whipham market-place. Could he have had his will, the borough would have continued to return two members to Parliament, as in the good old times before us. In that ancient and grass-grown little place, where your footsteps echo as you pass through the street, where you hear distinctly the creaking of the sign of the "Ringwood Arms" hotel and posting-house, and the opposition creaking of the "Ram Inn" over the way—where the half-pay captain, the curate, and the medical man stand before the fly-blown window-blind of the "Ringwood Institute" and survey the strangers—there is still a respect felt for the memory of the great lord who dwelt behind the oaks in yonder hall. He had his faults. His lordship's life was not that of an anchorite. The company his lordship kept, especially in his latter days, was not of that select description which a nobleman of his lordship's rank might command. But he was a good friend to Whipham. He was a good landlord to a good tenant. If he had his will, Whipham would have kept its own. His lordship paid half the expense after the burning of the town-hall. He was an arbitrary man, certainly, and he flogged Alderman Duffle before his own shop, but he apologized for it most handsome afterwards. Would the gentlemen like port or sherry? Claret not called for in Whipham; not at all: and no fish, because all the fish at Periwinkle Bay is bought up and goes to London. Such were the remarks made by the landlord of the Ringwood Arms to three cavaliers

who entered that hostelry. And you may be sure he told us about Lord Ringwood's death in the postchaise as he came from Turreys Regum; and how his lordship went through them gates (pointing to a pair of gates and lodges which skirt the town), and was drove up to the castle and laid in state; and his lordship never would take the railway, never; and he always travelled like a nobleman, and when he came to a hotel and changed horses, he always called for a bottle of wine, and only took a glass, and sometimes not even that. And the present Sir John has kept no company here as yet; and they say he is close of his money, they say he is. And this is certain, Whipham haven't seen much of it, Whipham haven't.

We went into the inn yard, which may have been once a stirring place, and then sauntered up to the park gate, surmounted by the supporters and armorial bearings of the Ringwoods. "I wonder whether my poor mother came out of that gate when she eloped with my father?" said Philip. "Poor thing, poor thing!" The great gates were shut. The westerling sun cast shadows over the sward where here and there the deer were browsing, and at some mile distance lay the house, with its towers and porticos and vanes flaming in the sun. The smaller gate was open, and a girl was standing by the lodge door. Was the house to be seen?

"Yes," says a little red-cheeked girl, with a curtesy.

"No!" calls out a harsh voice from within, and an old woman comes out from the lodge and looks at us fiercely. "Nobody is to go to the house. The family is a-coming."

That was provoking. Philip would have liked to behold the great house where his mother and her ancestors were born.

"Marry, good dame," Philip's companion said to the old beldam, "this goodly gentleman hath a right of entrance to yonder castle, which, I trow, ye wot not of. Heard ye never tell of one Philip Ringwood, slain at Busaco's glorious fi——"

"Hold your tongue, and don't chaff her, Pen," growled Firmin.

"Nay, and she knows not Philip Ringwood's grandson," the other wag continued, in a softened tone. "This will convince her of our right to enter. Canst recognize this image of your queen?"

"Well, I suppose 'ee can go up," said the old woman, at the sight of this talisman. "There's only two of them staying there, and they're out a-drivin'."

Philip was bent on seeing the halls of his ancestors. Gray and huge, with towers, and vanes, and porticos, they lay before us a mile off, separated from us by a streak of glistening river. A great chestnut avenue led up to the river, and in the dappled grass the deer were browsing.

You know the house, of course. There is a picture of it in Watts, bearing date 1783. A gentleman in a cocked hat and pigtail is rowing a lady in a boat on the shining river. Another nobleman in a cocked hat is angling in the glistening river from the bridge, over which a postchaise is passing.

"Yes, the place is like enough," said Philip; "but I miss the post-chaise going over the bridge, and the lady in the punt with the tall parasol. Don't you remember the print in our housekeeper's room in Old Parr Street? My poor mother used to tell me about the house, and I imagined it grander than the palace of Aladdin. It is a very handsome house," Philip went on. "'It extends two hundred and sixty feet by seventy-five, and consists of a rustic basement and principal story, with an attic in the centre, the whole executed in stone. The grand front towards the park is adorned with a noble portico of the Corinthian order, and may with propriety be considered one of the finest elevations in the —.' I tell you I am quoting out of Watts's 'Seats of the Nobility and Gentry,' published by John and Josiah Boydell, and lying in our drawing-room. Ah, dear me! I painted the boat and the lady and gentleman in the drawing-room copy, and my father boxed my ears, and my mother cried out, poor dear soul! And this is the river, is it? And over this the postchaise went with the club-tailed horses, and here was the pig-tailed gentleman fishing. It gives one a queer sensation," says Philip, standing on the bridge, and stretching out his big arms. "Yes, there are the two people in the punt by the rushes. I can see them, but you can't; and I hope, sir, you will have good sport." And here he took off his hat to an imaginary gentleman supposed to be angling from the balustrade for ghostly gudgeon. We reach the house presently. We ring at a door in the basement under the portico. The porter demurs, and says some of the family is down but they are out, to be sure. The same half-crown argument answers with him which persuaded the keeper at the lodge. We go through the show-rooms of the stately but somewhat faded and melancholy palace. In the cedar dining-room there hangs the grim portrait of the late earl; and that fair-haired officer in red? that must be Philip's grandfather. And those two slim girls embracing, surely those are his mother and his aunt. Philip walks softly through the vacant rooms. He gives the porter a gold piece ere he goes out of the great hall, forty feet cube, ornamented with statues brought from Rome by John first Baron, namely, Heliogabalus, Nero's mother, a priestess of Isis, and a river god; the pictures over the doors by Pedimento; the ceiling by Leotardi, &c.; and in a window in the great hall there is a table with a visitors'-book, in which Philip writes his name. As we went away, we met a carriage which drove rapidly towards the house, and which no doubt contained the members of the Ringwood family, regarding whom the portress had spoken. After the family differences previously related, we did not care to face these kinsfolks of Philip, and passed on quickly in twilight beneath the rustling umbrage of the chestnuts. J. J. saw a hundred fine pictorial effects as we walked; the palace reflected in the water; the dappled deer under the chequered shadow of the trees. It was, "Oh, what a jolly bit of colour," and, "I say, look, how well that old woman's red cloak comes in!" and so forth. Painters never seem tired of their work. At seventy they are students still, patient, docile, happy.

May we too, my good sir, live for fourscore years, and never be too old to learn! The walk, the brisk accompanying conversation, amid stately scenery around, brought us with good appetites and spirits to our inn, where we were told that dinner would be served when the omnibus arrived from the railway.

At a short distance from the Ringwood Arms, and on the opposite side of the street, is the Ram Inn, neat postchaises and farmers' ordinary; a house, of which the pretensions seemed less, though the trade was somewhat more lively. When the tooting of the horn announced the arrival of the omnibus from the railway, I should think a crowd of at least fifteen people assembled at various doors of the High Street and Market. The half-pay captain and the curate came out from the Ringwood Athenæum. The doctor's apprentice stood on the step of the surgery door, and the surgeon's lady looked out from the first floor. We shared the general curiosity. We and the waiter stood at the door of the Ringwood Arms. We were mortified to see that of the five persons conveyed by the 'bus, one was a tradesman, who descended at his door (Mr. Packwood, the saddler, so the waiter informed us), three travellers were discharged at the Ram, and only one came to us.

"Mostly bagmen goes to the Ram," the waiter said, with a scornful air; and these bagmen, and their bags, quitted the omnibus.

Only one passenger remained for the Ringwood Arms Hotel, and he presently descended under the *porte cochère*; and the omnibus—I own, with regret, it was but a one-horse machine—drove rattling into the court-yard, where the bells of the "Star," the "George," the "Rodney," the "Dolphin," and so on, had once been wont to jingle, and the court had echoed with the noise and clatter of hoofs and ostlers, and the cries of "First and second, turn out."

Who was the merry-faced little gentleman in black, who got out of the omnibus, and cried, when he saw us, "What, *you* here?" It was Mr. Bradgate, that lawyer of Lord Ringwood's with whom we made a brief acquaintance just after his lordship's death. "What, *you* here?" cries Bradgate, then, to Philip. "Come down about this business, of course? Very glad that you and—and certain parties have made it up. Thought you weren't friends."

What business? What parties? We had not heard the news? We had only come over from Periwinkle Bay by chance, in order to see the house.

"How very singular! Did you meet the—the people who were staying there?"

We said we had seen a carriage pass, but did not remark who was in it. What, however, was the news? Well. It would be known immediately, and would appear in Tuesday's *Gazette*. The news was that Sir John Ringwood was going to take a peerage, and that the seat for Whipham would be vacant. And herewith our friend produced from his travelling bag a proclamation, which he read to us, and which was addressed—

"To the worthy and independent Electors of the Borough of Ringwood.

"London, Wednesday.

"GENTLEMEN,—A gracious Sovereign having been pleased to order that the family of Ringwood should continue to be represented in the House of Peers, I take leave of my friends and constituents who have given me their kind confidence hitherto, and promise them that my regard for them will never cease, or my interest in the town and neighbourhood where my family have dwelt for many centuries. The late lamented Lord Ringwood's brother died in the service of his Sovereign in Portugal, following the same flag under which his ancestors for centuries have fought and bled. My own son serves the Crown in a civil capacity. It was natural that one of our name and family should continue the relations which so long have subsisted between us and this loyal, affectionate, but independent borough. Mr. Ringwood's onerous duties in the office which he holds are sufficient to occupy his time. A gentleman united to our family by the closest ties will offer himself as a candidate for your suffrages —"

"Why, who is it? He is not going to put in uncle Twysden, or my sneak of a cousin?"

"No," says Mr. Bradgate.

"Well, bless my soul! he can't mean me," said Philip. "Who is the dark horse he has in his stable!"

Then Mr. Bradgate laughed. "Dark horse you may call him. The new member is to be Grenville Woolcomb, Esq., your West India relative, and no other."

Those who know the extreme energy of Mr. P. Firmin's language when he is excited, may imagine the explosion of Philippine wrath which ensued as our friend heard this name. "That miscreant: that skinflint: that wealthy crossing-sweeper: that ignoramus who scarce could do more than sign his name! Oh, it was horrible, shameful! Why, the man is on such ill terms with his wife that they say he strikes her. When I see him I feel inclined to choke him, and murder him. *That* brute going into Parliament, and the republican Sir John Ringwood sending him there! It's monstrous!"

"Family arrangements. Sir John, or, I should say, my Lord Ringwood, is one of the most affectionate of parents," Mr. Bradgate remarked. "He has a large family by his second marriage, and his estates go to his eldest son. We must not quarrel with Lord Ringwood for wishing to provide for his young ones. I don't say that he quite acts up to the extreme Liberal principle of which he was once rather fond of boasting. But if you were offered a peerage, what would you do; what would I do? If you wanted money for your young ones, and could get it, would you not take it? Come, come, don't let us have too much of this Spartan virtue! If we were tried, my good friend, we should not be much worse or better than our neighbours. Is my fly coming, waiter?" We asked Mr. Bradgate to defer his departure, and to share our dinner. But he declined,

and said he must go up to the great house, where he and his client had plenty of business to arrange, and where no doubt he would stay for the night. He bade the inn servants put his portmanteau into his carriage when it came. "The old lord had some famous port wine," he said; "I hope my friends have the key of the cellar."

The waiter was just putting our meal on the table, as we stood in the bow-window of the Ringwood Arms coffee-room, engaged in this colloquy. Hence we could see the street, and the opposition inn of the Ram, where presently a great placard was posted. At least a dozen street boys, shopmen, and rustics were quickly gathered round this manifesto, and we ourselves went out to examine it. The Ram placard denounced, in terms of unmeasured wrath, the impudent attempt from the Castle to dictate to the free and independent electors of the borough. Freemen were invited not to promise their votes; to show themselves worthy of their name; to submit to no Castle dictation. A county gentleman of property, of influence, of liberal principles—no WEST INDIAN, no CASTLE FLUNKY, but a TRUE ENGLISH GENTLEMAN, would come forward to rescue them from the tyranny under which they laboured. On this point the electors might rely on the word of A BRITON.

"This was brought down by the clerk from Bedloe's. He and a newspaper man came down in the train with me; a Mr. —."

As he spoke, there came forth from the "Ram" the newspaper man of whom Mr. Bradgate spoke—an old friend and comrade of Philip, that energetic man and able reporter, Phipps of the *Daily Intelligencer*, who recognized Philip, and cordially greeting him, asked what *he* did down here, and supposed he had come to support his family.

Philip explained that we were strangers, had come from a neighbouring watering place to see the home of Philip's ancestors, and was not even aware, until then, that an electioneering contest was pending in the place, or that Sir John Ringwood was about to be promoted to the peerage. Meanwhile, Mr. Bradgate's fly had driven out of the hotel yard of the Ringwood Arms, and the lawyer running to the house for a bag of papers, jumped into the carriage and called to the coachman to drive to the castle.

"*Bon appétit!*" says he, in a confident tone, and he was gone.

"Would Phipps dine with us?" Phipps whispered, "I am on the other side, and the Ram is our house."

We, who were on no side, entered into the Ringwood Arms, and sat down to our meal—to the mutton and the catsup, cauliflower and potatoes, the copper-edged side dishes, and the watery melted butter, with which strangers are regaled in inns in declining towns. The town *badauds*, who had read the placard at the Ram, now came to peruse the proclamation in our window. I daresay thirty pairs of clinking boots stopped before the one window and the other, the while we ate tough mutton and drank fiery sherry. And J. J., leaving his dinner, sketched some of the figures of the townsfolk staring at the manifesto, with the old-fashioned Ram Inn for a background—a picturesque gable enough.

Our meal was just over, when, somewhat to our surprise, our friend Mr. Bradgate the lawyer returned to the Ringwood Arms. He wore a disturbed countenance. He asked what he could have for dinner? Mutton, neither hot nor cold. Hum! That must do. So he had not been invited to dine at the Park? We rallied him with much facetiousness on this disappointment.

Little Bradgate's eyes started with wrath. "What a churl the little black fellow is!" he cried. "I took him his papers. I talked with him till dinner was laid in the very room where we were. French beans and neck of venison—I saw the housekeeper and his man bring them in! And Mr. Woolcomb did not so much as ask me to sit down to dinner—but told me to come again at nine o'clock! Confound this mutton—it's neither hot nor cold! The little skinflint! The glasses of fiery sherry which Bradgate now swallowed served rather to choke than appease the lawyer. We laughed, and this jocularity angered him more. "Oh," said he, "I am not the only person Woolcomb was rude to. He was in a dreadful ill-temper. He abused his wife: and when he read somebody's name in the strangers' book, I promise you, Firmin, he abused *you*. I had a mind to say to him, 'Sir, Mr. Firmin is dining at the Ringwood Arms, and I will tell him what you say of him.' What india-rubber mutton this is! What villanous sherry! Go back to him at nine o'clock, indeed! Be hanged to his impudence!"

"You must not abuse Woolcomb before Firmin," said one of our party. "Philip is so fond of his cousin's husband, that he cannot bear to hear the black man abused."

This was not a very brilliant joke, but Philip grinned at it with much savage satisfaction.

"Hit Woolcomb as hard as you please, he has no friends here, Mr. Bradgate," growled Philip. "So he is rude to his lawyer, is he?"

"I tell you he is worse than the old earl," cried the indignant Bradgate. "At least the old man was a peer of England, and could be a gentleman when he wished. But to be bullied by a fellow who might be a black footman, or ought to be sweeping a crossing! It's monstrous!"

"Don't speak ill of a man and a brother, Mr. Bradgate. Woolcomb can't help his complexion."

"But he can help his confounded impudence, and shan't practise it on *me*!" the attorney cried.

As Bradgate called out from his box, puffing and fuming, friend J. J. was scribbling in the little sketch-book which he always carried. He smiled over his work. "I know," he said, "the Black Prince well enough. I have often seen him driving his chestnut mares in the Park, with that bewildered white wife by his side. I am sure that woman is miserable, and, poor thing——"

"Serve her right! What did an English lady mean by marrying such a fellow!" cries Bradgate.

"A fellow who does not ask his lawyer to dinner!" remarks one of

the company; perhaps the reader's very humble servant. "But what an imprudent lawyer he has chosen—a lawyer who speaks his mind."

"I have spoken my mind to his betters, and be hanged to him! Do you think I am going to be afraid of *him*?" bawls the irascible solicitor.

"*Contempsi Catilinæ gladios*—do you remember the old quotation at school, Philip." And here there was a break in our conversation, for chancing to look at friend J. J.'s sketch-book, we saw that he had made a wonderful little drawing, representing Woolcomb and Woolcomb's wife, grooms, phaeton, and chestnut mares, as they were to be seen any afternoon in Hyde Park, during the London season.

Admirable! Capital! Everybody at once knew the likeness of the dusky charioteer. Iracundus himself smiled and sniggered over it. "Unless you behave yourself, Mr. Bradgate, Ridley will make a picture of *you*," says Philip. Bradgate made a comical face and retreated into his box, of which he pretended to draw the curtain. But the sociable little man did not long remain in his retirement; he emerged from it in a short time, his wine decanter in his hand, and joined our little party; and then we fell to talking of old times; and we all remembered a famous drawing by H. B., of the late Earl of Ringwood, in the old-fashioned swallow-tailed coat and tight trowsers, on the old-fashioned horse, with the old-fashioned groom behind him, as he used to be seen pounding along Rotten Row.

"I speak my mind, do I?" says Mr. Bradgate, presently. "I know somebody who spoke *his* mind to that old man, and who would have been better off if he had held his tongue."

"Come, tell me, Bradgate," cried Philip. "It is all over and past now. Had Lord Ringwood left me something? I declare I thought at one time that he intended to do so."

"Nay, has not your friend here been rebuking me for speaking my mind? I am going to be as mum as a mouse. Let us talk about the election," and the provoking lawyer would say no more on a subject possessing a dismal interest for poor Phil.

"I have no more right to repine," said that philosopher, "than a man would have who drew number *x* in the lottery, when the winning ticket was number *y*. Let us talk, as you say, about the election. Who is to oppose Mr. Woolcomb?"

Mr. Bradgate believed a neighbouring squire, Mr. Hornblow, was to be the candidate put forward against the Ringwood nominee.

"Hornblow! what, Hornblow of Grey Friars?" cries Philip. "A better fellow never lived. In this case he shall have our vote and interest; and I think we ought to go over and take another dinner at the 'Ram.'"

The new candidate actually turned out to be Philip's old school and college friend, Mr. Hornblow. After dinner we met him with a staff of canvassers on the tramp through the little town. Mr. Hornblow was paying his respects to such tradesmen as had their shops yet open. Next

day being market day he proposed to canvass the market-people. "If I meet the black man, Firmin," said the burly squire, "I think I can chaff him off his legs. He is a bad one at speaking, I am told."

As if the tongue of Plato would have prevailed in Whipham and against the nominee of the great house! The hour was late to be sure, but the companions of Mr. Hornblow on his canvass augured ill of his success after half-an-hour's walk at his heels. Baker Jones would not promise no how: that meant Jones would vote for the castle, Mr. Hornblow's legal aide-de-camp, Mr. Batley, was forced to allow. Butcher Brown was having his tea,—his shrill-voiced wife told us, looking out from her glazed back parlour: Brown would vote for the castle. Saddler Briggs would see about it. Grocer Adams fairly said he would vote against us—against *us*?—against Hornblow, whose part we were taking already. I fear the flattering promises of support of a great body of free and unbiassed electors, which had induced Mr. Hornblow to come forward and, &c., were but inventions of that little lawyer, Batley, who found his account in having a contest in the borough. When the polling-day came—you see, I disdain to make any mysteries in this simple and veracious story—MR. GRENVILLE WOOLCOMB, whose solicitor and agent spoke for him—Mr. Grenville Woolcomb, who could not spell or speak two sentences of decent English, and whose character for dulness, ferocity, penuriousness, jealousy, almost fatuity, was notorious to all the world—was returned by an immense majority, and the country gentleman brought scarce a hundred votes to the poll.

We who were in nowise engaged in the contest, nevertheless, found amusement from it in a quiet country place where little else was stirring. We came over once or twice from Periwinkle Bay. We mounted Hornblow's colours openly. We drove up ostentatiously to the Ram, forsaking the Ringwood Arms, where MR. GRENVILLE WOOLCOMB'S COMMITTEE ROOM was now established in that very coffee-room where we had dined in Mr. Bradgate's company. We warmed in the contest. We met Bradgate and his principal more than once, and our Montagus and Capulets defied each other in the public street. It was fine to see Philip's great figure and noble scowl when he met Woolcomb at the canvass. Gleams of mulatto hate quivered from the eyes of the little captain. Darts of fire flashed from beneath Philip's eyebrows as he elbowed his way forward, and hustled Woolcomb off the pavement. Mr. Philip never disguised any sentiment of his. Hate the little ignorant, spiteful, vulgar, avaricious beast? Of course I hate him, and I should like to pitch him into the river. Oh, Philip! Charlotte pleaded. But there was no reasoning with this savage when in wrath. I deplored, though perhaps I was amused by, his ferocity.

The local paper on our side was filled with withering epigrams against this poor Woolcomb, of which, I suspect, Philip was the author. I think I know that fierce style and tremendous invective. In the man whom he hates he can see no good; and in his friend no fault. When we met

Bradgate apart from his principal, we were friendly enough. He said we had no chance in the contest. He did not conceal his dislike and contempt for his client. He amused us in later days (when he actually became Philip's man of law) by recounting anecdotes of Woolcomb, his fury, his jealousy, his avarice, his brutal behaviour. Poor Agnes had married for money, and he gave her none. Old Twysden, in giving his daughter to this man, had hoped to have the run of a fine house; to ride in Woolcomb's carriages, and feast at his table. But Woolcomb was so stingy that he grudged the meat which his wife ate, and would give none to her relations. He turned those relations out of his doors. Talbot and Ringwood Twysden, he drove them both away. He lost a child, because he would not send for a physician. His wife never forgave him that meanness. Her hatred for him became open and avowed. They parted, and she led a life into which we will look no farther. She quarrelled with parents as well as husband. "Why," she said, "did they sell me to that man?" Why did she sell herself? She required little persuasion from father and mother when she committed that crime. To be sure, they had educated her so well to worldliness, that when the occasion came she was ready.

We used to see this luckless woman, with her horses and servants decked with Woolcomb's ribbons, driving about the little town, and making feeble efforts to canvass the townspeople. They all knew how she and her husband quarrelled. Reports came very quickly from the Hall to the town. Woolcomb had not been at Whipham a week when people began to hoot and jeer at him as he passed in his carriage. "Think how weak you must be," Bradgate said, "when we can win with this horse! I wish he would stay away, though. We could manage much better without him. He has insulted I don't know how many free and independent electors, and infuriated others, because he will not give them beer when they come to the house. If Woolcomb would stay in the place, and we could have the election next year, I think your man might win. But, as it is, he may as well give in, and spare the expense of a poll." Meanwhile Hornblow was very confident. We believe what we wish to believe. It is marvellous what faith an enthusiastic electioneering agent can inspire in his client. At any rate, if Hornblow did not win this time, he would at the next election. The old Ringwood domination in Whipham was gone henceforth for ever.

When the day of election arrived, you may be sure we came over from Periwinkle Bay to see the battle. By this time Philip had grown so enthusiastic in Hornblow's cause—(Philip, by the way, never would allow the possibility of a defeat)—that he had his children decked in the Hornblow ribbons, and drove from the bay, wearing a cockade as large as a pancake. He, I, and Ridley the painter, went together in a dog-cart. We were hopeful, though we knew the enemy was strong; and cheerful, though, ere we had driven five miles, the rain began to fall.

Philip was very anxious about a certain great roll of paper which we

carried with us. When I asked him what it contained, he said it was a gun; which was absurd. Ridley smiled in his silent way. When the rain came, Philip cast a cloak over his artillery, and sheltered his powder. We little guessed at the time what strange game his shot would bring down.

When we reached Whipham, the polling had continued for some hours. The confounded black miscreant, as Philip called his cousin's husband, was at the head of the poll, and with every hour his majority increased. The free and independent electors did not seem to be in the least influenced by Philip's articles in the county paper, or by the placards which our side had pasted over the little town, and in which freemen were called upon to do their duty, to support a fine old English gentleman, to submit to no castle nominee, and so forth. The pressure of the Ringwood steward and bailiffs was too strong. However much they disliked the black man, tradesman after tradesman, and tenant after tenant, came up to vote for him. Our drums and trumpets at the Ram blew loud defiance to the brass band at the Ringwood Arms. From our balcony, I flatter myself, we made much finer speeches than the Ringwood people could deliver. Hornblow was a popular man in the county. When he came forward to speak, the market-place echoed with applause. The farmers and small tradesmen touched their hats to him kindly, but slunk off sadly to the polling-booth and voted according to order. A fine, healthy, handsome, red-cheeked squire, our champion's personal appearance enlisted all the ladies in his favour.

"If the two men," bawled Philip, from the Ram window, "could decide the contest with their coats off before the market-house yonder, which do you think would win—the fair man or the darkey?" (Loud cries of "Hornblow for iver!" or, "Mr. Philip, we'll have *yew*.") "But you see, my friends, Mr. Woolcomb does not like a *fair* fight. Why doesn't he show at the Ringwood Arms and speak? I don't believe he can speak—not English. Are you men? Are you Englishmen? Are you white slaves to be sold to that fellow?" (Immense uproar. Mr. Finch, the Ringwood agent, in vain tries to get a hearing from the balcony of the Ringwood Arms.) "Why does not Sir John Ringwood—my Lord Ringwood now—come down amongst his tenantry and back the man he has sent down? I suppose he is ashamed to look his tenants in the face. I should be, if I ordered them to do such a degrading job. You know, gentlemen, that I am a Ringwood myself. My grandfather lies buried—no, not buried—in yonder church. His tomb is there. His body lies on the glorious field of Busaco!" ("Hurra!") "I am a Ringwood." (Cries of "Hoo—down. No Ringwoods year. We wunt have un!") "And before George, if I had a vote, I would give it for the gallant, the good, the admirable, the excellent Hornblow. Some one holds up the state of the poll, and Woolcomb is ahead! I can only say, electors of Whipham, *the more shame for you!*" "Hooray! Bravo!" The boys, the people, the shouting, are all on our side. The voting, I regret to say, steadily continues in favour of the enemy.

As Philip was making his speech, an immense banging of drums and blowing of trumpets arose from the balcony of the Ringwood Arms, and a something resembling the song of triumph called, "See the Conquering Hero comes," was performed by the opposition orchestra. The lodge-gates of the park were now decorated with the Ringwood and Woolcomb flags. They were flung open, and a dark green chariot with four grey horses issued from the park. On the chariot was an earl's coronet, and the people looked rather scared as it came towards us, and said—"Do'ee look, now, 'tis my lard's own postchaise!" On former days Mr. Woolcomb and his wife, as his aide-de-camp, had driven through the town in an open barouche, but, to-day being rainy, preferred the shelter of the old chariot, and we saw, presently, within, Mr. Bradgate, the London agent, and by his side the darkling figure of Mr. Woolcomb. He had passed many agonizing hours, we were told subsequently, in attempting to learn a speech. He cried over it. He never could get it by heart. He swore like a frantic child at his wife who endeavoured to teach him his lesson.

"Now's the time, Mr. Briggs!" Philip said to Mr. B., our lawyer's clerk, and the intelligent Briggs sprang downstairs to obey his orders. Clear the road there! make way! was heard from the crowd below us. The gates of our inn courtyard, which had been closed, were suddenly flung open, and, amidst the roar of the multitude, there issued out a cart drawn by two donkeys, and driven by a negro, beasts and man all wearing Woolcomb's colours. In the cart was fixed a placard, on which a most undeniable likeness of Mr. Woolcomb was designed: who was made to say, "VOTE FOR ME! AM I NOT A MAN AND A BRUDDER?" This cart trotted out of the yard of the Ram, and, with a cortège of shouting boys, advanced into the market-place, which Mr. Woolcomb's carriage was then crossing.

Before the market-house stands the statue of the late earl, whereof mention has been made. In his peer's robes, a hand extended, he points towards his park gates. An inscription, not more mendacious than many other epigraphs, records his rank, age, virtues, and the esteem in which the people of Whipham held him. The mulatto who drove the team of donkeys was an itinerant tradesman who brought fish from the bay to the little town; a jolly wag, a fellow of indifferent character, a frequenter of all the alehouses in the neighbourhood, and rather celebrated for his skill as a bruiser. He and his steeds streamed with Woolcomb ribbons. With ironical shouts of "Woolcomb for ever!" Yellow Jack urged his cart towards the chariot with the white horses. He took off his hat with mock respect to the candidate sitting within the green chariot. From the balcony of the Ram we could see the two vehicles approaching each other; and the Yellow Jack waving his ribboned hat, kicking his bandy legs here and there, and urging on his donkeys. What with the roar of the people, and the banging and trumpeting of the rival bands, we could hear but little: but I saw Woolcomb thrust his yellow head out of his chaise-window—he pointed towards that impudent donkey-cart, and urged, seemingly, his postilions

to ride it down. Plying their whips, the postboys galloped towards Yellow Jack and his vehicle, a yelling crowd scattering from before the horses, and rallying behind them, to utter execrations at Woolcomb. His horses were frightened, no doubt; for just as Yellow Jack wheeled nimbly round one side of the Ringwood statue, Woolcomb's horses were all huddled together and plunging in confusion beside it, the fore-wheel came in abrupt collision with the stonework of the statue railing: and then we saw the vehicle turn over altogether, one of the wheelers down with its rider, and the leaders kicking, plunging, lashing out right and left, wild and maddened with fear. Mr. Philip's countenance, I am bound to say, wore a most guilty and queer expression. This accident, this collision, this injury, perhaps death of Woolcomb and his lawyer, arose out of our fine joke about the Man and the Brother.

We dashed down the stairs from the Ram—Hornblow, Philip, and half-a-dozen more—and made a way through the crowd towards the carriage, with its prostrate occupants. The mob made way civilly for the popular candidate—the losing candidate. When we reached the chaise, the traces had been cut: the horses were free: the fallen postilion was up and rubbing his leg: and, as soon as the wheelers were taken out of the chaise, Woolcomb emerged from it. He had said from within (accompanying his speech with many oaths, which need not be repeated, and showing a just sense of his danger), "Cut the traces, hang you! And take the horses away: I can wait until they're gone. I'm sittin' on my lawyer; I ain't goin' to have *my* head kicked off by those wheelers." And just as we reached the fallen postchaise he emerged from it, laughing, and saying, "Lie still, you old beggar!" to Mr. Bradgate, who was writhing underneath him. His issue from the carriage was received with shouts of laughter, which increased prodigiously when Yellow Jack, nimbly clambering up the statue-railings, thrust the outstretched arm of the statue through the picture of the Man and the Brother, and left that cartoon flapping in the air over Woolcomb's head.

Then a shout arose, the like of which has seldom been heard in that quiet little town. Then Woolcomb, who had been quite good-humoured as he issued out of the broken postchaise, began to shriek, curse, and revile more shrilly than before; and was heard, in the midst of his oaths and wrath, to say, "He would give any man a shillin' who would bring him down that confounded thing!" Then scared, bruised, contused, confused, poor Mr. Bradgate came out of the carriage, his employer taking not the least notice of him.

Hornblow hoped Woolcomb was not hurt, on which the little gentleman turned round, and said, "Hurt? no; who are you! Is no fellah goin' to bring me down that confounded thing? I'll give a shillin', I say, to the fellah who does!"

"A shilling is offered for that picture!" shouts Philip with a red face, and wild with excitement. "Who will take a whole shilling for that beauty."

On which Woolcomb began to scream, curse, and revile more bitterly than before. "You here? Hang you, why are you here? Don't come bullyin' me. Take that fellah away, some of you fellahs. Bradgate, come to my committee-room. I won't stay here, I say. Let's have the beast of a carriage, and——Well, what's up now?"

While he was talking, shrieking, and swearing, half a dozen shoulders in the crowd had raised the carriage up on its three wheels. The panel which had fallen towards the ground had split against a stone, and a great gap was seen in the side. A lad was about to thrust his hand into the orifice, when Woolcomb turned upon him.

"Hands off, you little beggar!" he cried, "no priggin'! Drive away some of these fellahs, you postboys! Don't stand rubbin' your knee there, you great fool. What's this?" and he thrust his own hand into the place where the boy had just been marauding.

In the old travelling carriages there used to be a well or sword-case, in which travellers used to put swords and pistols in days when such weapons of defence were needful on the road. Out of this sword-case of Lord Ringwood's old post-chariot, Woolcomb did not draw a sword, but a foolscap paper folded and tied with a red tape. And he began to read the superscription—"Will of the Right Honourable John, Earl of Ringwood. Bradgate, Smith and Burrows."

"God bless my soul! It's the will he had back from my office, and which I thought he had destroyed. My dear fellow, I congratulate you with all my heart!" And herewith Mr. Bradgate the lawyer began to shake Philip's hand with much warmth. "Allow me to look at that paper. Yes, this is in my handwriting. Let us come into the Ringwood Arms—the Ram—anywhere, and read it to you!"

. . . Here we looked up to the balcony of the Ringwood Arms, and beheld a great placard announcing the state of the poll at 1 o'clock.

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"We are beaten," said Mr. Hornblow, very good-naturedly. "We may take our flag down. Mr. Woolcomb, I congratulate you."

"I knew we should do it," said Mr. Woolcomb, putting out a little yellow-kiddd hand. Had all the votes beforehand—knew we should do the trick. I say. Hi! you—Whatdyoucallem—Bradgate! What is it about, that will? It does not do any good to *that* beggar does it?" and with laughter and shouts, and cries of "Woolcomb for ever," and "Give us something to drink, your honour," the successful candidate marched into his hotel.

And was the tawny Woolcomb the fairy who was to rescue Philip from grief, debt, and poverty? Yes. And the old postchaise of the late Lord Ringwood was the fairy chariot. You have read in a past chapter how the old lord, being transported with anger against Philip, desired his lawyer to bring back a will in which he had left a handsome legacy to the

young man, as his mother's son. My lord had intended to make a provision for Mrs. Firmin, when she was his dutiful niece, and yet under his roof. When she eloped with Mr. Firmin, Lord Ringwood vowed he would give his niece nothing. But he was pleased with the independent and forgiving spirit exhibited by her son; and, being a person of much grim humour, I daresay chuckled inwardly at thinking how furious the Twysdens would be, when they found Philip was the old lord's favourite. Then Mr. Philip chose to be insubordinate, and to excite the wrath of his great uncle, who desired to have his will back again. He put the document into his carriage, in the secret box, as he drove away on that last journey, in the midst of which death seized him. Had he survived, would he have made another will, leaving out all mention of Philip? Who shall say? My lord made and cancelled many wills. This certainly, duly drawn and witnessed, was the last he ever signed; and by it Philip is put in possession of a sum of money which is sufficient to ensure a provision for those whom he loves. Kind readers, I know not whether the fairies be rife now, or banished from this work-a-day earth, but Philip's biographer wishes you some of those blessings which never forsook Philip in his trials: a dear wife and children to love you, a true friend or two to stand by you, and in health or sickness, a clear conscience, and a kindly heart. If you fall upon the way, may succour reach you. And may you, in your turn, have help and pity in store for the unfortunate whom you overtake on life's journey.

Would you care to know what happened to the other personages of our narrative? Old Twysden is still babbling and bragging at clubs, and though aged is not the least venerable. He has quarrelled with his son for not calling Woolcomb out, when that unhappy difference arose between the Black Prince and his wife. He says his family has been treated with cruel injustice by the late Lord Ringwood, but as soon as Philip had a little fortune left him he instantly was reconciled to his wife's nephew. There are other friends of Firmin's who were kind enough to him in his evil days, but cannot pardon his prosperity. Being in that benevolent mood which must accompany any leave-taking, we will not name these ill-wishers of Philip, but wish that all readers of his story may have like reason to make some of their acquaintances angry.

Our dear Little Sister would never live with Philip and his Charlotte, though the latter *especially* and with all her heart besought Mrs. Brandon to come to them. That pure and useful and modest life ended a few years since. She died of a fever caught from one of her patients. She would not allow Philip or Charlotte to come near her. She said she was justly punished for being so proud as to refuse to live with them. All her little store she left to Philip. He has now in his desk the five guineas which she gave him at his marriage; and J. J. has made a little picture of her, with her sad smile and her sweet face, which hangs in Philip's drawing-room, where father, mother, and children talk of the Little Sister as though she were among them still.

She was dreadfully agitated when the news came from New York of Doctor Firmin's second marriage. "His second? His third!" she said. "The villain, the villain!" That strange delusion which we have described as sometimes possessing her increased in intensity after this news. More than ever, she believed that Philip was her own child. She came wildly to him, and cried that his father had forsaken them. It was only when she was excited that she gave utterance to this opinion. Doctor Goodenough says that though generally silent about it, it never left her.

Upon his marriage Dr. Firmin wrote one of his long letters to his son, announcing the event. He described the wealth of the lady (a widow from Norfolk, in Virginia) to whom he was about to be united. He would pay back, ay, with interest, every pound, every dollar, every cent he owed his son. Was the lady wealthy? We had only the poor doctor's word.

Three months after his marriage he died of yellow fever, on his wife's estate. It was then the Little Sister came to see us in widow's mourning, very wild and flushed. She bade our servant say, "Mrs. Firmin was at the door;" to the astonishment of the man, who knew her. She had even caused a mourning-card to be printed. Ah, there is rest now for that little, fevered brain, and peace, let us pray, for that fond faithful heart.

The mothers in Philip's household and mine have already made a match between our children. We had a great gathering the other day at Roehampton, at the house of our friend Mr. Clive Newcome (whose tall boy, my wife says, was very attentive to our Helen), and, having been educated at the same school, we sat ever so long at dessert, telling old stories, whilst the children danced to piano music on the lawn. Dance on the lawn, young folks, whilst the elders talk in the shade! What? The night is falling: we have talked enough over our wine: and it is time to go home? Good night. Good night, friends, old and young! The night will fall: the stories must end: and the best friends must part.

The Climate and the Work.

IN all times the duties of those who serve great States, in exalted positions, are heavy. The world is *not* easily governed, although mankind may be easily directed. Who can tell how many rulers have sunk in death beneath the weight of their harness? History is filled with examples of monarchs abdicating, and kings seeking relief from intolerable burthens in retirement, but we know nothing of those who have struggled on to the end, and died with sealed lips—of the satraps and pro-consuls who, in the old days, succumbed under griefs, or cares, or wrongs in places remote and unrecorded. In Danubian marshes, in the wastes of Pannonia, in the fever-stricken valleys of Asia Minor, in Numidian deserts, in British forests, divided from the whole world, Rome lost, no doubt, her bravest and her best, whose names are unremembered, and who fell at their post.

There would be less envy of Great Britain, on account of her Indian possessions, if the world could be made aware of the price of their retention. The nation pays tribute of that which is dearest to it for the glory or advantages of ruling over these many-tongued races in the East. Scarcely do we ourselves count the cost. See, mail after mail, how the list of the dead lengthens out! What household is there which does not own its losses? What family is there which has not to say of some loved one—"He died in India?" It seems quite a natural thing to us that young men should be cut off in their prime, and lay their bones in that strange land. Scarcely less numerous are they who retire, wounded to death, from the field, and can just carry their wearied limbs homewards to fall on the threshold and expire. How many survivors of the conflict are tied in a kind of Maxentian bond to life, and exist as it were on sufferance? It may be true that few of the great statesmen of India died in office, though some there have been who did; but the number of those who have fallen victims to the effects of climate, incessant mental exertion, and physical suffering, and exposure, cannot be easily estimated.

It is scarcely possible for any young nobleman to obtain such a standing before the world as to justify a ministry in appointing him to the best office in the gift of the Crown, and if the Governor-General be a man advanced in years or past middle age, the probability is that he breaks down during his career, or feels the effects of his residence in India for life, unless he takes refuge in the hills, far away from the traditional seat of Government. Recently the great grief consequent upon the loss of Lord Canning has re-opened the question whether there might not be a permanent change of the site of the central authority. It is argued that no public necessity exists for the residence of the Viceroy in Calcutta, that railroads

and telegrams have rendered Simla as near and as accessible to all India as Allahabad was to Calcutta in former times, and that the country has no right to expose its servants to the perils which are attributed to the vicinity of the Mahratta ditch. But these arguments apply almost equally well to the judges, the administrators, the lieutenant-governors, and the officers of the Crown. In time of public agitation or alarm, rail and telegraph are not to be always depended upon, and when once an interruption takes place in their working, Simla is placed at a great disadvantage by its remoteness from the principal places in the empire. Governing by telegram is by no means safe or advisable. The wire is too thin to bear the whole weight of India. It is an invaluable auxiliary, but an untrustworthy chief. Whether the plans for centralising the work of the Government at Allahabad be carried out or not, it is obvious the situation possesses only a few advantages over that at Calcutta. Power is always more respected and dreaded, especially by Orientals, when its paraphernalia are visible; and the man who accepts the dignity and the grandeur, not to mention the emoluments, of the Viceroyalty must be prepared to make a great sacrifice of personal comfort, though we should not ask him to lay down his life in lieu of them.

The Governor-General of India is more than a viceroy. The king or queen whom he represents has no such power as he exercises daily, and can issue no ukases as absolute, on matters of the greatest moment, as those which come from his council chamber. It is true that his acts are subject to revision, control, and even abrogation or repudiation at home; but that circumstance only increases the difficulty of his position when he is called upon to act in any emergency. If he be a vigorous man, he will direct rather than follow the policy of the Government at home.

There has scarce been a Governor-General of India who has not had ample reason to distrust the assurances of the wisest political soothsayers, and to denounce the horoscope they have drawn for him. Our rule must be subject to all the accidents which affect the life of an artificial and foreign body. Who could tell what storms were gathering from Frenchman or Mahratta in days gone by, from the Khalsa or Cabool, from the Nana or the greased cartridge? The men who have gone out prepared to meet the tempest have found calm, and they who sallied forth for a summer cruise became suddenly engaged in struggling against a hurricane. Not only must the intrigues, the discontents, the prejudices, the religious agitations, and the political tendencies of pauperized, ignorant, and bigoted populations be constantly watched, but the very heavens themselves exercise most powerful agencies over the condition of our rule. The revenue may fall short, owing to failure of our opium crop, and a bad season; then public works languish; the ruler is accused of a hundred shortcomings. The cloudless skies yield no rain, and whole districts are parched up and burnt; flocks, herds, and human beings perish of hunger and drought;—the calamity is traced to British rule, and to the culpable neglect of men in

high places. The image of the cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, which overspreads the earth, at last scorching it with fire and rushing waters, is essentially Oriental. It applies to the physical and moral condition of the empire; the moment it rises every eye should be fixed upon the phenomenon, though it may pass harmlessly away. Under the golden throne on which our Viceroy sits, there are seething in India elements of hate, disaffection, and intrigue, which may at any time burst forth with volcanic fury. A hundred years is but a little time in the life of a nation; it does not obliterate the memories of conquest, or the bitter animosities of subjected races and dethroned dynasties. We are too apt to forget that the poor betinselled creature who gets out of the way of the sahib's buggy in the bazaar, may be one in whose veins is the blood of the "Sulatteen," or of Sevajee; and that high place in India, as elsewhere, ennobles the descendants of those who held it. We fondly hope that the age of insurrection and the rage for conquest are past; but we must be sanguine indeed if we think our rule has outlived the hopes and the hatreds of the conquered and despoiled. "By rigid inflexible justice"—Vain words! Let us not finish the sentence. Whatever we may do in India, we cannot be just. The very conditions of our presence there must always demand the most watchful vigilance over our own acts to prevent the commission of wrong, as it were, involuntarily, because every hour of our lives and every step we take is marked by some fresh temptation to do it. The new era which is always coming, when peace and good-will and paternal love shall unite the two races, will arrive only with the millennium. The hand which holds the sword may cover the blade with olive-leaves, but the edge must be sharp and the blow sure when needs be, and the inextinguishable nature of the subtle fire which animates all national life warns us to be prepared against all the contingencies to which those who rule an alien people are ever exposed. We are too apt to forget this fact. No Governor-General of India ought to do so. It is not that the people of India are exceptional. Take the history of any country similarly situated, and you will find the same laws in operation, and in our opinion those laws are invariable, be the race of people what it may—Pole or Rajpoot, Circassian or Sikh. A *resumé* of our relations with India since 1760 gives us annual wars and disturbances; but if we were to make a short abstract of our history for the same time, and give it to a Hindostanee to read, he would gather from it the idea that England was the most belligerent power in the world, and that her people must sleep on their swords, surrounded by enemies all over the world. The gradual mitigation of the subsidizing and contingent system, and the utter abandonment of the policy of beating down the whole surface of India to the dead level of an earthen threshing floor, as well as a development of the principle of giving the natives an interest and a share in the task of administering justice and governing themselves, may afford some guarantees for a happier future in India. But we must never forget our rule has lasted only a little over 100 years,

and that for more than three-quarters of that period it extended over a comparatively small and insignificant portion of the present territory, and was exercised as a lieutenancy.

The grandsons are still living of one of our most formidable enemies when we were a small Indian power. We have conversed with an old man who served Lord Lake at a time when, as he said, the English were glad of the assistance of the smallest Rajahs. In consolidating our empire now, and in the endeavour to avoid recourse to the means by which we established it, there is ample scope for the display of the most consummate genius and the most untiring energy in administration. But the task is almost beyond human power, exercised as it must be in such a country, and in a climate such as that of India. As we have said, the penalty we pay for the glory of possessing an empire so vast is also enormous. The new policy is more difficult than the old. It is easier to take than to keep. A brilliant campaign formerly covered many defects of internal administration. A war was a facile mode of escaping from difficulties or closing knotty discussions. As the empire has expanded, the losses incurred in retaining it are increased. The climate kills as many as the sword. Among the principal causes of the strain which is required on the part of our English ruler as compared with a man of any other race, is to be enumerated the inflexibility of his nature and habits; but the grandest and most important of all is, that he is only a settler. On the other hand, the Mahomedan took up his abode for life among the people, and soon became part of them, so that in the last rebellion the Hindoo tribes rallied round Mahomedan leaders. Feroze Shah fought along with Tantia Topee, the one of the royal house of Delhi, the other a Brahmin.

We have to watch over not only our own prestige, our national faith and honour, our two hundred millions of capital embarked in India, but our relations with the rest of the world; for the loss of Hindostan would go far to reduce the power of England abroad, and, right or wrong, revolt is always accepted as an evidence of bad government, and if successful, is held to be its own best justification. There is not an English subject in India who is not interested in the great work; but on the Governor-General rests not only the weight of it, but the accumulated burthen of all the faults and errors of his countrymen, spread broadcast over the land, and this source of anxiety is more likely to be increased than to diminish.

The new Governor-General arrives, he is received at Calcutta mid the thunder of cannon, the roar of addresses, the clangour of offices and departments. At the very first he has to be on his guard against any indiscreet expression of opinion, any enthusiastic exposition of a policy. He is surrounded by the astute, accomplished, and informed men, who have fought their way step by step through all the phases of Indian official life, and to whom no secret of that vast cosmogony is hid—who know its language, its peoples, its traditions, and who have struggled onwards and upwards, till their great ambition is laid prostrate before the

new-comer, who has never set foot on the land before. Each seeks to acquire some sort of ascendancy in the councils of the person who is now master of the situation, and each man is probably the embodiment of a faction, the exponent of some theory, the necessary head of a great department. Outside the official circle are glimpses of the dusky faces of the governed, the subtle, yielding, yet unalterable races, for whose weal or woe he has come to judgment. But he must depend on those around him for all knowledge of their feelings, happiness, and wants. The first generation or two of Indian viceroys, which produced men who had lived among the natives and knew them and their language thoroughly, can never be renewed, unless the modern practice be broken through, and such a man as John Lawrence is sent out to govern. At present the Indian service is the only one in the world, perhaps, to the head of which no member, however able, can rise.

The disadvantage to the newly-appointed Governor must remain, no matter what his acquirements, of being dependent on those who preceded him for guidance on most matters. For some time after his arrival, he will unconsciously select those as his favoured counsellors, whose ideas are most in accordance with his own views. After a time he acts for himself, and in shaking off his old friends, provokes a certain amount of latent jealousy and a spirit of opposition, which are exhibited when and where they are little anticipated or expected. If he be fortunate, for the first year all goes well. He resides in Calcutta, bears the heat, wonders why people complain of it, thinks the winter delightful, and has been hotter in London in the summer. He works on the unfinished plans of his predecessors, concludes a treaty, confirms a grant, approves of several useful public undertakings. His fittings to the charming country seat on the river, with its gardens, wide-spread lawn, and stately trees, amuse him. The novelty of the society, the pleasure of power, attract and charm his attention. His administration glides on peaceably, and the Indian press can find no fault with him, except that he is doing nothing, or that he is not "extending British interests." India makes no figure in debates, or in the home papers, and the Government are quite comfortable. Perhaps the opening of a railway bridge, or the dispersion of a dacoitee, mark the early months of his rule; or the increase of Government schools furnishes matter for an able report. But all this while there is little rest: whether the Governor be at Calcutta or Barrackpore, he is working away at statistics and documents, reading up his business, and desirous, if he is worth his salt, of emulating the fame of some one of his great predecessors, uncertain whether he will follow Bentinck or Hastings. His second year approaches, and he begins to bestir himself. It is absolutely necessary that those disorders in Hyderabad, of which he sees so much in the papers, should cease. The Secretary of State has written a despatch to direct his attention to the subject, and the resident is therefore instructed to remonstrate with the Nizam, who is of course irritated at the interference, and thinks he has just as much right to scold the Governor-General on account of the

riots among the Bheels, or the disturbances in the bazaars of Bengal. The disaffection is duly noted, and a memo. is made for future cogitation, but just as the matter is about to be discussed, perhaps *in foro Martis*, the news of an angry peace debate comes out, and it strikes the Viceroy that if he would have rest, he must leave the Rohillas and Arabs of Hydrabad alone. But then there is the Ganges Canal, there are numerous branches to be opened, locks to be repaired, sluices made. A current of active engineers is directed to the diseased places. They invigorate the soil with a sprouting of able reports, quite wonderful to any but an Indian official to see. The works are of permanent usefulness. The Governor and all the powers that be sanction them. Lo ! another despatch—*verbosa et grandis epistola*. "The most rigid economy consistent with the public service is to be observed, and no outlay can be sanctioned which is not of paramount necessity." Or another stretch of railway is to be opened, which is prohibited, on the ground that just at present it is important to show large balances in the treasury, and it is better to pay the company their high interest, than to part with the ready money. The Governor takes refuge in education. He adopts the magnificent scheme of Mr. Polycarp, and the whole system of village and Government schools is about being reorganized, when he is suddenly stopped by the intimation that he will set all the Mussulman and Hindoo world in a blaze, and some of the Council threaten to resign.

The Governor-General is irritated at all these failures. He is responsible for India, and yet he can do nothing. A second summer is upon him. He is not so strong ; at least, he does not bear the heat so well as before. The anxiety and the sun begin to act on his liver. The treasury is too low to permit him to make a tour in state ; he fears to be accused of an extravagant outlay, or of profuse habits. Nor does he like to repair to Simla so soon, lest it might be construed into a desire to escape from work, and a slothful disposition. Accounts from Bombay indicate an unsettled state of things in Goojerat. But he has never been in Bombay, knows nothing of Goojerat, and therefore is obliged to trust to those who are on the spot or to the Bombay representatives, whose policy may have led to the disaffection. If he interferes, directly the Bombay people are very angry, and distant relations spring up between the authorities of the Presidency and the Viceroy. It may be that Madras is the source of trouble ; though that presidency does not always boast of officers as able and as restless as Sir C. Trevelyan. But trouble there is sure to be. We heard a great servant of the Crown, with a varied knowledge of affairs, declare that in any other department of State a man might be tolerably certain of the nature of his work ; but that the man who ruled India must be prepared for a succession of novelties and surprises more various and complicated than all the administrators of the world beside have to manage and decide. When the second autumn comes, therefore, with its sickness and depressing influences, it will not surprise us to see a paragraph in the Indian papers stating that the Governor-

General is indisposed—a slight attack of the complaint so common at the season, combined with feverish symptoms. In a week or ten days he is out again; and the frequenters of the esplanade remark that “his Excellency looks pale. Hear he had a deuce of a wiggling from home about that Durrumpore affair. He’s not a kind of man to take liberties with himself.” “Why don’t he go to the hills?” “Don’t like leaving old Hepar in command, I am told; very jealous of him and Sir Curry Jecur ever since the Bundrum business.” “He should go out pig-sticking,” grunts an old gnarled hog-hunter. “He doesn’t out enough in the open air; keeps too much in doors,” remarks an ancient indigo-planter, with face as blue as his own vats. His Excellency, however, gets through the year—rather uneasy, because he has not signalised his administration by any extraordinary departure from the routine of business which has to be disposed of every day—foiled in a hundred benevolent projects—consumed by zeal for the public good which cannot find outlet—and hampered by small opposition to great projects. He has hit on a plan to assimilate taxation, or to insure uniformity of valuation; or he is engaged on a scheme for the readjustment of tenures in some ancient province, where all things are going wrong by reason of some ill-advised settlements. The obstacles he encounters augment at every step. As the adventurous knight is menaced by apparitions and demons, which increase in frightfulness and strength as he gets nearer and nearer to the enchanted castle, so do the difficulties of the reformer in India assume more formidable and varied shapes as he draws towards the accomplishment of his task. The resolution of the man is spurred to the utmost. He answers objections, comments on and combats adverse reports, and argues the matter with the civilians, who regard him either as the victim of a delusion, or as a dangerous destructive. Every stone of the old edifice he removes is followed by such a rush of dust that the whole of it seems tumbling about his ears. Here prescription, there written documents, in another place local customs or prejudices, are arrayed against his plan. Still he toils on. Night and day he works at unfamiliar tenures and complicated codes; and as he intensifies his labour, so does the task before him increase: he has put his hand to the plough, and cannot go back.

There is a dull leaden heat in the air: the sun lets fall rays like molten metal, which flow through every crevice, and stream through the *demi-jour* of the palace. The punkahs wave to and fro and flap the heavy atmosphere in throbs which give one the sensation of the rippling of water in a hot bath. Half the world is asleep or panting in a wide-awake doze. The natives slink along the shaded sides of the streets, if perforce they must go forth at all; and even their bronzed faces are like the *aëra sudantia* of which the poet speaks as a sign of the hard times long ago. Where is the Governor-General? He is seated in a room surrounded with maps and books, and filled with tables, on which are red boxes labelled “Punjaub,” “Finance,” “Hill States,” “Public Schools,” “Rajah of

Durwan," and the like, and piles of despatches. An important despatch has just been received relative to the claims of certain priests to a peepul-tree in a Government enclosure; and the Governor-General is setting it all straight, and consulting the best authorities, with Fahrenheit at 102 deg. in the shade. Every one of these big red boxes is full of good or evil, as that of Pandora. There is another important despatch just come in from an outlying deputy commissioner in the North West, concerning a murdered explorer, or a Russian officer seen in a bazaar by a Yarkand merchant, which demands immediate attention. There is a longer despatch from home, which must be provided for by next mail. Then there are railway claims to be settled—a rancorous quarrel, perhaps, between the Government military engineer and the company's civil engineer. And the Government at home are anxious that cotton should be developed, or that teak should be grown immediately, or that the works on the Thibet and Hindostan road should be pushed on, or that great Godavery canal be accomplished. Besides, there are the all-important and most perplexing questions arising out of educational and religious matters—the supreme object of Christianizing the people, without violence to the precepts of Christianity, and of educating them without injuring our reputation for good faith and honesty. Then see the army of great dignitaries to be superintended, and corresponded, and reported, and minuted; the charges against authorities to be investigated; the difficult points arising out of succession, adoption, and the like; the interests to be looked after in the matter of reversions, which the British Crown has been good enough to adopt from the Mogul; the plans for "not letting well alone," which enthusiasts, or persons without the excuse of enthusiasm, are continually pressing on Government; the abuses of the police system, their reform, the chief direction of the army. These do not all press on him together, but a good many of them do so. They come upon him and interrupt the course of his great scheme, and distract him with cares and perplexity, and over much to do. Sykes must know all about the new appointments in Oude; and Mangles and Weir Hogg, and a host of others, are troubling the souls of Indiana in Parliament, and must be choked off with returns. And so hour after hour passes. The private secretary has long ago gone off in his buggy to take that famous ever-varying, always the same drive "up and down" and "down and up" the esplanade outside Fort William. The sun has got tired of being hotter and hotter, and is about taking a dip in the sea to cool himself. The long, lean flanked, diverse-legged, and many medalled Sipahis, who mount guard on landing and corridor, have been changed many times, each tall, dark faced, white mustachioed veteran being replaced by another exactly of the same cut and size. The obese old fellows in the splendid Oriental liveries—and, O! my lords and gentlemen, be the calves of your servitors as big, their wigs and hair as powdered, their coats as fine, and their netherkins as gaudy as you please never will you see anything in your halls like these gorbellied knaves with jewelled hangers and scarfs of cashmere—they are, we say, becoming

fatigued by inactivity and idleness, and wondering if the Governor is going out at all before dinner, when suddenly the carriages come round to the porch just ere utter darkness begins, and a stiff European with some stiff aides descends the stairs and marches to his vehicle. In a cloud of dust he whirls by the fetid banks of the Hooghly, and just as the air begins to catch a sickly pallor from the night he is whirled back again in time to dress for dinner. And then comes the great banquet, "the burra khana," which is perennial. There is the same long table, and the same long bill of fare—a mixture of France and Hindostan—of Christian, Hindoo, and Moslem *cuisines*; the same number of guests; the diurnal young nobleman, armed with letters of introduction, whose object is to shoot in the presence of all the independent rajahs and nawabs of India; the intelligent member in embryo, who is coaching himself up in Indian matters; the great politician, who has come down to take his passage home; the general, who wishes to take counsel on some knotty military question; the resident officials; the great bankers and their wives; the officers, civil, military, and naval, who may be at Calcutta—the apparatus, in fact, of the whole Court. At last repose comes, for dinner is over, and bed-time arrives; and if the howling of the jackals close to the very windows of the palace, or state affairs, may let him repose, there are a few hours of oblivion and peace till the first faint streaks of day filter upwards. "It is always best to get over as much business as possible in the cool of the morning." If you know where the Governor-General's window is, and look up at it ere the sun is above the horizon as you are going out for your ride, you will probably see a light in it contending with the dawn, and you may be sure he is inside with his head busied over these perpetual papers—still working and toiling on. But these are but small evils. Lucky will he be if he escape with such internal cares. It is much more likely that instead of the peaceful reign which he was promised, there comes troubles and rumours of war. A native potentate takes umbrage at the botanical excursions of a scientific British official in the next province, and forbids any more invasions of his territory on any pretence whatever. The angry botanist seeks at once to extirpate the barbarians, and collects his forces, "awaiting his Excellency's pleasure": the opium crop is beginning to fall off, so that the revenue estimates will be seriously compromised, and the balance of Indian finance deranged: a bund has broken in the canal, or a river has swept over a tract as large as Hampshire: "the Bheels are up," or some obscure tribe never heard of before by him or by any one, except the collectors and residents on their borders, rush upon every European, and destroy him if they can: intrigues are reported against some great object of policy from a native Court, and over and above all these, there is that constant cloud about Afghanistan and Herat, and Dost Mahomed, involved with less substantial vapours, such as Persian armies and Russian demonstrations: the indigo planters and the natives are at variance, and it becomes a question whether a population or an industry are to be crushed to the earth: disturbances are reported from the

Goozerat side, and at the same time there is an unsettled state of things among the people in the extreme north-west provinces.

A force must be collected as a corps of observation, and the Governor-General has to select the generals, and to make the arrangements. His dreams of progress and improvement vanish, for another despatch informs him the royal troops have been attacked by the disorderly levies of a native prince, or that some tributary refuses, with violence, to pay his quota into the treasury. There is no time for delay. Tradition of Government, instinct of the situation, and the like, require immediate action, and so there is a war, great or small, on his hands. Was there ever Viceroy of India who had not one? Shore only just escaped the Mysore war, and Bentinck was saved from fighting the poor Rajah of Coorg, by the dependence of the latter on the justice and generosity of the English people. These were the only two who had no great wars. Now-a-days, the people with whom we can engage in hostility are few and far apart, and we have learnt, too, that we may lose what we have by grasping at more than our hands can hold. Lord Elgin will be fortunate, nevertheless, if he can keep out of a war-budget, far more fortunate than our ideal Viceroy, who closes his third year with armies in the field, and an enormous outlay, which are barely tolerated, because the first have been victorious, and the last has led to the acquisition of more territory, forced as it were on the victors. All the while the Viceroy, knowing how much depends on the defence he puts into the hands of the ministry at home, writes most elaborate and voluminous despatches, which is a habit that will grow on him daily, till at last half the day, at least, must be devoted to unmitigated writing home, and the rest to smaller minutes, memoranda, and the transaction of business. The solicitude of office becomes more oppressive, and all the time the stamina of life are yielding, as an oak beam surrenders to the white ants. In the greater issues the counsellors who before were ready with advice, either deprecate responsibility or mutely dissent from the course of their chief. The expenses mount up, the estimates increase, the actualities far exceed the estimates. Success and peace only indicate great deficiencies in the revenue, but the Viceroy resolves to improve the occasion, and at last he starts on a tour in which he is to display the splendour of the *raj*, to overwhelm the guilty and reward the faithful. His camp is formed—regiments of infantry, clouds of cavalry, batteries of artillery—whole hordes of elephants and camels, and natives, and myriads of camp followers. In the meadows and cantonments reserved for the Viceregal use, the grand canvas city grows up in the early morning and vanishes at night as the Viceroy sweeps on. Day by day the chiefs of the people, Rajah, Nawab, Talookdar, and Zemindar, flock in to pay their respects to the pale-faced man who desires only to do them justice. His ear is oppressed by the voice of continual complaint, and by the evidence of suffering or wrong. As he travels his work—working on ever—still accumulates, and still he proceeds, consuming the hours of the night and

eating into the day at times when all the world is at rest. There is so much to be done—so much undone—such a field for faith and love! Can the Christian governor do nothing to call these dusky millions to the truth? Can the good magistrate make no effort to strengthen right, and strike down the wrong which walks abroad over the land? Will it not be his to see that justice is done without the delays of law, the insolence of office, the palsy of tedious formularies, and the corruption which renders the Courts odious and intolerable? Here is work again! In every province, in every collectorate, there is always an increase of it—the brain works, and the pen travels, as the caravan moves on. How enviable would be the condition of rulers if the subjects were always content! There is a feeling of irritation produced by the restless activity of these subjugated races. One man thinks there will be no peace till Turkey is obliterated, or the Mussulman is utterly rooted out. Another is for a crusade to Mecca, a third is for propaganda among the Hindoos. A fourth is a Russophobic, and declares every bazaar riot is instigated from St. Petersburg, *vid* Ispahan.

The Governor's health fails him again. His physicians declare he must go to Simla, which in a lucky moment Lord Amherst found out thirty odd years ago. The Viceregal procession halts at the foot of the hills, and the Governor leaves his elephants, his escort, his camels, his gorgeous tents, his horses, and is borne on men's shoulders, in a shallow sort of sideless sedan-chair, up amid the clouds and rhododendrons and fir trees, by endless zigzags, till he is deposited at the door of his cottage in the wood, with a view of the snowy range, and of innumerable ladies, young, old, and neither, scampering round Jacko, followed and surrounded by the bearded Apollos and the youthful subalternacy of the station. But dark care sits behind him. Up come bullock-trains laden with red and black boxes, stationery and despatches, and at once a Government dāk is opened for the plains; there is a fresh supply of plates, acid, and wire for the telegraph, orderlies and clerks are established, and by a principle of gravitation upwards, which is most unnatural, the heads of departments all seek the centre at Simla. The Governor comes to improve his health. It is on a day in June he arrives. Beneath his windows spread the plain like a dingy sea lost in a foggy horizon of heat. Above him peer the snow-clad summits of the nival regions dinting the blue sky. There is a good cook, plenty of pleasant society. The A. D. C. says Simla is rather good this year. There is the list of whom to feed, to give drink to, and to avoid—there is every prospect of a delightful season, were it not that the rainy season is just coming on. That very evening plains and snow ridges are shut out by a black cloud, which settles down on the pine-tops. There is a silence for a moment; and then a sheet of fire, and a rolling clap of thunder, and a rush of water as if from a mill-sluice, announce that the rains have set in. A few days' and nights' perpetual thunder and lightning, and a stream, as though the Danaids were filling their tubs aloft, and then the weather settles down for six or seven weeks into the steady

discharge of its duties, which consist in wrapping Simla and all the entourage in a cauldron of mist, warm vapour, and water, very much as if it were kept continually within range of bursting steam boilers. The steam cannot be kept out. His Excellency remarks with wonder that the Viceregal boots resemble underdone beef-steaks, and that his gubernatorial linen appears as if it had been just extracted from a washing-vat. His attention is further called to the fact that his blotting-paper will not act as blotting-paper, and that his writing-paper will insist on assuming the functions which the other paper has abandoned. More important, however, he finds that his head will not work—that there is a degree of lassitude and ennui come upon him which neutralizes all his power. Day after day passes, and still the depression increases, accompanied perhaps by the malady which few visitors to Simla escape. Through all the clouds and rain come up the ceaseless voices from the plains asking to be governed. The Governor had hoped to get on to Chini, a summer retreat near the foot of the nearer slopes of the snowy range, but he doubts now if he can venture to go so far. And, in fact, when the rains are about to cease, the condition of matters is so grave that he is obliged to move down to the plains again—or thinks he is—and to repair to Calcutta under a shower of taunts from the papers for his inglorious love of ease and luxurious self-indulgence. Instead of finding an improvement in his health, the Viceroy is weaker this year than he was at any time before. The nerves and the temper perhaps are affected; or there is an excessive semi-irritable cautiousness, which causes him to ponder over every side of a question before he decides it, warned perhaps by some decisions which have not met with general approval. "Some of our Indian campaigns," said an old Company's medical officer, "were caused by indigestion." The climate of Government House is certainly belligerent. The caprices and excesses of Oriental despots, which are so remarkable, and which have raised such wonderment and reprobation, may be accounted for by the effects of heat on the liver—a melancholia predisposing to violent fits of fury. Tamerlane, Zenghis Khan, Oglou, Nadir Shah, Timour, and others, may have been the victims of ignorant practitioners and crude medical treatment. Let us suppose that our English Viceroy is a man of such just judgment, self-control, and philanthropy that he is exempted, if not from the operation, at least from the results of such morbid agencies. Let us hope that he conquers himself: which, to a man not immediately affected by any public opinion, and exposed to many temptations to gratify the sentiment of the minute, is no small triumph. Amid so many difficulties, with such a vast field, so variously occupied, governing three times the population subject to the Czar of all the Russias, the Viceroy cannot be much more than a sort of lightning-conductor, which carries off the flash and silences the thunder within his sphere. It is but too true that the part of the successor of the Great Mogul, one degree removed, is beyond conception arduous, and that it is shaped for, rather than by, him in accordance with the march of events. Take

the case of the man, one of the last and best taken from his country. Lord Canning went out to India prepared to find a contented people, a prosperous empire, a grand career for a peaceful administration; bent on developing the resources of so many kingdoms; to inaugurate the era of progression and expansion in all works of public good, education, railways, canals, and the like. Lord Dalhousie had almost exhausted annexation and absorption. The Khalsa were destroyed as an enemy; and the Punjaub, in the hands of Sir John Lawrence, was exhibiting a spectacle of order and improvement, which it would be Lord Canning's greatest glory to have shown in every part of India. But all his hopes were frustrated. But little more than a year was left him to become acquainted with the scene of his labours, to study the questions which demanded attention, to master, as well as he could, the policy of his predecessor, and to make his first essay to inaugurate a Vicerealty of beneficence and tranquil improvement; when suddenly there came that terrible storm over the land, the traces of which have not yet disappeared—the return of which, even in the full confidence of power and strength, and the forearming of previous experience, would send a thrill through the empire. Compared with the dangers Lord Canning had to face, his predecessors encountered nothing more formidable: but in many respects he is the type of the class which has ruled and suffered for the State.

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There may have been greater statesmen in India than Lord Canning; but assuredly the future historian will find it difficult to discover any Governor-General on whom a more fearful responsibility and a more gigantic task was imposed than on him who, suddenly overwhelmed by the chaotic masses which to all but a faithful, dauntless few must have seemed the ruins of an empire, not only sustained the burden, but successfully fulfilled the duty of salvation and reconstruction. The work of such men as Clive, Hastings, Wellesley, and Dalhousie was of a very different character. It is true that in their efforts to found, to create, extend, and cement that great empire in the east, they were often exposed to tremendous crises and to terrible perils. It was the labour of statesmen and soldiers year after year to lay the foundations of the imperial edifice, and to add story after story to the splendid fabric. But it was the highest achievement of which moral courage, faith, self-reliance, and self-sacrifice are capable to stand undismayed amid the crash of the towering pile, and in accents of calm dignity and command to rally the flying, encourage the fainthearted, rebuke the despairing, and animate by word and example the band who were faithful to their chief in that appalling moment. Had Clive lost Plassy, Warren Hastings fallen at Benares—even had Wellington been beaten at Assaye, the consequences would have been as nothing compared to those which would have resulted to our power from the destruction by our mutinous soldiers of every vestige of our rule in India. In those days the European met undisciplined, demoralized crowds of Hindoo and Mussulman horse and

foot, ignorant of the art of war, and possessing no military quality except the power of dying on the battlefield. The communities of British subjects were scanty, our prestige and reputation had not become bound up with the possession of a vast territory in Asia, our commerce had not been developed, nor our capital concentrated in those remote regions: no long-ling eyes were then turned towards our great domain; for Bonaparte, in his intrigues with Tippoo, rather sought our expulsion than the restoration of the French dominions: at the worst, we might then have recovered all that was lost. But in the great mutiny our scattered bands had to resist the attacks of a soldiery trained to victory in many a field, well-armed and equipped, and so distributed that they had an enormous preponderance at all the strategic points except Meerut. Our rule extended from the frontiers of Cabool and the Himalayas—from the Persian Gulf and the eastern shore of the Bay of Bengal all over the broad expanse of Hindostan. The gaze of Europe was fixed upon us—all Asia looked on with breathless interest—across the Atlantic a great Confederation, not then divided against itself, regarded the unequal contest, in which a feeling of sympathy for kinsmen contrasted with the promptings of commercial ambition and self-interest.

From the cities and very centres of our power were heard tales which chilled the heart for a moment, that the blood might flow with more angry flush into every cheek, and nerve more sternly every arm. The massacre became a political engine used by a party to bar the door to reconciliation for ever. At that very moment, when the counsels of passion were most to be dreaded, and the light of reason was most needed to enable one to pierce the dreadful gloom of torture and death in which the land was wrapped, there rose up a babble of voices, terrified, discordant, aggravating every horror, stinging every passion to madness, and filling men's minds with images of atrocity, and lust, and bloodshed. In a few weeks the whole of our Central and Western Indian empire had been submerged by the waves of this sanguinary rebellion, save two or three little spots where the survivors of the deluge had assembled, and with unflinching courage, if doubtful of the result, were either defending themselves with a constancy and heroism which will extort the highest praise from history; or where they had collected in a handful on the burning plains of the Jumna, and with a valour sublime in its audacity and purpose, were besieging in the city of Delhi a vast army. All over the rest of the empire men's minds were agitated by sympathy and alarm. In the cities of Lower Bengal the timid Baboo muttered treason, and the haughty European trembled for his life. Allahabad had been the scene of one of the most hideous of all the nocturnal massacres. Benares was convulsed; the great city of Calcutta was filled with cruel anxiety. In the midst of such terrors it was not wonderful if men took counsel of their fears rather than of their reason, and called out to their rulers to kill all their enemies, and to believe all to be their enemies belonging to a race so false and so merciless and bloody as those who, Hindoo or Mussulman, were kith and

kin of the sowars of Nana Sahib and the sepoys of the Mogul. Some of the most experienced men in India were led away to join the cry which was raised by the timid or the ignorant, and by the sufferers who had too many wrongs to avenge to be patient or prudent. Clemency suddenly became a crime, a political offence, a traitorous, unfeeling, barbarous neglect of duty. There were those who did not scruple to say, "We must have vengeance first; then let us talk of justice." It was precisely the occasion when the extreme of severity and indiscriminate punishment might have been mistaken and approved for vigour and energy.

To brave the ill-feeling of his own countrymen, to resist the natural impulses of poor human nature, to be "just and fear not," was more than greater men than even Lord Canning might have dared in such an emergency, and yet he did all this and more. He opposed himself to the passions of the hour, jealous of the reputation of his country in time to come. He assumed the responsibility of rejecting advice and of directing military operations where failure would have been the consummation of that ruin he was struggling to avert. Perfectly aware that in any uprising he would be the first victim, he remained at his post at Calcutta, surrounded by native guards, within a few miles of the disarmed native grenadiers at Barrackpore, maintaining the dignity of a Viceroy and the calm of a man who, not heedless of danger, was prepared for the worst in the discharge of his duty—the captain who would only sink with the last plank of his ship. While he was restraining the vindictive measures which many would have forced on his Government, Lord Canning was preparing the edge of the sword for those who had sought our destruction. An impassable torrent of rebellion rolled between him and the great chief who, from the other side of the empire, was engaged with greater means, the most wonderful energy, sagacity, and courage, in the labour of saving and restoring our rule. It has been suggested that Lord Canning was not a faithful coadjutor of Sir John Lawrence in that critical time when the consul of the Punjab was hurrying on his small battalions to the walls of Delhi, but if any one had asked him who followed so sadly the coffin of the Governor-General in Westminster Abbey a few weeks ago whether such charges could be made with justice, we doubt not Sir John Lawrence would have at once repelled them. While civilians were urgent for the restoration of power in their pashalics, and soldiers saw but the strategical points, Lord Canning was considering the best mode of vindicating the Imperial power, and establishing the political pre-eminence of Great Britain by military operations.

We need not recall the glorious marches, the immortal battles, the defences and sieges without parallel, which distinguished the first phase of action when we had recovered the stunning effects of the treacherous blow, but it may be remembered that when Lord Clyde defeated the Gwalior Contingent outside Cawnpore, and, pushing up the main trunk road, had taken Futteghur, there were loud cries heard

because he retreated, as it was called, to Cawnpore, without attempting the invasion of Rohilcund. Lord Canning perceived that any successes in the west would be of inferior political importance as long as Oude was insurgent, and Lucknow the seat of a royal government, to the standard of which every armed man in India would hasten. Supported by the adhesion of Lord Clyde to most of his views, the Governor-General endured all the taunts and invectives directed against him by the press, and by a considerable portion of the Indian community, while the British general lay at Cawnpore collecting troops and a siege train and field artillery for an attack on the heart of the rebellion.

In all the labours necessary for the accomplishment of this object he bore a part, just as in the beginning he had bestowed time, thought, and active superintendence, on the organization of the successful transport by which so many thousands of troops were sent up country from Calcutta with comparative ease and comfort, and rapidity, in an Indian autumn. As soon as the masterly arrangements of Sir Colin Campbell had done their work Lord Canning indeed hastened to assert the restoration of British rule in Oude in a proclamation which gave some ground for the accusation of severity against the man who had been so often charged with undue leniency and feebleness of government; but the principle laid down in that document was perhaps right in the main, and, interpreted by Sir James Outram, and subsequently by Sir R. Montgomery, it certainly afforded a basis on which Lord Canning was enabled to found that system of giving to the aristocracy of Oude a share in the administration of justice and a small show of magisterial and squirearchical rights, which has since worked with such fair results. Never perhaps has any civilian governor been placed in similar relations to a general in the field as those of Lord Canning with Lord Clyde. That differences of opinion existed now and then is not surprising—but rarely, if ever, have there been such readiness of concession, such an *entente cordiale* in essential matters, and such a sincere recognition of mutual good qualities. When Lord Clyde crossed the Ganges at Allahabad to complete his work, the winter after Rose's splendid campaign in Central India, he was provided by Lord Canning with instructions for the effectual carrying out of the Queen's proclamation of November 2nd, which were angrily attacked by civilians and others, even in the camp of the Commander-in-Chief, but their policy and sagacity have been demonstrated by subsequent events. Oude is now as tranquil as Ireland. It may not be out of place to mention here that Lord Canning was most desirous of keeping secret the exact nature of those instructions till Lord Clyde was in the field. He had drawn them up with his own hand just before the ceremonies at Allahabad, when the Queen's proclamation was read. All his staff were fatigued and worn out, but Lord Clyde received his despatches after midnight, ere he crossed the river, and on opening them he found the elaborate paper written in a fair hand, accompanied by a note from Lady Canning, in which she excused herself for any imperfections in the manuscript because

she had, under the circumstances, taken on herself the task of copying out the instructions.

Not many months elapsed subsequently till the Viceroy was enabled to proceed on a tour through pacified India, holding his Court with unusual magnificence, rewarding the faithful among the faithless, distributing titles and honours, and presenting to the races of Hindostan the visible type of the restored sovereignty of Great Britain. The gracious lady who had shared all his toils was taken from him before his own career had closed. It is not too much to say that a more perfect impersonation of womanly grace, faith, devotion, and virtue rarely lived than Lady Canning. One might have wished she had lived to enjoy the triumph of seeing her husband's policy ratified by success, and of hearing the voice of praise where once had sounded vituperation and calumny; but her gentle nature would have been quite content with a quiet recognition by the natives of Hindostan and the people of England of the soundness and policy of his administration. It was the hope of his friends that he, too, might have lived to take that part in the councils of the nation to which his services entitled him, and to which the gratitude of the country would have called him; at least they hoped that he would have lived long enough to give his fellow-countrymen an opportunity of showing how they appreciated his services. "*Quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam, præmia si tollas?*" The sad ceremony which opened the gates of Westminster Abbey, and gave another grave within its precincts to those of its illustrious dead whom the people delight to honour, was all that fate has permitted us to do.

A House in Westminster.

"THEY have ordinarily for a monastery but the houses of the rich, for a cell a hired room, for a chapel the parish church, for cloisters the streets of the city or the wards of the hospitals; for a profession obedience, the fear of God for a grating, and for a veil a holy modesty."

This is what St. Vincent de Paul, who was alive two hundred years ago, said of the Sisters of Charity; and his words have been quoted again and again, and are quoted still, though two hundred years have passed since they were spoken:—"Let the sisters live at home or abroad," he continues, "lives as virtuous, as pure, as edifying as though they were nuns in their convents." And farther on he speaks of the respect, the cordiality, the affection with which they should serve the poor, no matter how vexing and repugnant such service may be; and he bids them prefer this work even to their spiritual exercises. "There is this difference," he says, somewhere else, "between nuns and sisters of charity—nuns have only their own perfection for an aim, whereas these sisters are devoted like ourselves to the service and the deliverance of others."

In the days when St. Vincent de Paul, with the aid of Mademoiselle Legras, first started the Society of the Sisters of Charity, it was only a very humble little enterprise. They were simple peasant girls from the provinces; they wore no dress but their peasant dress; they hardly formed a distinct society, but were the helpers and assistants of another charitable association much in vogue at one time, namely, that of Dames de la Charité. These were for the most part the great ladies of the day, who at first, in the very beginning of their company, and according to its rules, were equally devoted to the service of the poor. But after a little, though the ladies still possessed the means to assist those who were in distress, they often had not the power or the goodwill to attend to them personally—husbands, engagements, dignities, were in the way, says the Abbé Maynard, in his history of St. Vincent de Paul. The husbands did not wish their wives to expose themselves; or the wives, bred up delicately, were afraid of contagion, dreaded bad air, like the Marquise de Sablé, or had not strength to climb up the innumerable steps which lead to the garrets of the poor, or to perform the offices necessary to attendance on the sick. So they tried to find substitutes, and to send their servants in their places; but with these it was no labour of love: the scheme did not prosper, the society, useful as it was, languished, and seemed coming to an end, when good St. Vincent de Paul was applied to. And St. Vincent, who was a man of expedients, bethought him of one or two girls whom he had come across, devoted and warm-hearted, and eager to be of use in the world, without money sufficient to enter into a religious order, and yet with

no desire for marriage and home life. They—there were but two to begin with—were placed under the care of Mademoiselle Legras, a person given to good works, and a widow, although she was called by this odd-sounding title. By her they were trained and taught, and despatched into different parishes to practise the good things they had learned while under her care. By degrees their numbers increased more and more : soon they had penetrated into the schools, into the prisons, into the hospitals. Sick people, and young children, and prisoners, and captives they tried to help. Everywhere people were asking for them—the work was ready for the workers. The King and the Queen, and other charitable persons, subscribed for their maintenance, but their way of life was so frugal, that two hundred francs, and sometimes even fifty écus a year, sufficed for the keep of each one of them.

In 1655 the sisters of charity, servants of the poor, were raised to the rank of a distinct company, or confrérie, under the direction of St. Vincent, and with Mademoiselle Legras for a superior. From year to year, on the 25th of March, they were to renew their vows ; and so they do still, for the order is a secular and not a religious order, and the vows are not perpetual. The rules are simple, and not in great number. Everything is to be in common : they are to dress and live in a uniform manner, on the model of the principal house. Of outward mortification but little is prescribed, as it is incompatible with their other duties : inward mortification is to be unceasing. They are to prefer all the most disagreeable and unpleasant employments,—to wish for the most uncomfortable places, the most painful separations, and exiles. They are to be ready to obey in all things ; they are to love and help one another, but to make no particular friendships ; they are to pay and receive no visits without permission and necessity ; they are to rise at four and go to bed at nine, and to be constantly employed even in their recreations. If they are ill they are to content themselves with the ordinary fare of poor people, for servants are not to be better treated than their masters. Schoolmistresses are to prefer the poor children to the children of the rich, and see they are not despised. Sisters in villages, who live in couples, are more especially to love and to help one another,—to teach little beggars on the road, to instruct the girls who are out in the fields with their flocks : sisters in hospitals have their own peculiar duties, and rules, and directions. They are one and all to keep themselves from the mere suspicion of evil, and to be humble, and simple, and charitable, and good to the poor and the unhappy,—all of which are things much more easy to prescribe than to follow out. But these good sisters seem in a wonderful measure to have done as they were bid.

A few years ago two of them landed at Folkestone, in their big flapping caps, intending to come to London and do what good deeds lay in their power ; but the custom-house officers would not let them through in their monastic dress, and as it was part of their rule never to lay it aside, they were forced to cross the water again, and go back, with their

kind intentions and big flapping caps. It is odd to mark which of these should count first, good deeds or big caps—how the first may be given up, the latter never. Now-a-days the laws, or the custom-house officers, are more lenient, and have ceased to wage war with starched cambric: sisters may go about, and be kind, in what dress they please. Only a day ago, on a quiet country high road, we passed a nun going along by a hedge: she was all in blue and in white; the hedge looked green with recent rain, the sky was tossed with gray clouds,—blue, and gray, and shining green,—I can see it before me now. And now it has come to pass, that in the place where, of all others, they were most wanted,—in the midst of crime, and dirt, and poverty, and evil speaking, these good, gentle, silent, white-capped sisters have taken up their abode.

It is always a little surprising when, after having known people for ever so long, you are told, or they tell you, or you find out, something about them, which makes them seem quite different persons in your eyes, and it often happens in the same way, that after having passed a hundred times through perfectly familiar scenes and places, you discover something, the existence of which you had never even thought of, which quite changes their aspect in your eyes. It may be a pleasant, sunshiny little row you have taken a fancy to—laburnum trees, children on the door-steps, flowers in the windows, little trucks with oranges and crockery passing and repassing. One day you go in, perhaps, to No. 8. You find a family in each room, two scolding old women in the kitchen; the children are twins, and belong to the starving flyman upstairs. Next door lives more trouble, more aches and pains, and twins, and emptiness; and you are told that they have got the small-pox at No. 10. You never go down the row again with the same satisfaction; or perhaps you are not the same person you were before you went into No. 8.

Or it may be the other way, as in Westminster; and if you happen to have come across the park under the trees, and have passed Queen's Square and Park Place, and travelled along the narrow streets which lead to the Abbey, you may have looked up at the old towers as they dominate over the city, and then into the faces which passed you as you went along, and in them you may have seen, with a hopeless, helpless glance, some of the griefs, and the wants, and troubles, older than the towers themselves, which are clustering round about them. But if by chance, in this dreary slough of rags, of grime, and of necessity, you come across your old friend Christian coming safe, though rather dirty, out of the mire; or, kind Help, with his friendly hand outstretched, walking about to see whom he can relieve, the slough does not seem quite so terrible any more—so dark, so hopeless, so gloomy.

In the Westminster slough, in Park Street, not on the side where all the windows look into the park, but on the cheap, silent, quiet side of the row, one of those brown old houses is a little convent of *Sœurs de Charité*. It is at No. 12, on the left-hand side: there is a plate on the door—"The Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul." Help has taken up his abode

there, and is holding out a kindly hand to certain luckless Christians. Some are very small Christians—they cannot speak plain, many of them, to tell their wants. Little feeble arms and legs; wistful faces, with wondering eyes; small garments slipping off grimy little backs and shoulders: what a pathetic little crowd it is, and with it elders, wearier, more sick, more suffering perhaps, but not half so touching in their ugly sorrows.

What comes out of the brown house? A great deal of kindness, food for some of the hungry gasping mouths, good words for the sick, care for the deserted children;—six visitors in slim grey dresses, with white caps, and rosaries tied round their waists, who thread the little narrow streets all round about. The people used to call them butterflies, because of this flapping head-dress, but they are used to it now, and hardly heed them as they come and go. It was exciting at first to walk a little way in the street alongside one of the sisters, but scarcely anybody paid the slightest attention as we passed by.

The sister went walking over the stones in her clumsy, rough shoes, and turned down presently by a very narrow passage. As she walked along she unwittingly made the subject of one picture and then another. Her gray clothes harmonized with the grimy hues all about her, her white cap caught the faint gleam of London sunshine, her cloth dress fell in straight folds. Up a narrow wooden staircase, and then through a wooden door, and as we come into a long whitewashed, dilapidated room, there is an outcry of childish voices, and they all come trooping up to stare at us. One little thing, sitting on the floor, instantly begins to chatter—"Loot dere! Loot dere! Loot, loot, loot!" says she, and she takes up bits of a red-flannel frock in her poor little fingers, and shows them to us, and then, when the frock has been looked at, there is a wonderful, beautiful piece of black gimp round the sleeve, which is making her so very happy.

When they ask her who made the pretty new frock, she says, "Sipper, loot dere!" Loot dere is another delightful piece of gimp on the other sleeve; and Sipper must be the other sister who is standing by. The children standing round tell us that this little girl's name is Mary, and then a boy called Johnny tells his, and then Felix and Tommy tell theirs, then all the others tell theirs. They were little Paddies, almost all, as well as I could make out. One tiny creature said its name was O'Toole, or something very like. (Why should it be ludicrous, somehow, for a baby to be called O'Toole?) All down each side of the wall stand a row of little beds, and at the end of the room there is a little altar, with a small bed on either side for some infant Samuel to sleep in. There was a low casement looking into the street, a cupboard, a big towel-horse, and, in the middle of the room, just in front of the altar, a cradle was standing, and in the cradle lay a poor little child, who was dying of water on the brain.

Meanwhile, all the other children had run along the room to show us which were their beds, and stood, like small sentinels, at the foot of each.

Johnny was particularly active, and pointed out the sister of the baby who was dying, and seemed to lead the sports, and to head a little band that was running round and round us almost the whole time. The sick little baby and its pale-faced sister were the children of a poor man who had no wife to look after them, and who sent them here, for he could not mind them himself. One wee little creature, with bony arms, and a pinched face, and gleaming dark eyes, and a sore chin, was sitting on the floor staring at us weirdly, and thumping a little piece of wood upon the ground. The sisters said that was the child who had nearly died of being starved : it did not look now as if it could ever get well ; but they smiled, and assured us it was doing nicely. The children seem to have names for one another. One little girl they all call Garibaldi. There was another, a little stunted creature who was sitting in a chair, with a big frilled nightcap on. The other children call it grandmother. The sisters said poor little grandmother was five years old, but she scarcely looked three. You could almost guess the history of the poor little lives as you looked into the children's pale faces. Sister Stephanie, who had brought us in, picked up the little girl with the red frock, and stood smiling at the children as they trotted round and round her.

I don't suppose that she was thinking of the same things as those which I was putting into her mind. I don't suppose she was saying to herself what other people say to themselves when they see nuns, with children clinging to their veils and playing with their rosaries. Is there any more pretty, more sad, more pathetic sight to be seen ? Here are the little ones growing up and coming into the world : here are the elders, who would fain be out of it, and who have turned away, and thought to shut it out with their black veils or white flapping caps. Who can revolt against the laws of heaven ? who can cease to be in the world and of it until the hour comes for him to go ? Priests and nuns are not less human creatures than the men and women outside the convent walls ; cabbages sprout in the convent garden exactly as they do in the fields all round about ; dry bread and water must taste the same in the refectory there, or in the parlour at home. You have thought harshly of your neighbour next door, or of the brother or sister who kneels beside you in the chapel. You have said your prayers outside the bars or within them. You have had your hopes, your disappointments, your likes, your dislikes. One man's self-denial is shown by battling for himself with temptation ; another who may possess the gift, perhaps, in a greater measure, may be able to place his affairs in a second person's hands, and so be content to put away his own inclinations, and blindly obey. But all the same ; it is the same world, the same combinations of gifts of good, of ill, of light, of darkness, which you can no more escape than you can jump into the planet Venus.

The afternoon sun had come shining into the room. When we were gone, the sister who was in charge would go back to her place between the altar and the cradle ; the children had begun to forget all about us. A little company was entrenched in a castle behind the towel-horse, another

little group was standing peering out through the open window into the quiet street below. A child standing near the door made a little speech and said, "Dood-by, and bless 'ou, and tare you don't fall;" and then another little thing, ever so small, peeped from behind her, and prattled, "Dooby, a beasouatareoufa," all over again. And then the door shut upon all the children's clatter, on the laughter and the chattering, on the sister working by the altar, and the baby in its cradle, dying.

Sister Stephanie, coming away with us, said, "That is what we consider a nice easy place." All the nursemaids in London should have been at hand to hear! "There are thirteen babies who live there, besides extern infants," says the report. "The same sister makes the clothes, attends to the cleanliness, feeding, and general care of all the children permanently kept in the nursery."

I think kind Sister Stephanie, when she had spoken, remembered her rules, for she said, smiling still, that for all that, she had rather be where she was. She told us that she had got up at four o'clock that morning—but one can look in the rules of two hundred years ago to see how she had spent the day.

In the house itself there was not much to look at; bare floors and walls, with a crucifix in each room, and a picture here and there. A lay sister, in a black quilled cap, had let us into the little boarded parlour. I saw Cardinal Wiseman hanging on the wall, and St. Vincent de Paul, and the venerable Mademoiselle Legras, the first superior of the order. She had an amiable face, and a long nose, and was sitting in an arm-chair. On the table lay a little flat book, with a list of subscriptions. What becomes of these subscriptions I need not say. The house is bare, the food is scanty and meagre; the sisters' dresses are darned and worn; their shoes are rough and clumsy. But then outside is a crowd who live in houses even more empty, whose clothes are rags, whose troubles are countless. "At half-past twelve," says the report, "there is a distribution to the poor and the sick, who have been visited, according to the ability of the house. Food, tea, and sugar are given, and, where possible, the rents of any deserving poor in danger of being turned out into the streets are paid to the landlord. The sisters devoted to the poor preside over the daily distribution."

Sister Stephanie said what was hardest to bear was the constant disappointment they met with among the poor. Everybody, however, must look for this, for, after all, poor people cannot be expected never to go wrong any more than rich people, and their standard is different to the standard of those who are more well to do in the world.

The superioress of the little community came in presently to speak to Mrs. H., who had brought me. She was quite young, with a charming unaffected manner, speaking very pretty English, and not at all coming up to our orthodox Protestant idea of what a superior should be. Somebody has since told me that she was one of the *Sœurs de Charité* who did such good service in the Crimea. I am very much tempted to quote here a little sentence out of the Abbé Maynard's account, in which he contrasts

his sisters with our Sisters of Mercy. But it is not for me or for any one else to put the salt of good deeds into a balance. Who can count them? Who can perform them at pleasure? Who can measure and mete? What man can judge his own doings, how much less his neighbours? But still we can be thankful for all the good which we see round about us. And unselfishness and charity and mercy are good in any dress, in any language, in any heart, Catholic or Protestant, Jew, Turk, infidel, or heretic, unto which the same good gifts have been vouchsafed, coming from the same Great Source of all.

The superiress said there was but little to see in their house: what there was she would be glad to show us. Upstairs, sitting at two tables, were the usual little girls sewing, who seem to spring up, with their little thimbles ready and needles threaded, wherever charitable institutions flourish. Some of them were little orphans adopted by the sisters, and entirely kept by them; others were day boarders who came to learn. They looked rosy, and bonny, and happy; the littler they were the bigger stitches they took. Some of them were working beautifully, and making smart little frocks for little Catholic babies—little Protestant caps and bibs are doubtless manufactured elsewhere. They did lessons in the morning, and sewed in the afternoon. It was the lay sister in the black cap who taught them to work, and who was standing over them now, tacking and snipping in a decided business-like manner. "She can't talk English," said the superior, in her friendly way—"only enough to scold the little girls." But the little girls only laughed too, and did not look much afraid, or as if they got many scoldings.

While Mrs. H. was talking to the children, I turned round and happened to see a little picture ready painted, like one of Mrs. Henriette Browne's in the Great Exhibition. An inner room, a yellow wall, light flooding in through the window, and a little group of children at a table, with two grey sisters standing over them—grey and white in their pretty convent dress, and still and silent as is their way. One wondered, seeing a sight so strange to one's unfamiliar eyes, whether this was really England, London, within the sound of the Abbey bells, or Paris, or Bruges, or Brussels, with the towers of Notre Dame, or St. John, or St. Gudule, chiming the hours outside.

We went upstairs again with Sister Stephanie, to be shown the little chapel in which a priest, who comes across the park, says mass for the sisters every morning. It was a pretty little chapel, with a faint scent of incense and a dim light. Speaking from a heretical point of view, I cannot say that we care much for lace, or for artificial flowers, or that we associate them habitually with devotional feeling. Red cushions, cherubim tombstones, square pews, and mahogany pulpits, are not in themselves one whit more sacred objects than the cotton lace, and flowers, and flower-pots of the Roman Catholic faith. Only from long habit, they mean Sunday chimes and church-going to us Protestant folks, and we cling to them, and like them, and gladly kneel down in the midst of them. And no doubt to a Catholic bred up

amongst them, the little altars, and images, and bowers, and candlesticks, speak a same familiar language.

For we all know how they can talk sometimes, those little bits of wood, or paper, or rag, or what not. Who does not now and then in his journey come across some little broken relic or other, telling its own little touching story—telling, perhaps, of a whole living life of tenderness and forbearance, of kind deeds, kind words spoken years and years ago, and after long silence, conjured up by this little talisman, and beginning to speak again?

Just outside the little chapel, coming out into the passage once more, I was very much interested by seeing a bandbox, which seemed the last thing one would have expected to find in a convent. The sister laughed, and said it would not be of much use to her. It belonged to one of the day-comers; and then in the superioress's cabinet there was another surprising vanity—a beautiful yellow silk quilt, which the sisters were making for some Catholic lady out in the world.

The superioress told us a little about her work, speaking quite simply and touchingly of the terrible distress and trouble which she had come across. In Paris, she said, there was great misery, but not such misery as this. There are bureaux de bienfaisance and more means and appliances for relief; and then she told us of a poor woman and a child, almost dead of starvation when they found them out: that was the thin little child whom we saw in the nursery.

A friend has sent me a list of ever so many sad cases she had been told of by a sister. It is the same tragedy played over day after day in one garret and another, on the same dismal bare boards—shall we be the audience? Here is a woman, after twenty years, turned out of doors by her husband, and she and her mother are found in a dark garret, the old woman lying on the bare floor, cold, hungry, suffering and torn by cruel illness—neither of them knowing where to turn. Then comes an abandoned family in Old Pye Street, where all the children are dying of small-pox, whom these kind sisters nurse and tend.* Then there is a woman dying in a hospital. Her great care and anxiety is for her little boy of ten years old, who lives by leading a blind man about the streets. Sister I—finds him out after her death, in the most horrible state, dressed in rags, and covered with vermin. The good sisters send the little boy off to an orphanage in Belgium, and the dirty little boy turns out a good little boy, too, and now writes them back charming little letters. And then come some generalities that are only more sad because they are talked of as matters of course. Wives in consumption, wasting away from want of food; drunken fathers' children crying; and lastly comes a tipsy beggar-woman, whose baby, I am glad to say, is safe out of her drunken hands, and running about in the nursery with Johnny and Felix, and all the other little things.

There are dens in Westminster where no respectable people dare go;

* This case is well known, and got into the newspapers at the time.

streets and alleys where the houses are built so close together that scarcely more than one person can pass along at a time. Persons who visit the poor in some of these localities choose days and hours when the men are away from home; they dare not go when they are there. Fights in the streets, insults, brutality, drunkenness, swearing and brawling, and then all the children prattling and playing in the dirt, and stirring the gutters round about, and looking on with their round eyes; and the geese cackling, and the women standing at the doors with their babies; and then, perhaps, three or four people shrieking and yelling, and rolling over and over in the middle of the road:—one need not go into the dens of Westminster to see such scenes as these; and one turns away and comes out into the broad streets again, glad to escape out of this Hades into which one had strayed. But into this brawling grimy land the quiet sisters pass without fear or hesitation; they glide along like kindly ghosts of the living women they used once to be; they enter the houses; they stand by the sick patients; people send for them, and they come. No one harms them, and the men themselves, instead of ill-treating, respect them and help them in every way. More people come to them for help than they are able to assist. Sister I. (who is a real person, though initials always sound somehow like myths) says it is the most painful task to be obliged to refuse relief, as they are often obliged to do, from having no more to give. They can find use for anything and everything that people will send them; clothing they are most thankful for, and the smallest sums. Besides the nursery and the little orphanage, and the visiting and the nursing, the sisters hold a night-school every evening. "This evening class of the roughest and most neglected young men in the parish," says the report—and I have heard the same thing from other quarters—"has worked an extraordinary change in the parish. Many who have been drunkards, and leading a most depraved life, have opened their hearts like children to the sisters."

Old Pye Street, Orchard Street, and Duck Lane, I read (still in the report), are the worst and most miserable localities. In Old Pye Street the habitual course of vice is too fearful to be described. "Common lodging-houses are congregated there of the worst description, alternating with thieves' dens—of all houses the most difficult to enter—knots of wretched, abandoned women, with all quality and likeness of womanhood blotted out and trampled under foot—ruffianly men, whose faces are branded with every vice—boys and girls, in the very earliest youth, hopelessly hardened and depraved, and whose only object in life is to corrupt and destroy the bodies and souls of others—grimed, unswept, unwashed, undrained houses, falling to pieces, rotting with neglect and dirt." Here are enemies enough for these kindly little champions to battle with, and it would seem hard indeed to withhold from them a helping hand in their brave fight with the dragons that are overrunning the land.

As I write of the brave deeds of these sisters of charity, it seems to me hard not to say one word of the work of other sisters, not Catholics,

but of our own persuasion, who have also put on straight-cut dresses, and devoted their lives to the service of their neighbours. All round about, wherever one turns, one finds more and more people at work and trying to do good, until one almost wonders that there are other people remaining to be worked upon and to be done good to.

And yet there they are, in vaster, greater numbers than the *Sœurs de Charité* themselves, or the sisters, or the visitors, or the deaconesses. There are great institutions established here and there, Clure with all its ramifications, Margaret Street, and many more, and every day new ones are springing up. At No. 50 in Burton Crescent, there is a modest little establishment, working very quietly and simply, and benefiting the poor folks and the wicked in Somers Town and King's Cross. It is under the direction of the clergy of the district; a few sisters are living together; they wear dark blue gowns, and very white caps. Those I saw were quite young; there happened to be but two, I think, at home in the house. They have a little hospital on the first floor, a little school, and a little chapel; they are district visitors, and they say that they could not go about among the poor as they do were it not for their dress. There is nothing pretty or picturesque about the place; it is perfectly bare and uncomfortable. The young lady who took me over it, said that everything connected with their work was so well arranged that not one of them had too much on her hands; the superioress herself had not more simple, kindly ways than this well-bred young lady in her blue dress. She took me all over the house, into the trim little chambers, the school-room, the chapel. In the infirmary another blue sister was standing in the window at work; a sick girl was sitting in an arm-chair, a sad-looking woman lying in her bed. In a little closet opening out of the room is a bed for the sister who attends them by night; they take it by turns to do this. It was all very quiet and rather dull perhaps, and yet practical and gentle, and capable of much good, so it seemed to me.

I should like to say more, but I can think of nothing more interesting than the young ladies themselves, devoted to their work, nursing the sick, teaching little maid-servants to sew and to cook, spending their kindly youth in quiet good efforts. They, too, have published a little report and list of subscriptions. The report says that the experiment—for as yet it can be considered as little more—proves the immense advantage of organized woman's work. A large amount of good has already been effected, and they (it is the clergyman and managers who are speaking) feel assured that it only requires further development to be, with God's blessing, eminently useful to His church.

I cannot help contrasting with this the life which some other people have no doubt considered as eminently useful to the Church. Somebody has said somewhere that we have yet to learn to be tolerant of intolerance. To us Protestants the life of a Poor Clare Colettine* does indeed

* "At half-past four they rise, and after morning prayers make the Way of the Cross, which is followed by prime and terce of the Divine office, the little hours of the

seem intolerable. It is quite a relief to turn again to the friendly sisters of charity, and to say what I have neglected until now to say, that they have secured a plot of land in a convenient situation, and are going to build and enlarge their orphanage and their nursery. Here is a pretty story of one of the children, that my friend has sent me :—

One of the Jesuit fathers had been for a long time working very hard to establish the boot and shoe work in Westminster, and had finally succeeded in doing so. One morning a little girl called one of the sisters and said, "Sister, I have been dreaming."

"Well, what have you dreamt?"

"I dreamt I was in heaven, and I saw Father — there. He was so high in heaven, and had a beautiful crown on his head, and it was all made of little shoes."

And so here and there are people at work, and as each day comes to an end, so much has been done to try and do away the evil thereof. Who has not sometimes wondered by whom, and in what manner, the best life is being lived—in silken dress or horsehair, in a busy active world or in a silent quiet one; by eager spirits burning for the truth, by doubtful ones humbly seeking? All these questions people must answer, in their own different ways, for themselves, from their own different points of view. While the people in the world have been coming and going on their busy errands; while the Poor Clare has been reciting her endless lauds and litanies; while the poor have been herding patiently in their garrets, or brawling in the streets; while the deaconesses and sisters have been tending their sick; while men have been labouring out in the fields, maids busy at their homely work in the houses, armies marching about the world, sailors tossing in their ships on the seas, fathers working for their homes, mothers tending their households; while men and women have been dying and weeping, marrying and gathering in their stores; while the sisters have been decking the chapel with flowers; the world—a little infinite point in space—has been travelling on for millions of miles, carrying all the people, all the works, all the care, the sisters, the chapel, the flowers along with it.

office of the Blessed Virgin, and various prayers. At half-past six, preparation for holy communion; seven, mass; after communion an hour's thanksgiving, then the whole rosary is said aloud. At nine they go to work till eleven, at twelve dinner—the first meal of the day; after dinner, a quarter of an hour for grace, vespers, and compline of our Lady, and a procession in honour of the Sacred Heart. Half-past one, work is resumed; at half-past three litanies, matins, and lauds of the Blessed Virgin; at four, vespers of Divine office; at five, meditation till six; at six, collation—a few ounces of bread and a little beer; at half-past six, recommendation of benefactors, compline, and prayers. At half-past seven the nuns go to their cells, and at eight are in bed. They rise at eleven, say matins and lauds, and the chaplet of the holy souls is followed by an hour's meditation; at two the sisters go to bed again, to begin the day anew at half-past four. A weary life it may seem to read of," says the little book, "but not so to those who lead it in peace and joy; and at the occasional recreations nothing is more remarkable than their spirit of joyous gladness."—*Religious Orders*, by the Author of *Eastern Hospitals*, p. 120.

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Science and Art Conversazione.

Conversazione: Science and Art.



THE rooms are fitted up with all kinds of curious, interesting, and instructive objects, models of steam-engines, of steam-boats, of steam printing-presses, of iron ships, of life-boats, and lighthouses for saving vessels, and rifled guns for destroying them.

There are huge maps hung upon the walls, showing the very latest portion of the world that has been discovered, and the only surviving explorer of the expedition who made the discovery is present to explain and tell all about it. Another traveller is expounding, with the aid of a plan of the bones, and a full-

length portrait of the creature in a complete state, the manners, customs, and personal appearance of the very latest discovery in natural history. Portraits of the last thing out in the way of pre-Adamite monsters are also to be seen, being a portion of one toe, in a fossil state, of a new species of megatherium—very rare.

There are busts of celebrated philosophers, statesmen, and poets, portraits on the walls of the most distinguished civil engineers, chemists, geologists, comparative anatomists, Arctic explorers, and Eastern travellers.

There are fragments of the last city of almost fabulous antiquity dug up out of the earth and put together again on paper, and there is a huge nugget of gold from the last of the "diggins." Also there are microscopes through which you may gaze at the wondrous beauties to be seen in the foot of a frog, and telescopes through which you may gaze at the stars.

Artists are showing their drawings to admiring amateurs, or pompous collectors, or purse-proud patrons.

And there is an electric battery in one corner of the room, at which ladies and gentlemen may be shocked as much as they like.

There are to be seen in the vast crowd which is pouring in and pouring out a great variety of men and women, eminent in their various pursuits. There are literary lions, artistic celebrities, famous lecturers upon science, distinguished inventors in mechanics, discoverers of planets: Some with the half mild, half wild, slightly eccentric, and wholly

abstracted look which is characteristic of many of the class; others with an eager, thoughtful look; others again with an energetic, adventurous appearance—almost all interesting, none commonplace. They have generally a cheerful, placid appearance, as they talk to one another, exchange ideas, or criticise some new invention, or drink tea.

If instruction does not bore you too much, and you are not averse to informing your mind with new facts, it is possible that in one such evening, by keeping your eyes open, and your ears also, you may learn more useful knowledge than is to be acquired in, suppose we say, all the balls in the season, or out of the season.

The Battle with Time.

His life was one grand battle with old Time.

From morn to noon, from noon to weary night,

Ever he fought as only strong men fight;

And so he passed out of his golden prime

Into grim hoary manhood; and he knew

No rest from that great conflict, till he grew

Feeble and old, ere years could make him so.

Then on a bed of pain he laid his head,

As one sore-spent with labour and with woe;

"Rest comes at last; I thank thee, God," he said.

Death came; upon his brow laid chilly hands,

And whispered, "Vanquished!" But he gasped out, "No,
I am the Victor now; for unto lands

Where Time's dark shadow cannot fall, I go."

J. W. K.

Our Survey of Literature, Science, and Art.

THERE is an impatient intolerance of the facts of human nature, when exhibited in Literature, which the unhappy cowardice of authors tends more and more to foster. That which every one knows to be true in Life, is resolutely shunned in Literature. Daily experience impresses us with the fact, that owing to one infirmity or another, no man is a hero to his valet; but although we refuse to see with valet-eyes, and know full well that the hero *is* a hero, let the talk of the servants' hall be what it may, our authors timidly stand in awe of valet-criticism, and carefully suppress every detail which might provoke it. History remorselessly chronicles the weaknesses, defects, vices, and even sins of men who have, in spite of these, been benefactors of the race, and of men who serve as the great exemplars of ambitious youth. But Biography knows nothing of such heroes. All the defects of its hero must be proved to have been misunderstood merits. If he squinted, it will not have been more than a gentleman *ought* to squint; if he deserted his wife, it will have been the wife's fault; if he betrayed his friend, it will have been from motives of the loftiest patriotism.

The *lucæ Boswelliana*, as Macaulay christened it, is, as Boswell splendidly proved, compatible with the most open-eyed recognition and the most fearless presentation of every defect and infirmity. But less courageous writers imitate Boswell's idolatry, and shrink from Boswell's candour. Almost every other biographer would have presented Johnson as "the sage" in the abstract; he gave us the man in the concrete; and his biography is immortal in consequence. There is perhaps as much imbecility as insincerity in the *furor biographicus*. A mind of reasonable strength will, even in its most fervent enthusiasm, keep its eyes open to the facts; and if the facts declare that a man gained lasting love and veneration from those who knew him, in spite of errors, short-comings, and infirmities, bodily or mental, these will be recognized as part of human imperfection, not as deductions from real human worth. Unhappily, the biographer trembles for his hero if a stain be allowed to appear on his garments. He argues like a lawyer in presence of a jury, resolute to make black yellow, if not absolutely white; and like the paid advocate, he is reckless in blackening the characters of every witness opposed to his client.

In consequence of this radical mistake on the part of almost all biographers, the paradox is true, that we must not look to a biography for a veridical account of a hero; to gain some definite image of him, we must look elsewhere. Such, we regret to say, is notably the case with Mrs. Oliphant's *Life of Edward Irving*—a book written with more love than ability: a

book of deep interest, and, in some respects, of worth; but *not* a good biography. Scattered through the two large volumes, there are letters and anecdotes which give us glimpses of Irving; but the man himself remains as mythical as before. It does not appear that Mrs. Oliphant knew him personally; nor has she made sufficiently clear to herself the whole character of the man. At any rate, she does not present a clear image in her book. We are left to guesses, founded on the few details here given; and these are somewhat confused by the rhetorical exuberance of the presentation. She has cleared up certain points which were obscure; and has convinced us of the deep sincerity and apostolic singleness of the man whom many thought to be a charlatan, and some sneered at as a maniac. For this our thanks are due. But this is almost all. That Irving was a man of striking aspect, we knew, for we had seen him; that he was a preacher with a thrilling voice and manner, we knew, for we had heard him; but our knowledge now does not extend much farther, except, as just hinted, that we can no longer doubt his sincerity.

Nevertheless, with many drawbacks, the book is deeply moving. It is the story of an ardent nature, *not* eminently endowed with intellect, but strong in enthusiasm, in moral purity and in certain oratorical gifts, suddenly tried with the trials of prosperity and the trials of adversity; at first followed as a nine days' wonder, and then, "when Fashion went her idle way," neglected as a charlatan.

" Certes, il ne méritait

Ni cet excès d'honneur, ni cette indignité."

He had not the intellectual strength which could enable him to sustain the part of a prophet. He was free from the worldliness and craft which would have seduced him into charlatanism. Simple and weak, earnest and credulous, he was a dupe and a victim; and the story of his fall is one of great pathos.

Mrs. Oliphant does not attempt to discriminate. She sees no fault. Even when narrating an anecdote which plainly enough betrays Irving's overweening vanity, it is not the vanity which arrests her, but the susceptibility of Chalmers, who is thus sneered at for being hurt :—

"The length of the preliminary service seems to have troubled the great Scotch preacher (Chalmers) mightily. He appears to have felt, with true professional disgust, the wearing out of that audience, which properly belonged not to Irving, but to himself. Long after he recurs to the same incident in a conversation with Mr. Gurney. 'I undertook 'to open Irving's new church in London,' says the discontented divine. 'The congregation, in their eagerness to obtain seats, had already been assembled three hours. Irving said he would assist me by reading a chapter for me. *He chose the longest in the Bible*, and went on for an hour and a half. On another occasion he offered me the same aid, adding, 'I can be short.' I said, 'How long will it take you?' 'Only 'an hour and forty minutes.'" Such an indiscretion was likely to go

"to the heart of the waiting preacher. Dr. Chalmers never seems to have forgotten that impatient interval, during which he had to sit by silent, and see his friend take the bloom of expectation off the audience, which had not come to hear Irving, but Chalmers."

Although the samples of eloquence given in these volumes are samples of mere wordiness, and never indicate any intellectual eminence, the letters exhibit a very beautiful spirit. Considering that Irving was reared in the intolerant Scotch Church, it is interesting to find him writing to his wife that a Mr. Cox, who had travelled, "delighted me with one declaration, that in the Catholic churches of Italy he had never heard a sermon (though he had heard many) which breathed of saints' days and other mummeries, but always of solid theology, deep piety, and much unction, and that he had met with many whom he believed most spiritual. My dear, I have often more concern about the issue of the intellectual forms of our own Church, which tend to practical and theoretical infidelity, than of the sensual forms of the Romish Church, which do tend to superstition, and still preserve a faith, though it be of the sense. Any way, I give God praise, that either with us, or with them, He preserveth a seed."

Yet after reading this, an unpleasant jar is given when we find him writing to his infant daughter, in explanation of the word "mass"—"Now, my dear Meggy, the mass is a *very wicked thing*, and is not in our religion, but in a religion which they call Papacy." We have not space for further extracts, but decidedly advise our readers to take the book in hand.

It will be obvious to every one that this is not the fitting place to open a discussion on the great problems of Philosophy and Religion, but our "Survey," superficial as it is, must include at least the mention of a work so lofty in aim and so remarkable in execution as the *System of Philosophy*, which Mr. Herbert Spencer is issuing to subscribers, in quarterly instalments, and of which the first volume, containing *First Principles*, is now complete. Here we have one more attempt to reconcile the contending claims of Religion and Science; an attempt we shall not venture to appreciate in these pages, but which, we may as well warn our readers, will be found satisfactory by very few orthodox thinkers. Nevertheless, in spite of all dissidence respecting the conclusions, the serious reader will applaud the profound earnestness and thoroughness with which those conclusions are advocated; the immense scientific knowledge brought to bear on them by way of illustration; and the acute and subtle thinking displayed in every chapter. Abstract principles are sometimes pushed to paradoxical extremities; and logical deduction is made to land the author in conclusions which seem rather verbal than real. But the book is never commonplace. It always excites thought; sometimes it strains the attention severely, especially by its demands on our scientific knowledge; but the style, though monotonous, is clear, and never leaves the meaning doubtful, which in a work of this severe order is a very rare merit. The first part is devoted to the Unknowable; to ultimate religious ideas;

to ultimate scientific ideas; and to the reconciliation of the two. This will, no doubt, be the most generally interesting portion of the work. The second part sets forth the Laws of the Knowable, and ranges over the whole field of science, from astronomy to political economy. With this brief indication of its contents and purpose we must be satisfied.

Shelley has a certain public, not a very extensive one, but very ardent in its admiration. Yet we fancy there are few, even of this public, who will be very grateful to Mr. Richard Garnett for the small volume he has just issued, *Relics of Shelley*. Such imperfect scraps of verse were very unwisely rescued from the old note-books in which they were jotted down. They are not remarkable in themselves. They throw no fresh light on Shelley's opinions or peculiarities. They no more merit publication than the figures which an artist may idly sketch on his blotting-paper while his mind is in suspense as to how he shall frame a sentence in the letter he is writing. It is undeniable that Shelley himself would have vehemently protested against such a publication; and to most persons it will appear a strange method of testifying admiration for a man of genius, to print the jottings of a note-book which have none of his genius to excuse their publication. The few letters from Shelley and Mrs. Shelley which are added to the verses are pleasant enough, and might fitly find a place in *Memorials*; the rest of the volume is a mistake.

The Life and Letters of Washington Irving, of which only the first volume has appeared, is a work modestly and not unskillfully arranged by his nephew, Mr. Pierre Irving. The story is told, as far as practicable, in Irving's own letters; and very agreeable reading it is. There was little in the events of his life to make a stirring biography; but the man was so thoroughly amiable, and the writer is so universally loved, that a sustained quiet interest carries us through the volume. We get a strange glimpse of the difficulties and annoyances of continental travel in the early part of this century; but if the traveller had his patience tried by petty vexations, he had the advantage of meeting with adventures now-a-days rarely met—out of novels. Thus Washington Irving, having been captured by pirates, from whom he was released after a fright, lands in Sicily, and the very night of his arrival, while slumbering in a corner, he is disturbed by voices. Presently his friend Captain Hall enters, informs him there is to be a masked ball that evening, and that a gentleman dressed as a Turk has promised to admit them. Up he gets, dresses himself in one of Hall's marine uniforms, and they set off in the Turk's company, supposing, of course, they are going to some public entertainment. They are somewhat staggered on arriving at a stately mansion, and finding themselves ascending the stairs through rows of servants in livery. This increases as they enter a magnificent saloon brilliantly lighted; and it amounts to the decidedly startling as they observe that, with the exception of their conductor, all the guests are without masks and in plain clothes. They have no time to ask questions. The Turk has marshalled them to that part of the room where the host and his daughters await the guests.

Pointing to his companions, the Turk crosses his arms, makes a low salaam, and without uttering a word stands motionless. It flashes across Irving's mind that they have been decoyed into what must seem an unwarrantable intrusion. Irving makes a confused attempt at explanation, adding that he imagined he was being conducted to a public ball. Their host replies graciously that they are in the house of the Baron Palmeria, and asks the name of their conductor. A new embarrassment: Irving does not know his name. "Whoever he is," rejoins the Baron, "I am indebted to him for introducing to my house gentlemen whose uniform is a sufficient passport anywhere." At this the Turk whispers in the ear of the Baron, who, turning to them with a smile, informs them that their conductor teaches his daughter English, and contrived this surprise, in order to give his pupils the pleasure of conversing in their newly acquired language. This explanation clears up everything, and a most jovial evening is spent. Such incidents are not to be met with in Europe now-a-days.

There are several amusing stories, indifferently told, in this volume. The following, of George Frederick Cooke, the tragedian, is very ludicrous. At his benefit at the Park Theatre he had to play Shylock and Sir Archy Mac Sarcasm. He went through Shylock admirably, but had primed himself with drink to such a degree before the commencement of the after-piece that he was not himself. His condition was so apparent that they hurried through the piece to have the curtain fall, when lo! as it was descending, Cooke stepped out from under it, and presented himself before the footlights to make a speech. Instantly there were shouts from the pit: "Go home, Cooke—go home—you're drunk." Cooke kept his ground. "Didn't I please you in Shylock?" "Yes, yes, you played that nobly." "Well, then, the man who played Shylock well couldn't be drunk." "You weren't drunk then, but you are now;" and they continued to roar—"Go home! go to bed." Cooke, indignant, tapped the handle of his sword emphatically: "'Tis but a foil!"—then extending his right arm to the audience, and shaking his finger at them: "'Tis well for you it is," and marched off amid roars of laughter.

Although disfigured, occasionally, by the vices of style encouraged in the contributions of Our Own Correspondents, *Italy under Victor Emmanuel*, by Count Arrivabene, merits, and will doubtless receive, considerable attention. It is a personal narrative, filled up from authentic sources. The writer, who, in his exile, had become a naturalized Englishman, was appointed correspondent of the *Daily News*, and under his eyes were transacted the eventful scenes of 1859, '60, and '61, in which a powerful nation was born out of a few petty states, and Garibaldi's wondrous Sicilian expedition made us aware that the old achievements of Romance might have been very sober history. The narrative is rapid, animated, breathlessly interesting. The narrator is modest, and his picturesque pages are free from all prosiness in the shape of political philosophy. The sketches of character are superficial, but without gall; and the little details of Italian life, which are naturally brought in, help to give vividness and

relief. All the great battles are illustrated by excellent maps; and thus the reader has a very good specimen of contemporary history, brought conveniently within access.

It was a happy thought of Mr. Chorley's to make his *Thirty Years' Musical Recollections* the vehicle for a brief history of the opera in England during that period. By so doing he has given gossip, which would otherwise have been simply pleasant, a more definite aim. The plan of recording under each year all the operas, ballets, singers, and dancers, which that year offered to the public, makes these volumes useful for reference, especially as the first performances and first appearances are also indicated; and every reader whose own recollections travel over the same period, will follow Mr. Chorley's chronicle with unflagging interest. We can hardly name two volumes of pleasanter gossip about music and singers; strengthened, as they are, by the obvious honesty of the critic, who, without disguising his likes and dislikes, takes the utmost pains to give each his due; and whose musical sympathies are sufficiently catholic to embrace all forms of excellence. Mr. Chorley writes with a caprice of style and grammar not a little surprising and whimsical at times; but he writes with real love and knowledge; and his criticisms, light in manner, are weighty enough in matter. Two detestable portraits—one of Rubini, the other of Grisi—disfigure the volumes. If these were abolished—if the two volumes were printed in one—and if a copious index were added, the book might keep a place on the shelves as a very serviceable record of thirty years. Meanwhile, readers in want of a light, yet not uninstructional work, will be quite safe in ordering this from the library.

SCIENCE.

Influence of the Nurse upon the Nursling.—In general, people are wholly unaware of the fact that bones grow and waste with great rapidity. Bone is composed chiefly of earthy matters; and we should as soon expect a milestone to increase and decrease with the changing hours, as this inorganic-looking bone. Nevertheless, it is a fact that bones are always in an active state of waste and repair; and no tissue in the body is so rapidly and successfully repaired, after injury, or after portions have been cut away, as the bony tissue. Some years ago, M. Flourens hit upon the ingenious device of tracing the growth of bone by giving animals madder in their food. The madder coloured all the new deposits; so that, after a time, every bone in the body was of a deep red. If of two animals thus fed, one were deprived of madder at a certain period, the tale was told by the layers of uncoloured bone which covered those that were coloured; and in time the whole of the coloured bone would disappear. M. Flourens has since made valuable and varied use of his discovery. He has employed it to show the influence of the mother upon her offspring. Taking a sow with young, and freely administering madder with her food, he found the little pigs all born with coloured bones. That the reader may fairly

understand the surprising nature of this result, he should know that the communication between parent and offspring is of an extremely *indirect* kind—it is only through the blood; and that blood does not simply flow from her arteries into the arteries of the offspring; but circulates in a system of *closed* vessels, which lie side by side with the closed vessels of the young one, and through the *walls* of both these vessels certain constituents of the blood ooze, and, among these constituents, apparently, the colouring matter.

Nor do the marvels end here. M. Flourens has just submitted to the *Académie des Sciences* the result of his experiments on “nursing mothers.” These are so important in their suggestions to human mothers, especially to those who suffer their children to be brought up by wet-nurses, or “by hand,” that we deem it right to give it not only publicity, but all the emphasis we can command. Let the facts first be stated. The litter of a sow was kept carefully separated from her, except during the moments of sucking. She was fed on food with which madder had been mingled. In a fortnight or three weeks all the bones of the little pigs were reddened. Remember, that the milk of such a sow is, to the eye, as white as that of any other sow; nothing reveals the presence of the madder, save the remarkable effects on the osseous tissues of mother and offspring. The doubt thus raised, helps to strengthen the idea, that probably it was not through the milk that these little pigs received the colouring matter, but in some more direct way. This doubt M. Flourens very wisely considered. He observed that when the sow was admitted to her young ones, she had her snout covered with remains of the food in which she had plunged it, and this the little ones began to lick greedily enough. He therefore chose other animals, with whom he could be certain of no such possible source of error. He chose white rats and rabbits. The rats are born blind and naked; they never eat during the first few days after birth, they only suck; and they quit the nest when between two and three weeks old. Rabbits, also, are born blind and naked; quit the nest on the twenty-fifth or thirtieth day, and only suck at first. Here were all the conditions for an unexceptionable experiment. M. Flourens began to feed a rat with madder directly after she had produced her young; and examining the young on the eleventh day, every part of their osseous tissue was red. It was the same with rabbits, on the ninth day. He carefully examined, in each case, the mouth, throat, stomach, and intestines of these animals, without finding a trace of the madder.

The conclusion is inevitable. The milk of the mother affects the organism of the child; and whatever the mother eats, or drinks, affects her milk. It has long been known that medicines administered to the nurse affect the nursing; that if the nurse indulge in alcohol, the nursing suffers for it; but it is now clear that influences less obvious than these, influences which do not betray themselves by such easily recognized effects, must also affect the milk, and through the milk, the nursing. Although the organism by its marvellous chemistry transmutes the most

various substances of food into the few organic compounds, *assimilating* them, as we say, so that the herbage of the meadow is converted into bone, muscle, membrane, and nerve, not distinguishable from those got out of beefsteak, there are, nevertheless, very many substances which resist this transmutation, which cannot be assimilated, and which act therefore for good or evil, like strange bodies. Tennyson's "Ulysses" profoundly says,

"I am a part of all that I have met."

He might with equal truth, though with less dignity have said—

"I am a part of all that I have ate."

Silently and unobserved, yet with irresistible certainty, every substance taken into his organism has been *active* for good or for evil, and the condition of his organism is the resultant of these manifold influences.

A Parasitic Mollusc.—Parasites are innumerable; but although the molluscs have many kinds living upon them, especially on their shells, they have hitherto never been found living on or in the bodies of other animals. It was therefore with no small surprise that in March, 1861, the present writer discovered that the parasites on the fins and tails of some sticklebacks, whose development he was watching, turned out to be veritable bivalves. The sticklebacks were obtained from one of the duck-ponds in our Zoological Gardens. Their tails and fins were studded with what looked like cysts; and as the appearance of these cysts was quite strange to us, we determined to watch them. In the course of two or three weeks we arrived at the conclusion that they were bivalves, apparently the *Anodonta*. That which removed all doubt was the observation, repeatedly made, of the opening and shutting of the shell: a point to which we shall presently return. Not finding any notice of such a fact in the books on our shelves, we applied to Professor Huxley, who informed us that Mr. Pollock had some time before made a similar observation, and had been urged to work it out, but had been unable to find the time.

In the current number of the *Microscopical Journal*, the Rev. W. Houghton says, that in April, 1861, Mr. Busk communicated to him Mr. Pollock's observations, which interested Mr. Houghton enough to determine his investigation of the point. He has done so with success, though there are still obscurities which must be cleared up. All naturalists are aware that the young anodontas are hatched in the gills of the parent; a curious nest, and one which for many years misled naturalists into the belief that the young fry found in the gills of the anodont were parasites. What becomes of them on quitting the gills is a mystery. However, they are now detected in one stage of their course, namely, comfortably fastened on the tails of fish and tadpoles—unless they prefer settling about the eyes or on the bodies of young eels. But "how *gat* they there?" A bivalve is not an animal of active locomotion; it cannot swim; it cannot crawl; how, then, can it lay hold of the fast-swimming fish? This point Mr. Houghton has lighted up. At the time of quitting the gills, he says, they keep up a constant snapping together of their valves,

reminding one of the somewhat similar action of the birds' heads (*avicularia*) of some of the marine polyzoa. In the course of these vague snapping it will sometimes occur that the tail or fin of a fish comes within range, and then the little mollusc has comfortable quarters secured. It is fixed there. Nay, according to Mr. Houghton, it is impossible that the valves should ever re-open so long as they remain attached to the tissues of the fish, owing to the barbed hooks of the valves. But we question this, for although we never witnessed the snapping, we very distinctly and repeatedly saw the valves open and shut, slowly, as is the ordinary habit of these creatures when free in the water. The observation by which Mr. Houghton established the truth of Mr. Pollock's discovery may be given in his own words. "On the 8th May, I examined five or six specimens of *Anodonta cygnæa*, and found that in some instances the branchiæ were destitute of the fry, while in others they were half emptied, showing that now was the time for observation. On the 9th, I opened one and detached with the point of a knife a portion of the contents of the branchiæ, and put it into a vessel of water, in which was a small stickle-back with a number of young recently hatched. On the 11th, I examined the fish and found several of the fry attached to the ends of the pectoral fins, their valves being closed upon the fin rays." Mr. Houghton adds that the fry when put into a vessel of water without a fish all died.

ART.

Gibson is right. His tinted "Venus" is a success: a far greater success than our prejudices yet allow us to think. When we first heard, years ago, that Gibson was engaged on a tinted statue, we looked forward to the result of his novel labours with a curiosity that was not devoid of hope. There had been coloured statues in the heyday of sculpture: why might not the same thing be successful now? No perfect specimen had come down to us, to show us the object aimed at, or the effects produced by the Greek artists. The effect might be bad—more possibly it might be less suitable now than of yore: still, the chiefs of Greek sculpture had chosen to employ tinting, and if the greatest of living sculptors deliberately resolved to adopt the same process, we could not but think that he might be right. Our impression, however, was sadly dashed by the unfavourable reports of those who had seen the statue in the artist's studio at Rome. There seemed to be a consensus of opinion that the tinting was a mistake. We ceased to hope: we were ready, like others, to see that sad sight, a great man's failure. But there now stands the statue: and what is our verdict? The unfavourable opinion seems all but universal. The adverse judgment of the critics has been taken up with animation by the public. Approach the statue any hour of the day, and you will hear a merciless running fire of remarks directed against it—especially by the ladies, who are always most ready with their opinions. "A fine statue, if it had not been painted," is the mildest judgment you hear—and that is sure to be from a

man. "What horrid eyes!" "I can't bear to look at those frightful earrings!" come in chorus from the young ladies. Gibson certainly never meant his *magnum opus* to be a "sensation statue." It was not for startling effect, but for beauty, and to heighten expression, that the great sculptor lavished time, and thought, and labour upon this work. Yet a sensation statue it certainly is. And as it is the talk of the day, we shall give our own opinion upon it.

First of all, the statue is a marvel of perfection in form. There is no female statue, either of woman or goddess, that is equal to it. What perhaps strikes us most, is the wonderful fleshlike softness which the imperceptibly undulating moulding of the figure imparts to the marble. When we say "imperceptibly undulating," we only hazard a conjecture as to the artist's mode of working: but as to the result we speak unhesitatingly. Apart from all tinting, we never saw marble imitate so nearly the plump softness of flesh. Then as to the tinting. The longer we look, the more we ponder, the more assured is our conviction that Gibson is right, and that we have before us by far the greatest statue of the age. There are two opposite lines of reasoning urged against this statue. One of these is, that it is too like a living woman, whereas (say the objectors) sculpture ought not to attempt such imitation. The other—and, if we are to judge from the remarks of the crowd of onlookers, the more general—is that the tinting is *not* like life; it is "unnatural;" some (young ladies) say "hideous." Both of these sets of objections cannot be right. In regard to the first, we would say, that we do not accept as an established principle, that sculpture must not approach "too near" to living nature. Reserving that question, all that we admit is, that the nearer the approach is made the more intolerable any defects become. But if by "too near" be meant actual imitation, then Gibson's "Venus" is not too near. No one ever saw hair of that tint, or lips so little coloured; and it is obvious, that if the artist had meant actual imitation, he would not have left the skin as it is. It is a step beyond white marble; that is all. And we do not know why the white of marble should be reckoned the sole prescriptive colour for statuary. Gibson's tinting is more suggestive of life than the plain marble; indeed it is eminently suggestive; but it is suggestive only; it is not imitation. If any competent judge will look long, and judge calmly, we think he will come to the conclusion that Gibson has added a charm—has given enhanced beauty and expression—to this statue without entering into any rivalry with living nature. If by the tinting he has enhanced the beauty and expression of his statue, that settles the matter; it must be a success. And we maintain that the beauty and expression are finer than if the statue were untinted. Wash off that tinting, and will the statue be as charming? We say it would *not*.

We have tarried so long before this statue that we must leave the other sculpture in the Exhibition for the present unnoticed,—with one little exception, Woolner's busts of Tennyson and Maurice. These also,

in a small way, are "sensations;" for they are in what may be called a new style, about which there is considerable difference of opinion. They aim at realism. They purport to represent the actual man, without any smoothing over or idealising. They stand on the landing-place of the eastern stairs, leading up to the Picture Galleries. You can easily see them from the top of the staircase. How do they look among the others? At this distance the artist's peculiar style is not very noticeable, but we were struck with the unpleasant pose of the Laureate's head. It is stuck up, and is not commanding. It has a self-asserting, almost aggressive, air, before which one's vertebrae instinctively erect themselves into a defiant perpendicular. The air of the head, therefore, is bad, because needlessly unpleasing; also because it has not the expression of power which might have been expected to accompany such an attitude. Tennyson has really a very fine and powerful head; but compare his bust with that of Allan Cunningham, which stands beside it, or with Etty's, away to the right, and you will see at once how essential calm is to the expression of strength, and how the power of the Laureate's head is lost by the want of repose about it. But it is in the details of these busts that the "new style" is to be found. We have no objection to make to the style. The more realistic the better. But we object to Mr. Woolner's rendering of it. The more the artist enters into rivalry with life, the higher must be his powers. Mr. Woolner may improve his style into something really excellent—it is a style in which a great hit may be made; but he has not done so yet. It is in the bust of Maurice that the artist's style most challenges attention. But as we stand before it, we feel that we cannot see the face for the wrinkles; and were we hurried away from it, without seeing the name, we could only speak of it as "the man with the wrinkles." The expression is swallowed up by those wrinkles. In copying the markings of the face in stone, the sculptor should bear in mind, firstly, that the very hardness of his material intensifies the effect of wrinkles; and, secondly, that the dark shadows of the marble make the wrinkles look much deeper than they do when seen amidst the flesh-colour of the living face. The exact depth or size of a wrinkle, therefore—and the same may be said of some other details—is not the only thing to be attended to. A sculptor may copy a feature with careful precision, yet fail to produce the right effect in the marble. We might criticise, in a similar vein, the Laureate's hair, which looks so hard that one might take it for strongly curled candlewicks steeped in oil.

Roundabout Papers.—No. XXIII.

DE FINIBUS.



LIEN Swift was in love with Stella, and despatching her a letter from London thrice a month by the Irish packet, you may remember how he would begin letter No. XXIII., we will say, on the very day when XXII. had been sent away, stealing out of the coffee-house or the assembly so as to be able to prattle with his dear; "never letting go her kind hand, as it were," as some commentator or other has said in speaking of the Dean and his amour. When Mr. Johnson, walking to Dodsley's, and touching the posts in Pall Mall as he walked, forgot to pat the head of one of them, he went back and imposed his hands on it,—impelled I know not by what

superstition. I have this I hope not dangerous mania too. As soon as a piece of work is out of hand, and before going to sleep, I like to begin another: it may be to write only half a dozen lines: but that is something towards Number the Next. The printer's boy has not yet reached Green Arbour Court with the copy. Those people who were alive half an hour since, Pendennis, Clive Newcome, and (what do you call him? what was the name of the last hero? I remember now!) Philip Firmin have hardly drunk their glass of wine, and the mammas have only this minute got the children's cloaks on, and have been bowed out of my premises—and here I come back to the study again: *tamen usque recurro*. How lonely it looks now all these people are gone! My dear good friends, some folks are utterly tired of you, and say, "What a poverty of friends the man has! He is always asking us to meet those Pendennises, Newcomes, and so forth. Why does he not introduce us to some new characters? Why is he not thrilling like Twostars, learned and profound like Threestars, exquisitely humorous and human like Fourstars? Why, finally, is he not somebody else?" My good people, it is not only impossible to please you all, but it is absurd to try. The dish which one man devours, another dislikes. Is the dinner of to-day not to your taste? Let us hope to-morrow's entertainment will be more agreeable. * * I resume my original sub-

ject. What an odd, pleasant, humorous, melancholy feeling it is to sit in the study, alone and quiet, now all these people are gone who have been boarding and lodging with me for twenty months! They have interrupted my rest: they have plagued me at all sorts of minutes: they have thrust themselves upon me when I was ill, or wished to be idle, and I have growled out a "Be hanged to you, can't you leave me alone now?" Once or twice they have prevented my going out to dinner. Many and many a time they have prevented my coming home, because I knew they were there waiting in the study, and a plague take them! and I have left home and family, and gone to dine at the Club, and told nobody where I went. They have bored me, those people. They have plagued me at all sorts of uncomfortable hours. They have made such a disturbance in my mind and house, that sometimes I have hardly known what was going on in my family, and scarcely have heard what my neighbour said to me. They are gone at last; and you would expect me to be at ease? Far from it. I should almost be glad if Woolcomb would walk in and talk to me; or Twysden reappear, take his place in that chair opposite me, and begin one of his tremendous stories.

Madmen, you know, see visions, hold conversations with, even draw the likeness of, people invisible to you and me. Is this making of people out of fancy madness? and are novel-writers at all entitled to strait-waistcoats? I often forget people's names in life; and in my own stories contritely own that I make dreadful blunders regarding them; but I declare, my dear sir, with respect to the personages introduced into your humble servant's fables, I know the people utterly—I know the sound of their voices. A gentleman came in to see me the other day, who was so like the picture of Philip Firmin in Mr. Walker's charming drawings in the *Cornhill Magazine*, that he was quite a curiosity to me. The same eyes, beard, shoulders, just as you have seen them from month to month. Well, he is not like the Philip Firmin in my mind. Asleep, asleep in the grave, lies the bold, the generous, the reckless, the tender-hearted creature whom I have made to pass through those adventures which have just been brought to an end. It is years since I heard the laughter ringing, or saw the bright blue eyes. When I knew him both were young. I become young as I think of him. And this morning he was alive again in this room, ready to laugh, to fight, to weep. As I write, do you know, it is the grey of evening; the house is quiet; everybody is out; the room is getting a little dark, and I look rather wistfully up from the paper with perhaps ever so little fancy that HE MAY COME IN.—No? No movement. No grey shade, growing more palpable, out of which at last look the well-known eyes. No, the printer came and took him away with the last page of the proofs. And with the printer's boy did the whole cortège of ghosts flit away, invisible? Ha! stay! what is this? Angels and ministers of grace! The door opens, and a dark form—enters, bearing a black—a black suit of clothes. It is John. He says it is time to dress for dinner.

* * * * *

Every man who has had his German tutor, and has been coached through the famous Faust of Goethe (thou wert my instructor, good old Weissenborn, and these eyes beheld the great master himself in dear little Weimar town !) has read those charming verses which are prefixed to the drama, in which the poet reverts to the time when his work was first composed, and recalls the friends now departed, who once listened to his song. The dear shadows rise up around him, he says ; he lives in the past again. It is to-day which appears vague and visionary. We humbler writers cannot create Faustus, or raise up monumental works that shall endure for all ages ; but our books are diaries, in which our own feelings must of necessity be set down. As we look to the page written last month, or ten years ago, we remember the day and its events ; the child ill, mayhap, in the adjoining room, and the doubts and fears which racked the brain as it still pursued its work ; the dear old friend who read the commencement of the tale, and whose gentle hand shall be laid in ours no more. I own for my part that, in reading pages which this hand penned formerly, I often lose sight of the text under my eyes. It is not the words I see ; but that past day ; that bygone page of life's history ; that tragedy, comedy it may be, which our little home company was enacting ; that merry-making which we shared ; that funeral which we followed ; that bitter, bitter grief which we buried.

And, such being the state of my mind, I pray gentle readers to deal kindly with their humble servant's manifold short-comings, blunders, and slips of memory. As sure as I read a page of my own composition, I find a fault or two, half-a-dozen. Jones is called Brown. Brown, who is dead, is brought to life. Aghast, and months after the number was printed, I saw that I had called Philip Firmin, Clive Newcome. Now Clive Newcome is the hero of another story by the reader's most obedient writer. The two men are as different, in my mind's eye, as—as Lord Palmerston and Mr. Disraeli let us say. But there is that blunder at page 990, line 76, volume 84 of the *Cornhill Magazine*, and it is past mending ; and I wish in my life I had made no worse blunders or errors than that which is hereby acknowledged.

Another Finis written. Another mile-stone passed on this journey from birth to the next world ! Sure it is a subject for solemn cogitation. Shall we continue this story-telling business and be voluble to the end of our age ? Will it not be presently time, O prattler, to hold your tongue, and let younger people speak ? I have a friend, a painter, who, like other persons who shall be nameless, is growing old. He has never painted with such laborious finish as his works now show. This master is still the most humble and diligent of scholars. Of Art, his mistress, he is always an eager, reverent pupil. In his calling, in yours, in mine, industry and humility will help and comfort us. A word with you. In a pretty large experience I have not found the men who write books superior in wit or learning to those who don't write at all. In regard of mere information, non-writers must often be superior to writers. You don't expect a lawyer

in full practice to be conversant with all kinds of literature; he is too busy with his law; and so a writer is commonly too busy with his own books to be able to bestow attention on the works of other people. After a day's work (in which I have been depicting, let us say, the agonies of Louisa on parting with the Captain, or the atrocious behaviour of the wicked Marquis to Lady Emily) I march to the Club, proposing to improve my mind and keep myself "posted up," as the Americans phrase it, with the literature of the day. And what happens? Given, a walk after luncheon, a pleasing book, and a most comfortable arm-chair by the fire, and you know the rest. A doze ensues. Pleasing book drops suddenly, is picked up once with an air of some confusion, is laid presently softly in lap: head falls on comfortable arm-chair cushion: eyes close: soft nasal music is heard. Am I telling Club secrets? Of afternoons, after lunch, I say, scores of sensible fogies have a doze. Perhaps I have fallen asleep over that very book to which "Finis" has just been written. And if the writer sleeps, what happens to the readers? Says Jones, coming down upon me with his lightning wit. What? You *did* sleep over it? And a very good thing too. These eyes have more than once seen a friend dozing over pages which this hand has written. There is a vignette somewhere in one of my books of a friend so caught napping with "Pendennis," or the "Newcomes," in his lap; and if a writer can give you a sweet soothing, harmless sleep, has he not done you a kindness? So is the author who excites and interests you worthy of your thanks and benedictions. I am troubled with fever and ague, that seizes me at odd intervals and prostrates me for a day. There is cold fit, for which, I am thankful to say, hot brandy-and-water is prescribed, and this induces hot fit, and so on. In one or two of these fits I have read novels with the most fearful contentment of mind. Once, on the Mississippi, it was my dearly beloved *Jacob Faithful*: once at Frankfort O. M., the delightful *Vingt Ans Après* of Monsieur Dumas: once at Tonbridge Wells, the thrilling *Woman in White*: and these books gave me amusement from morning till sunset. I remember those ague fits with a great deal of pleasure and gratitude. Think of a whole day in bed, and a good novel for a companion! No cares: no remorse about idleness: no visitors: and the *Woman in White* or the *Chevalier d'Artagnan* to tell me stories from dawn to night! "Please, ma'am, my master's compliments, and can he have the third volume?" (This message was sent to an astonished friend and neighbour who lent me, volume by volume, the *W. in W.*) How do you like your novels? I like mine strong, "hot with," and no mistake: no love-making: no observations about society: little dialogue, except where the characters are bullying each other: plenty of fighting: and a villain in the cupboard, who is to suffer tortures just before *Finis*. I don't like your melancholy *Finis*. I never read the history of a consumptive heroine twice. If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer (as the *Examiner* used to say in old days), it would be to act, *not à la mode le pays de Pole* (I think that was the phraseology), but *always* to give quarter. In the story of Philip, just come to an end,

I have the permission of the author to state that he was going to drown the two villains of the piece—a certain Doctor F—— and a certain Mr. T. H—— on board the *President*, or some other tragic ship—but you see I relented. I pictured to myself Firmin's ghastly face amid the crowd of shuddering people on that reeling deck in the lonely ocean, and thought, "Thou ghastly lying wretch, thou shalt not be drowned: thou shalt have a fever only; a knowledge of thy danger; and a chance—ever so small a chance—of repentance." I wonder whether he *did* repent when he found himself in the yellow-fever, in Virginia? The probability is, he fancied that his son had injured him very much, and forgave him on his deathbed. Do you imagine there is a great deal of genuine right-down remorse in the world? Don't people rather find excuses which make their minds easy; endeavour to prove to themselves that they have been lamentably belied and misunderstood; and try and forgive the persecutors who *will* present that bill when it is due; and not bear malice against the cruel ruffian who takes them to the police-office for stealing the spoons? Years ago I had a quarrel with a certain well-known person (I believed a statement regarding him which his friends imparted to me, and which turned out to be quite incorrect). To his dying day that quarrel was never quite made up. I said to his brother, "Why is your brother's soul still dark against me? It is I who ought to be angry and unforgiving: for I was in the wrong." In the region which they now inhabit (for Finis has been set to the volumes of the lives of both here below), if they take any cognizance of our squabbles, and tittle-tattles, and gossips on earth here, I hope they admit that my little error was not of a nature unpardonable. If you have never committed a worse, my good sir, surely the score against you will not be heavy. Ha, *dilectissimi fratres!* It is in regard of sins *not* found out that we may say or sing (in an under-tone, in a most penitent and lugubrious minor key), *Miserere nobis miseris peccatoribus.*

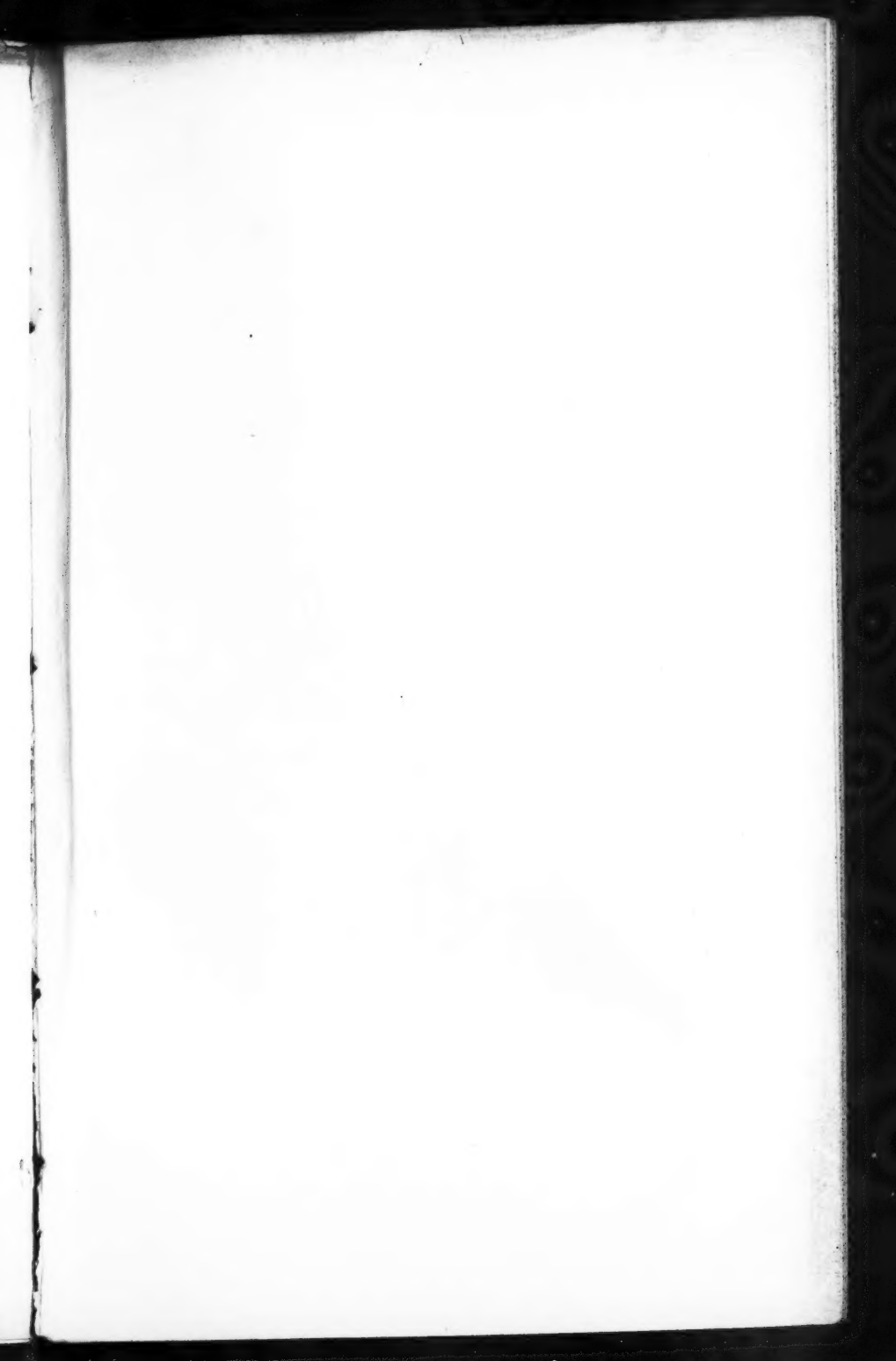
Among the sins of commission which novel-writers not seldom perpetrate, is the sin of grandiloquence, or tall-talking, against which, for my part, I will offer up a special *libera me*. This is the sin of schoolmasters, governesses, critics, sermoners, and instructors of young or old people. Nay (for I am making a clean breast, and liberating my soul), perhaps of all the novel-spinners now extant, the present speaker is the most addicted to preaching. Does he not stop perpetually in his story and begin to preach to you? When he ought to be engaged with business, is he not for ever taking the Muse by the sleeve, and plaguing her with some of his cynical sermons? I cry *peccavi* loudly and heartily. I tell you I would like to be able to write a story which should show no egotism whatever—in which there should be no reflections, no cynicism, no vulgarity (and so forth), but an incident in every other page, a villain, a battle, a mystery in every chapter. I should like to be able to feed a reader so spicily as to leave him hungering and thirsting for more at the end of every monthly meal.

Alexandre Dumas describes himself, when inventing the plan of a work, as lying silent on his back for two whole days on the deck of a yacht in a Mediterranean port. At the end of the two days he arose, and called for dinner. In those two days he had built his plot. He had moulded a mighty clay, to be cast presently in perennial brass. The chapters, the characters, the incidents, the combinations were all arranged in the artist's brain ere he set a pen to paper. My Pegasus wont fly, so as to let me survey the field below me. He has no wings, he is blind of one eye certainly, he is restive, stubborn, slow; crops a hedge when he ought to be galloping, or gallops when he ought to be quiet. He never will show off when I want him. Sometimes he goes at a pace which surprises me. Sometimes, when I most wish him to make the running, the brute turns restive, and I am obliged to let him take his own time. I wonder do other novel-writers experience this fatalism? They *must* go a certain way, in spite of themselves. I have been surprised at the observations made by some of my characters. It seems as if an occult Power was moving the pen. The personage does or says something, and I ask, how the Dickens did he come to think of that? Every man has remarked in dreams, the vast dramatic power which is sometimes evinced; I won't say the surprising power, for nothing does surprise you in dreams. But those strange characters you meet make instant observations of which you never can have thought previously. In like manner, the imagination foretels things. We spake anon of the inflated style of some writers. What also if there is an *afflated* style,—when a writer is like a Pythoness on her oracle tripod, and mighty words, words which he cannot help, come blowing, and bellowing, and whistling, and moaning through the speaking pipes of his bodily organ? I have told you it was a very queer shock to me the other day when, with a letter of introduction in his hand, the artist's (not my) Philip Firmin walked into this room, and sat down in the chair opposite. In the novel of *Pendennis*, written ten years ago, there is an account of a certain Costigan, whom I had invented (as I suppose authors invent their personages out of scraps, heel-taps, odds and ends of characters). I was smoking in a tavern parlour one night—and this Costigan came into the room alive—the very man:—the most remarkable resemblance of the printed sketches of the man, of the rude drawings in which I had depicted him. He had the same little coat, the same battered hat, cocked on one eye, the same twinkle in that eye. "Sir," said I, knowing him to be an old friend whom I had met in unknown regions, "sir," I said, "may I offer you a glass of brandy-and-water?" "*Bedad, ye may,*" says he, "*and I'll sing ye a song tu.*" Of course he spoke with an Irish brogue. Of course he had been in the army. In ten minutes he pulled out an army agent's account, whereon his name was written. A few months after we read of him in a police court. How had I come to know him, to divine him? Nothing shall convince me that I have not seen that man in the world of spirits. In the world of spirits and water I know I did: but that is a mere quibble of words. I was not surprised when he spoke in an Irish

brogue. I had had cognizance of him before somehow. Who has not felt that little shock which arises when a person, a place, some words in a book (there is always a collocation) present themselves to you, and you know that you have before met the same person, words, scene, and so forth?

They used to call the good Sir Walter the "Wizard of the North." What if some writer should appear who can write so *enchantingly* that he shall be able to call into actual life the people whom he invents? What if Mignon, and Margaret, and Goetz von Berlichingen are alive now (though I don't say they are visible), and Dugald Dalgetty and Ivanhoe were to step in at that open window by the little garden yonder? Suppose Uncas and our noble old Leather Stocking were to glide silent in? Suppose Athos, Porthos, and Aramis should enter with a noiseless swagger, curling their mustachios? And dearest Amelia Booth, on Uncle Toby's arm; and Tittlebat Titmouse, with his hair dyed green; and all the Crummles company of comedians, with the Gil Blas troop; and Sir Roger de Coverley; and the greatest of all crazy gentlemen, the Knight of La Mancha, with his blessed squire? I say to you, I look rather wistfully towards the window, musing upon these people. Were any of them to enter, I think I should not be very much frightened. Dear old friends, what pleasant hours I have had with them! We do not see each other very often, but when we do, we are ever happy to meet. I had a capital half hour with Jacob Faithful last night; when the last sheet was corrected, when "Finis" had been written, and the printer's boy, with the copy, was safe in Green Arbour Court.

So you are gone, little printer's boy, with the last scratches and corrections on the proof, and a fine flourish by way of Finis at the story's end. The last corrections? I say those last corrections seem never to be finished. A plague upon the weeds! Every day, when I walk in my own little literary garden-plot, I spy some, and should like to have a spud, and root them out. Those idle words, neighbour, are past remedy. That turning back to the old pages produces anything but elation of mind. Would you not pay a pretty fine to be able to cancel some of them? Oh, the sad old pages, the dull old pages! Oh, the cares, the *ennui*, the squabbles, the repetitions, the old conversations over and over again! But now and again a kind thought is recalled, and now and again a dear memory. Yet a few chapters more, and then the last: after which, behold Finis itself come to an end, and the Infinite begun.





THE FIRST KISS.

